AUG 1 0 1995

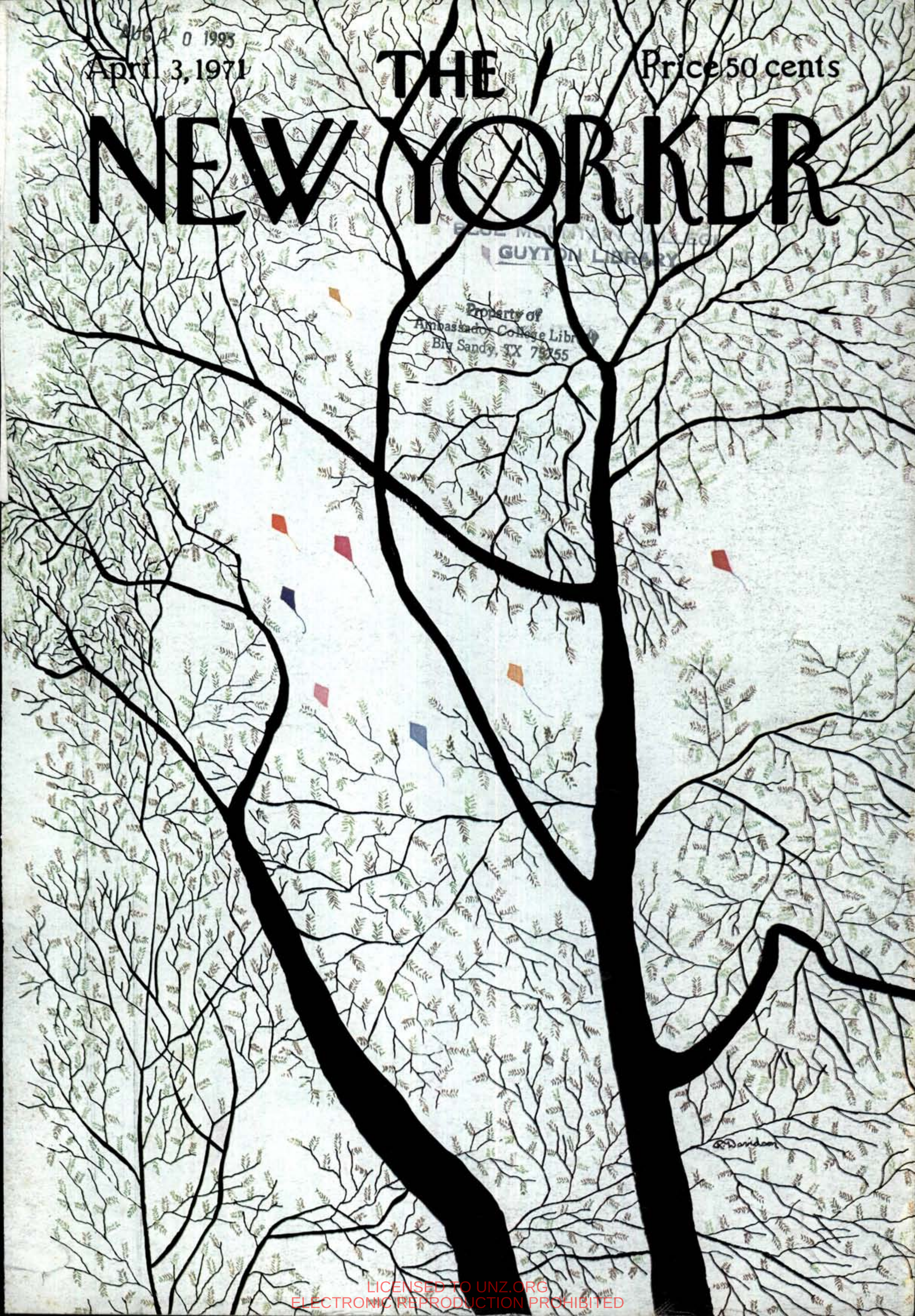
April 3, 1971

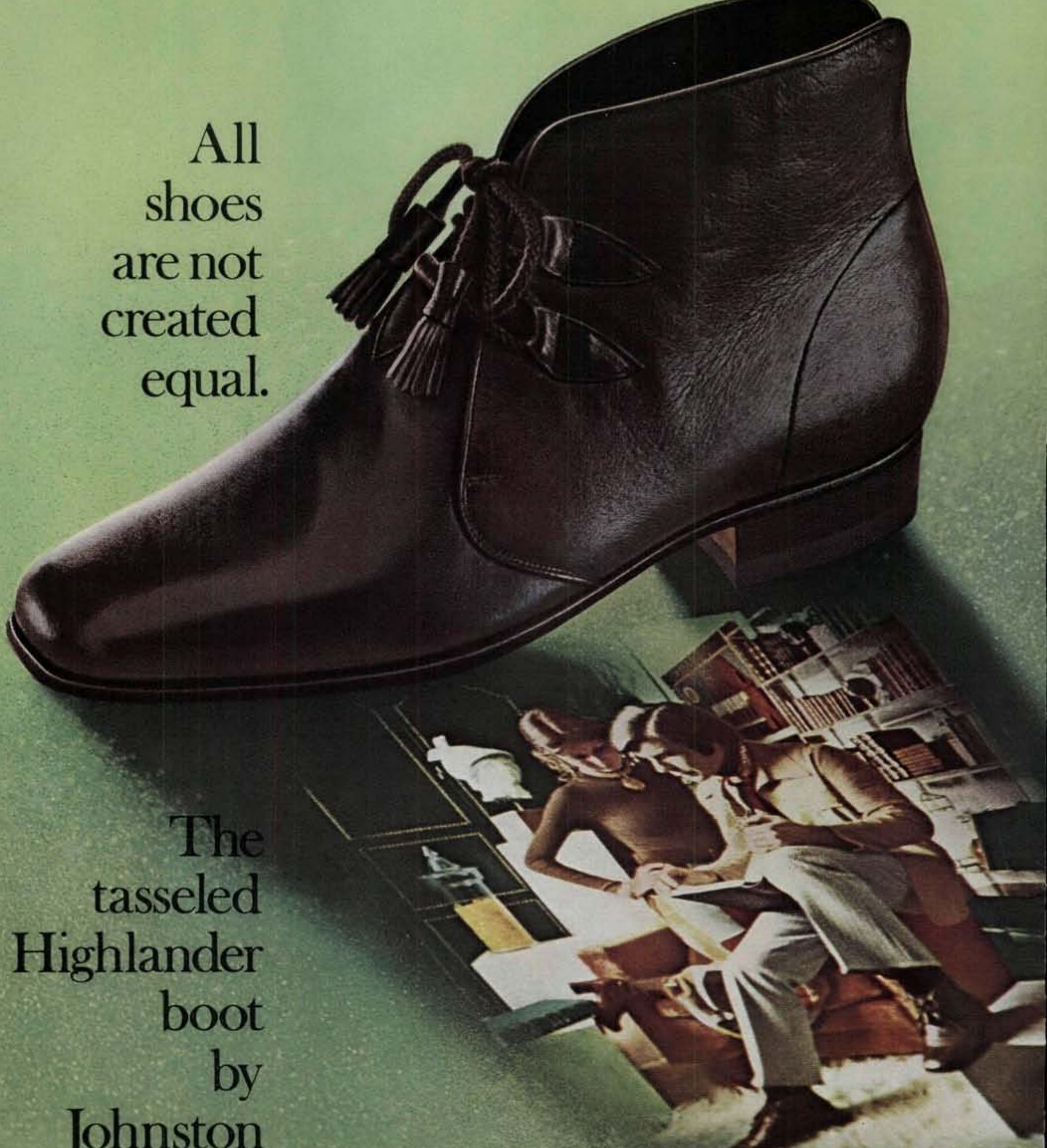
THE NEW YORKER

Price 50 cents

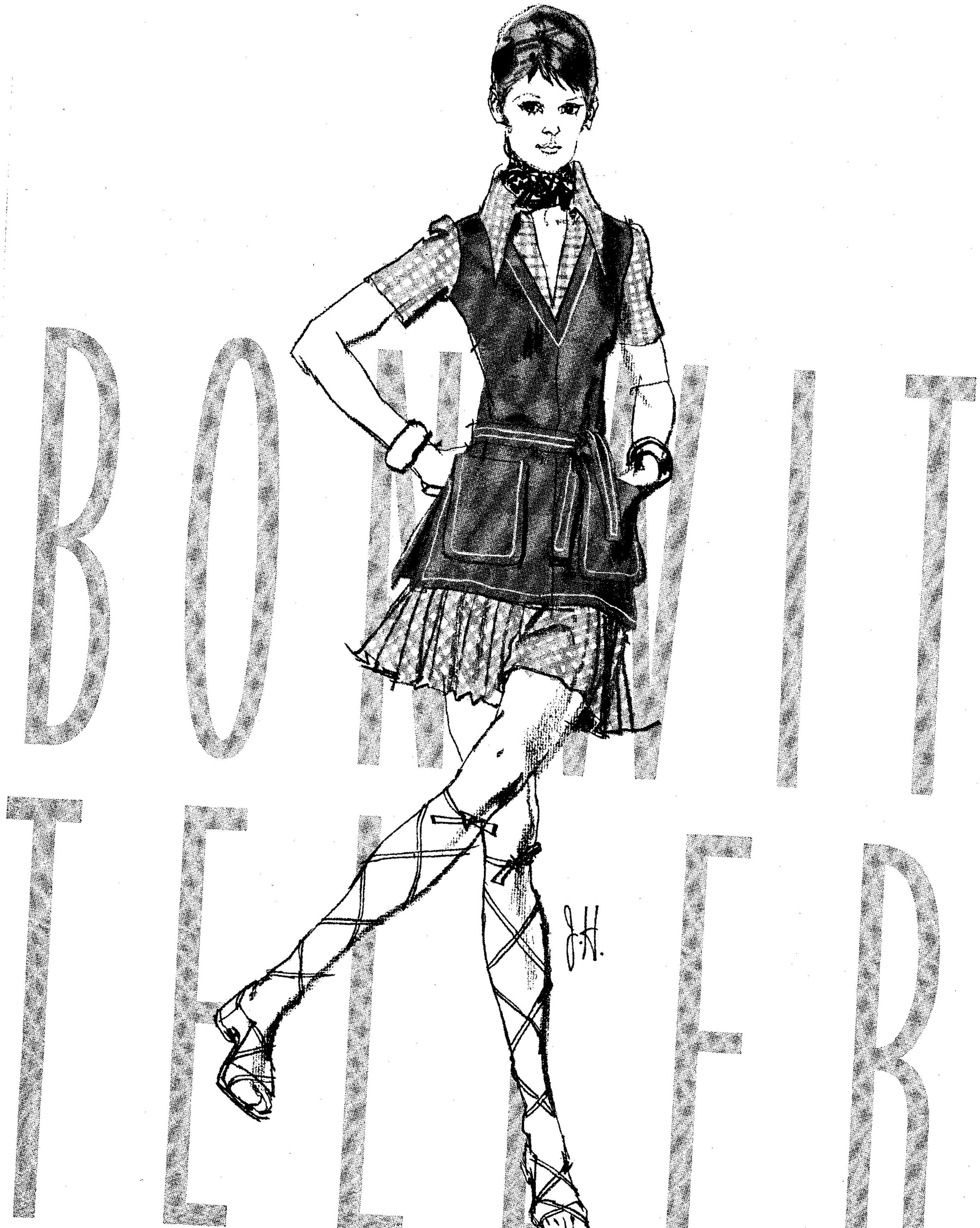
BLUE MOUNTAIN COLLEGE
GUYTON LIBRARY

Property of
Ambassador College Library
Big Sandy, TX 75755




All shoes are not created equal.
The tasseled Highlander boot by Johnston & Murphy

Current fashion defined: suede jacket, slacks slightly flared, and Highlander boots of soft Cabretta leather. Brown, black, $40. At America's finest stores. Johnston & Murphy "The Shoe with a Memory" Genesco Park, Nashville, Tennessee.
Genesco · Everything to wear.



BONWIT KNITS UP DENIM AND GINGHAM AND CONNECTS WITH THE HOTPANTS NEWS!
Pleated hotpants connected to cool city dressing in Dacron® Polyester Double Knit!
Kiva Ltd.'s in navy and red, 6 to 14 sizes, 60.00 Miss Bonwit Dresses, N.Y. and all stores

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. means East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Abelard and Heloise—A borrowing from, but not an improvement on, the Helen Waddell account of these sad, strenuous lovers. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Alice in Wonderland—Alice's journey down the rabbit hole becomes an actual nightmare, here and now, with no Freudian implication overlooked and with many references to drugs. The result is a production that is often obscure and outrageous, but with a very funny Caterpillar scene and a truly mad Mad Tea Party. Cramped quarters and no reserved seats. (The Extension, 277 Park Ave. S., at 21st St. 254-5222. Thursdays through Sundays at 8.)

All Over—Seven characters pivoting on the point of the imminent death of an eighth character, whom we never meet and are not encouraged to believe in. The author is Edward Albee and the superb cast consists of Jessica Tandy, Colleen Dewhurst, George Voskovec, Betty Field, Madeleine Sherwood, James Ray, and Neil Fitzgerald. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little—A tiresomely old-fashioned family melodrama by Paul Zindel, starring Julie Harris, Estelle Parsons, Nancy Marchand, Rae Allen, and Bill Macy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Behold! Cometh the Vanderkellans—A play by William Wellington Mackey. Opens Wednesday, March 31. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dirtiest Show in Town—An inflated claim. "Most amateurish" might be closer. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:30.)

The Dream on Monkey Mountain—Derek Walcott's beautiful and humorous play about the vision of a West Indian prophet, in a triumphant performance by the Negro Ensemble Company. Michael A. Schultz was the director. Roscoe Lee Browne and Ron O'Neal are wonderful in the leading roles. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 18.)

The Fabulous Miss Marie—The fourth in a proposed cycle of twenty plays about black life in America, by the extraordinary black playwright Ed Bullins. Loose and episodic in style and often very funny, it is set in a living room in Los Angeles and backed by a lively jazz band. Robert Macbeth directed. (New Lafayette, Seventh Ave. at 137th St. 862-2460. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7.)

The Gingerbread Lady—A sad play about a middle-aged alcoholic entertainer. Because its author is Neil Simon it is full of gags, many of them funny. The cast, which includes Maureen Stapleton, Michael Lombard, Betsy von Furstenberg, and Ayn Ruymen, is superior. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Here Are Ladies—Siobhan McKenna is at her delightful best in this solo program of scenes and poems by all your favorite Irish writers of the twentieth century. Her performance of Molly's soliloquy from Joyce's "Ulysses," which ends the evening, is superb and indelible. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—John Guare's ferocious satiric, and very funny farce deals with various aspects of the American dream, as made manifest in Sunnyside, Queens, in a story about a zoo attendant who longs to leave his insane wife and escape with his mistress to Hollywood. Harold Gould, somewhat miscast in the leading role, does quite well anyhow, and Katherine Helmond, as wife, and Anne Meara, as mistress, are just about perfect. Mel Shapiro was the director. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

How the Other Half Loves—A dreadful English farce, much mutilated by having been turned into American. With Phil Silvers and Sandy Dennis. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Macbeth—Awful. (Mercer-O'Casey, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3937. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, April 3, at 3. Extra performance Tuesday, April 6, at 11 A.M.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dale Wasserman's hack adaptation of Ken Kesey's novel, set in an insane asylum. The performances, though strenuous, don't amount to much. (Mercer-Hansberry, 240 Mercer St., at 3rd St. 673-3939. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Philanthropist—Molière turned inside out by a witty young English playwright named Christopher Hampton. Splendidly enacted by, among others, Alec McCowen, Jane Asher, Ed Zimmermann, and Penelope Wilton. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pinkville—A play by George Tabori, with music by Stanley Walden. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27

"ENGINEER-PRIVATE PAUL KLEE MISPLACES AN AIRCRAFT BETWEEN MILBERTSHOFEN AND CAMBRAI, MARCH 1916" . . . *Donald Barthelme* 33

"THE HOUSES OF HEAVEN" . . . . *Katinka Loeser* 35

"AFTER DROUGHT" (POEM) . . . . *Ted Walker* 38

PROFILES (FLOYD DOMINY AND DAVID BROWER) . . . . . *John McPhee* 41

"FOR A MAN WHO DIED IN HIS SLEEP" (POEM) . . . . . *David Wagoner* 42

THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 95

OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 95

THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 98

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE (FEMININE FASHIONS) . . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 101

THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 107

MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Winthrop Sargeant* 110

THE SPORTING SCENE (GOLF—!) . . . . . *Herbert Warren Wind* 112

BOOKS (BRIEFLY NOTED) 138

COVER: *Raymond Davidson*

DRAWINGS: *Ed Fisher, Donald Reilly, Alan Dunn, William Steig, Henry Martin, Mischa Richter, Warren Miller, Stan Hunt, Lee Lorenz, William O'Brian, Barney Tobey, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Frank Modell, Carl Rose, Joseph Mirachi*

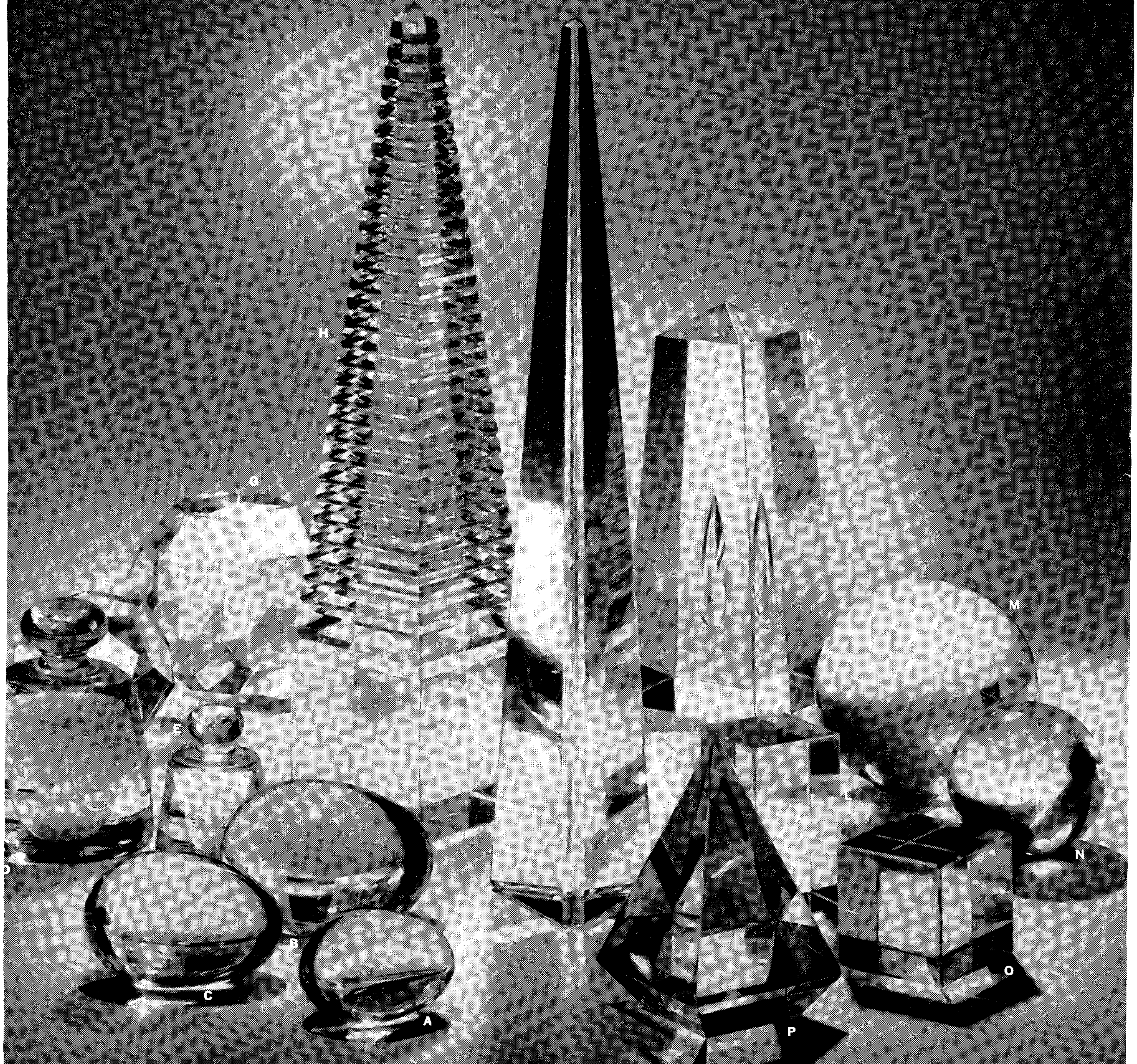
THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give two weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code for both addresses.

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90010; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVII, No. 7, April 3, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

© 1971 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $12.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $14.00; other foreign, $16.00.



CRYSTAL
GEOMETRICS

From our large collection of crystal objects. A. Small egg, 2¾″ long, $5. B. Large egg, $12. C. Medium egg, $8. D. 5″ high, $44. E. 3″ high, $21.50 F. 14-sided, 2¾″ high, $35. G. 26-sided, $57.50 H. Horizontal-cut obelisk, 17″ high, $135. J. 3-sided obelisk, $175. K. 4-sided obelisk with tear-drop center, 9½″ $65. L. Oblong, 3½″ long, $12. M. Large sphere, 5″ high, $27. N. Small sphere, $19. O. Cube, 2¼″ square, $10. P. 4-sided pyramid, 5½″ high, $38.50

TIFFANY & CO.
NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST.
ATLANTA PHIPPS PLAZA · **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE. · **HOUSTON** THE HOUSTON GALLERIA · **SAN FRANCISCO** 252 GRANT AVE. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 9502 WILSHIRE BLVD.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8, and Friday at 9. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, April 3.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Arthur Miller's rather coarse adaptation of Ibsen's **AN ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE,** well performed by Stephen Elliott and Philip Bosco. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 24.)...¶ At the Forum, in the same building: **SCENES FROM AMERICAN LIFE,** an entertaining play by A. R. Gurney, Jr. (Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 10.)

The School for Wives—A competent revival, in a translation by Richard Wilbur, of Molière's depiction of a raving, staving sexist. Brian Bedford is the star. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sleuth—A marvellous mystery by Anthony Shaffer, superlatively acted by Anthony Quayle and Keith Baxter. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

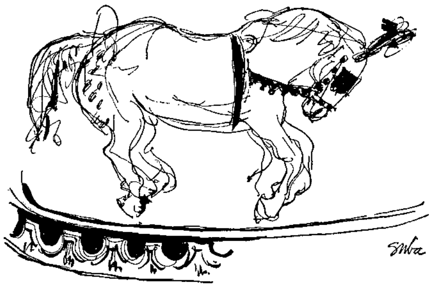
Story Theatre—A delightful playing out, with music, mime, and recitation, of ten or twelve classic fairy tales. Invented and directed by Paul Sills. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Subject to Fits—A fantasy that takes off from "The Idiot" (and stays aloft intermittently). In form, it is less a play than a ballet with words. Some of the words are Dostoevski's. A new playwright, Robert Montgomery, makes his local début. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

The Trial of the Catonsville Nine—A documentary drama by Father Daniel Berrigan, based on actual testimony at his trial and that of his brother, Father Philip Berrigan, and seven of their Catholic colleagues for burning draft records in Catonsville, Maryland. The effect of the play is slightly dimmed by its moral complacency, among other things, but it is moving all the same, and the performances couldn't be better. (Good Shepherd-Faith Church, 152 W. 66th St. 595-5510. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, April 8, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 4; special matinée Wednesday, April 7, at 2:30.)

Two by Ibsen—**HEDDA GABLER:** Claire Bloom's Hedda is fairly good, though not all it might be, and she is given weak support by the rest of the cast. Through Saturday, April 3.... **A DOLL'S HOUSE:** A shallow production of a great play, but Miss Bloom is a charming Nora. Monday through Saturday, April 5-10. (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Waiting for Godot—This lucid revival of Samuel Beckett's pain-filled comedy, which more than any other play has changed the modern theatre, is generally admirable, though seldom affecting. Alan Schneider was the director. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Long Runs—**BUTTERFLIES ARE FREE:** Rosemary Murphy, Kipp Osborne, and Kathleen Miller in a machine-made comedy that guarantees a laugh a minute, or maybe two minutes. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS:** What matters most in this domestic drama is the character of its wisecracking, scornful, and very touching heroine—the down-at-heels mother of two cowed daughters. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **LAST OF THE RED HOT LOVERS:** A middle-aged man attempting his first extramarital fling is the subject of Neil Simon's comedy. With James Coco, Rita Moreno, Barbara Sharma, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Follies—A musical by James Goldman (book) and Stephen Sondheim (music and lyrics), with Alexis Smith, Gene Nelson, Dorothy Collins, John McMartin, and Yvonne De Carlo. Directed by Harold Prince and Michael Bennett. Previews Wednesday, March 31, and Friday through Sunday, April 2-4. Regular performances start Monday, April 5. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly at 7:30; on Sunday, April 4, at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

No, No, Nanette—A very pretty, very romantic revival of an immortal work of the twenties, which can't have been that delightful, but who cares? With Ruby Keeler, Jack Gilford, Bobby Van, and Helen Gallagher, and sets and costumes by Raoul Pène du Bois. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Proposition—An improvised revue with six good-humored young players from Boston. It is all pretty amateurish, but Jane Curtin and Judy Kahan provide a few bright spots of mimicry. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Red, White & Black—A revue by Eric Bentley, with music by Brad Burg. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Rothschilds—Hokum on a lavish scale, having far more to do with Broadway than with early-nineteenth-century England and Europe. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tarot—An entertainment of mime and folk-rock music. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Wednesday through Friday, and Sunday, at 7:30, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

Touch—An agreeable and innocent, if somewhat smug, little musical import from Warren, Pennsylvania, about a handful of dropouts who come together to form a commune. The cast is young and appealing. Kenn Long, who wrote most of the words and music, and who also appears in the show, is twenty-four years old. (Village Arena, 62 E. 4th St. 254-8190. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Two by Two—Lifeless in book, music, and lyrics, this account of Jehovah, Noah, and the Flood is bound to give the Old Testament a bad name. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**APPLAUSE:** A descendant of the old movie "All About Eve." With Lauren Bacall, Len Cariou, Penny Fuller, and Brandon Maggart. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **COMPANY:** Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, a book by George Furth, and a cast that includes Larry Kert, Elaine Stritch, Susan Browning, Teri Ralston, and Pamela Myers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** —No, no, Buck Mulligan shouted in pain. I'm not equal to Thomas Aquinas and the fifty-five reasons he has made to prop it up. Wait till I have a few pints in me first. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** He turned to Stephen, saying as he pulled down neatly the peaks of his primrose waistcoat: —You couldn't manage it under three pints, Kinch, could you? (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** —It has waited so long, Stephen said listlessly, it can wait longer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC:** A musical that tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. With Austin Pendleton, Alice Playten, and a rock group called the Zeitgeist. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **HAIR:** His disapprobation was expressed, but apparently very little regarded. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Mr. Elliot had attempted no apology, and shown himself as unsolicitous of being longer noticed by the family, as Sir Walter considered him unworthy of it. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 533-1200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** —All acquaintance between them had ceased. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE ME NOBODY KNOWS:** A musical based on an anthology of the writings of children from the slums of this city. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **PURLIE:** An old-fashioned black musical, one cut above a minstrel show. With Patti Jo and Cleavon Little. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **1776:** A misreading of American history, executed with schoolboy high spirits. Starring William Daniels and Howard Da Silva as John Adams and Ben Franklin. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

José Greco and Nana Lorca's Flamenco Dance Theatre—A company of eighteen dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, April 2, at 8.)

Inbal—The Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Friday, April 2, at 8:30. For tickets, call LA 4-1300, Ext. 287, Wednesday through Friday between 9 and 4. Tickets also at the door on the night of the performance.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—*Uno spettacolo favoloso.* (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, March 31, at 2 and 7:30, and Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8. The performances on Thursday, April 1, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, will be

Lord & Taylor

The bold romantic

revels in ruffles and ricrac now — white skirted, one-piece dress, banded with gay color, topped with black. Romantica's design for sizes 6 to 16, 95.00 In Contempora, at all Lord & Taylor stores

Jim Galate

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

cancelled because of basketball and hockey playoffs. Closes Monday, May 31. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Gifted young Janis Ian is singing some of the songs she writes about life and its vagaries. On Wednesday, April 7, Ten Wheel Drive, a large, swinging group whose instruments include hamesha, cowbell, and something called an illustrious raisin, will move in, en masse. Tuesdays are a different bag, with ringers filling the regulars' seats. Coffee, tea, and water are the drinks.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Red-and-white-checked cloths on the tables, on which soul food is served, and paintings on the walls. Tuesdays and Wednesdays, pianist Norman Simmons performs with a bassist. Thursday through Sunday, April 1-4, guitarist Attila Zoller will show up with piano and bass. Thursday through Sunday, April 8-11, the able pianist Bobby Timmons will play, assisted by a friend on bass viol. Music nightly except Mondays from nine-thirty to three.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—The jazz in this congenial spot can be in the foreground or background, depending on how you listen. Kenny Ascher will be on electric piano and Don Payne on bass through Saturday, April 3. On Tuesday, April 6, a trio involving guitarist Charlie Brown, pianist Tom McFall, and bassist Bill Takas will arrive. Mondays, author-pianist Frank Conroy and a bass player substitute for the regulars. Dinner is served until one. Closed Sundays.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Character by character, Barney Josephson, inventor of Café Society, Uptown as well as Downtown, is restoring life to a reasonable semblance of what it was then: John Blair's jazz trio (*vice* the vacationing Mary Lou Williams) from eight to one during the week, and Sammy Price, whose piano is wholeheartedly in the thirties, on Sundays, from seven to twelve. Long life to this life!

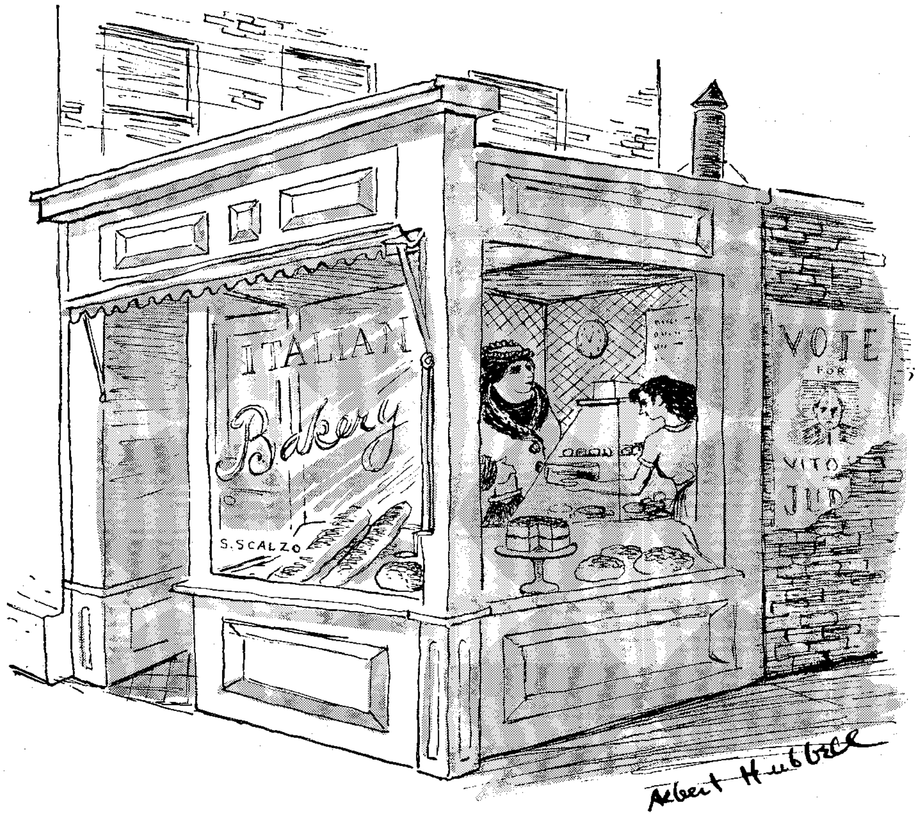
Guitar, 753 Tenth Ave., at 51st St. (265-9334)—A small, friendly sort of place where the jazz guitar has been getting its best exposure in New York. Kenny Burrell plays like a dream—a good one—Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three or four. A bassist assists him. The Deep South kitchen has affinities with Mother Hubbard's.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Consistency is one of the virtues of the easy-swinging quartet led by tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims. His sidemen are Ross Tompkins, Victor Sproles, and Mousey Alexander. Blues singer Jimmy Rushing is around Fridays through Sundays. Some light Italian dishes are available. Closed Mondays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Jazz pianist Eddie Thompson, who can give the illusion of raising the rafters when he wants, plays solo on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. His accomplished aide, Fridays through Sundays, is bassist Dr. Lyn Christie. Tuesdays, another competent pianist, Lance Hayward, fills in. Fresh-popped popcorn is sold.

Peewee's, 202 Ave. A, at 12th St. (473-9596)—A plus for the community, despite its dreary location and its bare-bones interior. Cool cats fill the house, and small wonder, when some of the sounds are considered. Music Fridays through Mondays from nine until closing. Soul-food dinners. Singer Woody Styles will be here, along with pianist Walter Davis, Jr., and bassist Benny Wilson, through Saturday, April 3. On Sunday and Monday, April 4-5, George Scott's quartet will be up. Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, a six-man outfit known as the 20th Century Majestic Jazz Band will appear. For experienced jazz buffs only.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—Some like it straight, which is the way the band in this Dixieland headquarters hands it out. The bandsmen: Roy Eldridge, Oliver Jackson, Bobby Pratt, Joe Muranyi, and Claude Hopkins—until Monday, April 5, when Chuck Folds will replace Hopkins on piano. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.



Rafiki, 170 Ave. A, at 11th St. (477-9532)—A new establishment with soft lights and quietly with-it surroundings. Cecil Young is on piano, assisted by Hal Dodson on bass and Bobby Hamilton on drums, and when Mr. Young is *not* playing piano, he may be up and around the room singing scat like nobody's business. Music from nine, Wednesdays through Sundays. Soul-food dinners.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Nostalgia raised to the tenth power. There is a fire engine, and some stuffed bears, and some old movies, and beer, and peanuts, and banjos, the last of which are skillfully plunked. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano six nights a week from nine to three or four. Everybody is supposed to show a kind of fraternal-organization jolliness, and fake straw hats and frilly garters are for sale, as are beer and peanuts. Closed Sundays.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Good listening in an improbable, lonesome part of town. Flutist Jeremy Steig leads a quartet until Tuesday, April 6, when the subtly persuasive vibraharpist Milt Jackson (of the M.J.Q.) comes in with a quintet. Music from nine until three or four. Closed Mondays.

Village Gaslight, 116 Macdougal St. (674-2580)—Dingy surroundings here, but some of the performers make the scene bearable. Through Monday, April 5, Paul Siebel will be singing his own songs in a manner that is somewhat Hardinian but mostly Dylanesque. After that—presto chango!—the management shifts its main operations to the new Gaslight au Go Go, at 152 Bleecker St., which is the site of the old Café au Go Go. The première entertainers will be a band led by champ Miles Davis, which will play Wednesday through Sunday, April 7-11. Meanwhile, the old club will continue to exist, offering less well-known performers.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Upstairs: Vibraharpist Vera Auer leads her quartet until Tuesday, April 6, when drummer Mel Lewis brings in a starry quartet that includes Thad Jones, Richard Davis, and Roland Hanna. On Mondays, the regulars are off, and new talent is auditioned. Limited dining. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Flutist Herbie Mann, who recently shed his Brazilian and Afro-Cuban influences and moved toward a jazz-pop fusion, is working with a group called Air. Floating Opera is on the same bill. On Mondays, Symphony Sid presents Latin bands. Dancing.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Drummer Art Blakey leads the current version of his time-tested Jazz Messengers in this classic jazz cellar. On Tuesday, April 6, the talented young trumpeter and flugelhorn player Freddie Hubbard will come in with his quintet to do some of the advanced stuff he favors. Mondays are reserved for the big, dynamic Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. Music starts at nine-thirty, supposedly.

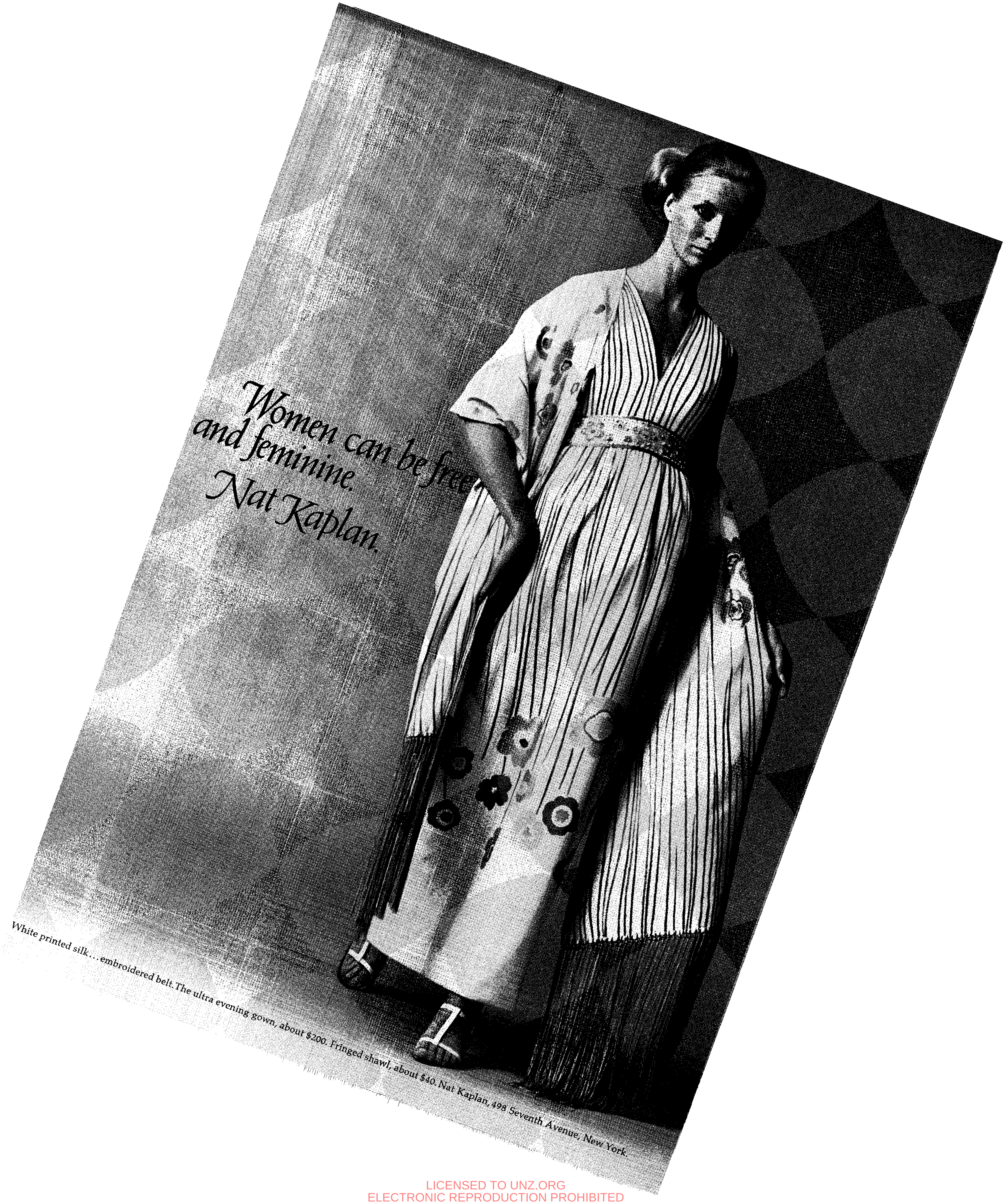
West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The location—somewhere west of the moon—shouldn't deter you if walking through dark streets is not a problem. Stained glass. Southern cooking, and amiable waitresses. Satisfying jazz on piano and bass, from eight to two, by Nat Jones and Herman Wright Monday through Wednesday, and by Lance Hayward and Carl Pruitt Thursday through Sunday.

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (675-4630)—Each Sunday from five-thirty to eleven, Balaban & Cats play Dixieland with skill and vigor. On Sunday, April 4, cornettist Ruby Braff will sit in. Other nights, other music: the plinking of a banjo band. The place is known for its fabricated nostalgia.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1416)—An informal room with a lot of arches, underneath which people shake or


Women can be free and feminine.
Nat Kaplan.

White printed silk . . . embroidered belt. The ultra evening gown, about $200. Fringed shawl, about $40. Nat Kaplan, 498 Seventh Avenue, New York.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

glide—now you see them, now you don't. The disc jockey switches from hot to cool without warning. Wear sensible shoes. Activity until three-thirty every night.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—French history made easy, the setting being from that period when nothing—except maybe the furniture—seemed to go right. Pin-striped elegance, dining, and dancing to records (from ten to three or four). Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (751-7025)—A little glitter, a little glow, and dancing to discs, but only on Saturdays, from eleven to three. Dinner and supper are aimed at epicures.

Hippopotamus, 154 E. 54th St. (486-1566)—Animal heads on the walls, and Anglo-Indian mementos all over the place. The *real* mood is oh-how-chic, and since chic is a social variable, the point remains moot. Dancing to 45s from nine-thirty until four. An ample menu except on Sundays, when only couscous is available. Reservations are required for dining.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—"What is *this* place supposed to be?" said the tourist. "Obviously, it is supposed to be a re-creation of something old and Egyptian," said his wife. They danced and danced, and when they got back home they told all the folks about it. Three times a night, the records are interrupted by Clint Holmes, who moves like Presley and sings pop songs. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Thursday's 24, 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777)—A well-patronized house of pleasure whose two restaurant floors offer soft carpets, a gleaming brass bar, a more subdued bar, and a dance deck that appears to float between Floors I and II. Dancing to tapes. A fairly complete menu. On Fridays and Saturdays, the doors stay open twenty-four hours a day.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Basic rock, in a shiny room where nobody cares what you wear or how you move, the whole scene being a groovily appointed dancing-and-listening arena. The 45 r.p.m.s alternate with E Pluribus Unum. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—*Savoir faire, savoir danser*—this pulsating downstairs den is marked by civility and contemporaneity. Large drinks and a knowledgeable crowd. Reservations—for what they're worth—are suggested on weekends.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—Prince Charming the Second of Würtemberg is getting married, and all the merry villagers are singing, dancing, oompahing in his honor. Act II, later in the evening, is practically the same thing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Antonio Santaella's flamencan troupe is small indeed, but the manner in which this young man's feet fly out from under him makes up for everything. Roberto Ledesma, a Latin-American singer, does a one-man stand to fill up the evening. This castle keep is in session every night of the week. . . . ¶ In the adjoining **CHÂTEAU DISCO** (371-5155), colloquial Latin (French, Spanish, Italian, and Portuguese) streams across the tapes (some of the best tapes in town, in fact), with enough instrumentation for those who would dance as well as listen. From nine to four every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Corbett Monica, whose jokes contain no injurious ingredients (and sometimes *no* ingredients), ends up on Wednesday, March 31. He will be followed by Marty Allen, a standup humorist of the old *schule,* for a fortnight. Twice every evening, and never an idle one. . . . ¶ In the lounge, which is as close to Nevada as most of us ever get, there is music appropriate to the occasion, night after night.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—The Keep America Beautiful movement attains a climax in **LA FORÊT,** a Forest of Arden, among whose bosky dells maidens and their swains glide to the sound of music. Phil Wayne's quartet, which has the appropriate Pipes of Pan flavor, and a brace of other small bands make sure that there is dancing from eight until two, after which the tunes come by pipeline. Only Tuesday through Saturday, or not quite enough of a good thing. . . . ¶ The adjacent **CAFÉ** goes its calm way *every* night, always with dancing plus (except on Sundays and Mondays) those old Vienna cronies Tony Bujka and Ernest Hirsch-Haramaty (food-of-love violin, piano, and concertina).

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM,** at nine and eleven-thirty, John Davidson sings as happily and truly as a lark, and a lark it is indeed while he's onstage, which happens to be during dinner and supper. The band run by Burt Farber, which is full of light and air, takes breezy turns with the posse run by Mark Monte. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A bowing acquaintance, busy plucking and bowing a modest fiddle, is on duty, seven to ten-thirty every night but Sunday, in the placid but noble **EDWARDIAN ROOM.** . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT,** from four-thirty until six-thirty every afternoon, the same sort of musicale takes place, and it is repeated, every evening but Sunday, from nine to one. Wednesdays through Saturdays, the nightingale is the violin of Gunnar Hansen, and a better man for the job would be hard to find.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Dear old golden school days is sometimes the look of the New Christy Minstrels, though their group cantatas are often much more knowing. They sing for both their dinner and supper. The enterprise is in service every night but Sunday, and dancing commences at eight.

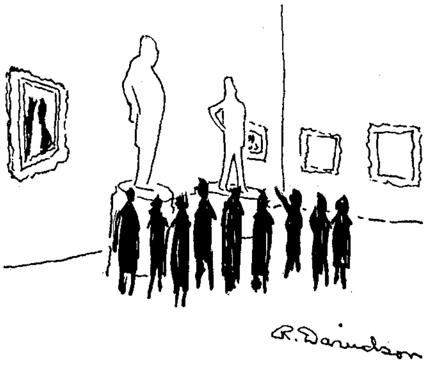
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Quintero is the starting quarterback in the **MAISONETTE,** and the special maneuvers that are best accomplished to the Latin music of his band can be seen (to advantage) and/or participated in. The resourceful band of Hal Turner does the rest of the dance music. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In **LA BOITE,** which is designed for non-levitating diners, there is sedate piano from around eight right through to suppertime. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In the **ST. REGIS ROOM,** the pre-theatre buffet (five-thirty until seven-thirty) likewise gets a piano background, and after ten the prepossessing twosome of Jason & Maryhazel lightly turn their thoughts to ballads of much more than saving grace. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the **EMPIRE ROOM,** at dinner and supper, Peggy Lee, whose almost unique belief it is that gentle persuasion is all one needs to make a ballad come alive. She departs on Saturday, April 3, and the Empire Room will begin a short vacation.

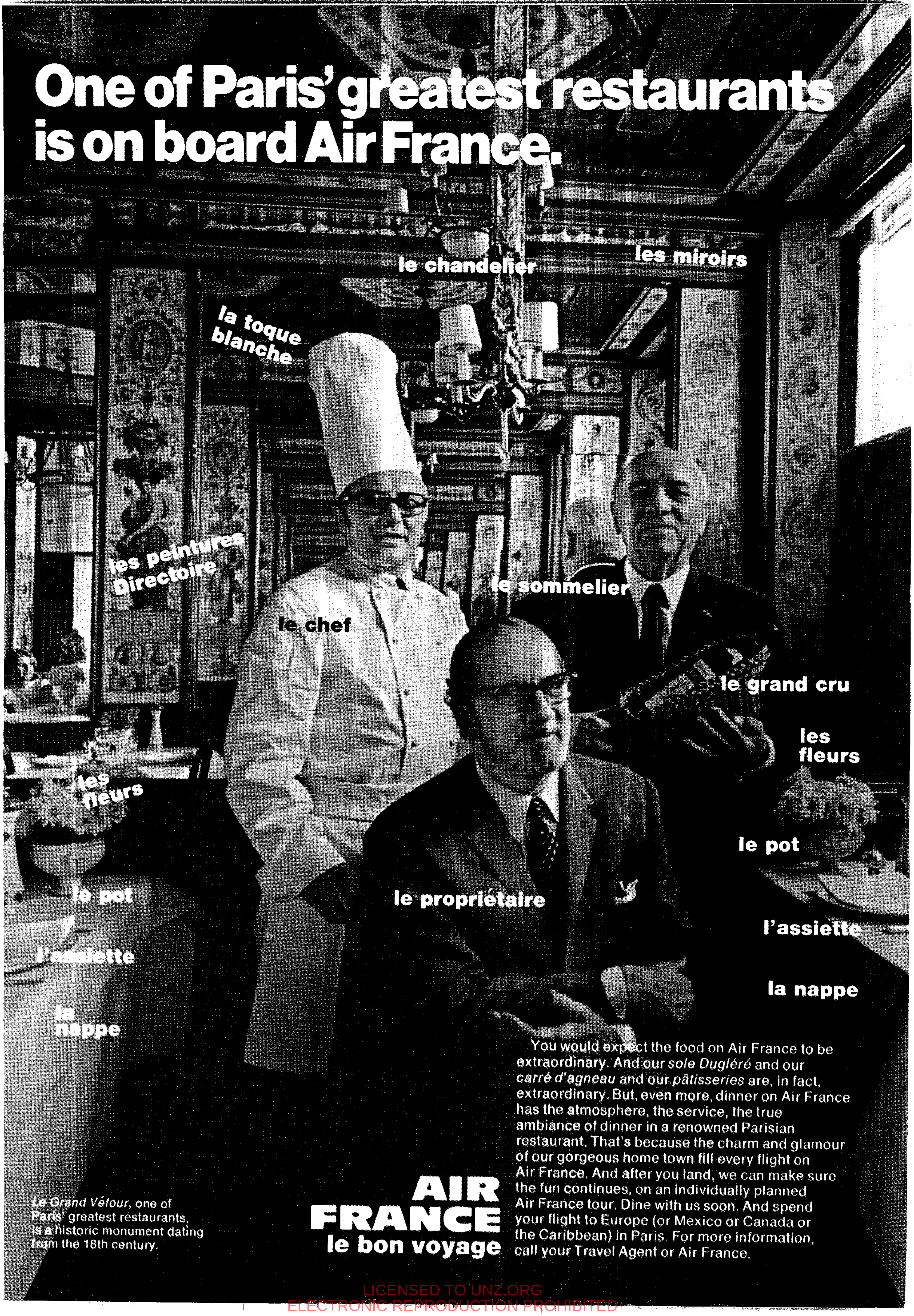
SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): In this seat of the mighty, the songs of Bobby Short lead rewardingly down one well-appointed primrose path after another. Following in his merry footsteps are his two great sidemen—Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **DIONYSOS,** 304 E. 48th St. (758-8240): Right in the lap of the well-known and ever-popular god, and a great place to watch the sun come up behind Mount Olympus. The long watch is eased by Athenian cuisine, Athenian song, Athenian dance music, and Athenian glee. Closed Sundays. . . . **ADONIS,** 1230 Second Ave., at 64th St. (249-2773): A terraced villa up in the hills around Athens, the climate cool but sunny—just right for dancing in the streets. This is carried on by the villagers themselves (visitors may, and do, join in), to music that pops like champagne corks. The music, sometimes larded with song, goes from eight-thirty until four. No Sundays. . . . **DANGERFIELD'S,** 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650): A tale of two cities (ours and Las Vegas) is narrated by Rodney Dangerfield, a spokesman who must by modelled on Damon Runyon and Paul Bunyan. The going can be rough, but it is certain to be funny. Other trappings, too, but no matter. Nourishment at all hours; closed Sundays. . . . **EL AVRAM,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661): A house of cards (Avram Grobard is the joker in the pack, and the house never falls flat) that is sturdy, Mediterranean, cheerful, and continual. The instrumentation is wild but not woolly, the dining is an *entente cordiale* between East and West. Dancing. Closes Sunday, April 4, for a short holiday. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowdecks in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): Often standing room only, and no standing on ceremony, in this bar-and-grill. Piano is the accompaniment, from cocktail time on, and the best of this sound comes from Bubber Johnson, who is in action from nine-thirty until three, Tuesday through Saturday each week. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): The violinists who patrol the battlements seem never to be bowed down, except, of course, when Leyna Gabriele, daughter of the regiment, turns loose a foursome of choristers (herself included) who operate on the theory that there's no operetta like a good old one. From dinner until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA PAELLA,** 3 Hamilton Pl., Broadway at 136th St. (690-1300): Perhaps the northernmost Spanish trading post on this continent. A few Americanisms are evident (some of the customers, say), but the honorable chef has never set foot outside his native land, and the practically perpetual voice and guitar are completely Andalusian. No music Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri, who lives in, perches herself on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour (suppertime, too, on Fridays and Saturdays) and chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Everybody gets into the act (usually Act I of "Tosca," or some such), and everybody means *every*body, right down to the busboys. Closed Mondays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Though the games machines of the Chicago corner stores in which he spent his formative years all specified "no tilting," Shelley Berman has spent his life tilting at windbags as well as windmills, and bringing more than his share of them down. At nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "The Manhattan Arrangement," the energetic small-scale revue on hand, does indeed (as topical revues should) ride off rapidly in all directions, but it has no sense of direction. At eight-thirty and eleven through the week, an hour later in both cases Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **AL MOUNIA,** in the Hotel Lancaster, Madison Ave. at 38th St. (683-5860): Undoubtedly for their own amazement, two entrepreneurs, Hassan Berrada (Marrakesh) and Arthur Kettler (Manhattan), have made the old Whaler Bar over into a restaurant and bar-lounge that would look great in absolutely any Medina. Couscous, yes, and such, and piano in the bar after five (after ten, it's Jacques Kayal, a French-singing, non-Bogart Casablancan). Closed Sundays. . . . **MYKONOS,** 349 W. 46th St. (265-1590): The celebrated Aegean island, looking its very best, and kept vibrant during the evening by a threesome



One of Paris' greatest restaurants is on board Air France.


le chandelier
les miroirs
la toque blanche
les peintures Directoire
le sommelier
le chef
le grand cru
les fleurs
les fleurs
le pot
le propriétaire
le pot
l'assiette
l'assiette
la nappe
la nappe

You would expect the food on Air France to be extraordinary. And our *sole Dugléré* and our *carré d'agneau* and our *pâtisseries* are, in fact, extraordinary. But, even more, dinner on Air France has the atmosphere, the service, the true ambiance of dinner in a renowned Parisian restaurant. That's because the charm and glamour of our gorgeous home town fill every flight on Air France. And after you land, we can make sure the fun continues, on an individually planned Air France tour. Dine with us soon. And spend your flight to Europe (or Mexico or Canada or the Caribbean) in Paris. For more information, call your Travel Agent or Air France.

Le Grand Véfour, one of Paris' greatest restaurants, is a historic monument dating from the 18th century.

AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage

How many times must we tell you? Tuesday is the sole official day to savour Teacher's Highland Cream.

Assuming that today is not Tuesday (a 6-to-1 chance), you will simply have to postpone enjoying the uniquely mellow flavour of this classic Scotch.

So, never on Saturday. And that goes for Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Sunday, too.

Anyone failing to observe this mandate will be severely encouraged.

Are we serious about not drinking Teacher's on Saturday?

TEACHER'S
HIGHLAND CREAM
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
Perfection of Blended
SCOTCH WHISKY
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
Blended and Bottled by
Wm. TEACHER'S & SONS Ltd. GLASGOW SCOTLAND
Sunday

that cannot be long out of Athens. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

IPERBOLE, 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): There is no exaggeration in the name of this museum of modern art, the handiwork of Armando Mei, a restaurateur of distinction. The leisure class in dining is supplemented by a seven-until-one recitation of guitar and song that is nothing if not Roman. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Castles and kings, bishops and knights, but never a pawn. The principal knight-errant is George Cardini, who plies a violin. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday, and the fine-arts piano of Herman Arminski follows him wherever he goes. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. The *voci* in the bar are sometimes too *vive*, but the restaurant is always *piano*. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Something sort of grandish. The piano of Dick Hankinson is audible most of the time between six and one every evening. Sundays, someone or other fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Amour-propre* is the mood of this well-appointed realm, and *amour, amour* is the mood of the piano operated so well by Robert Poitevin, who is on hand from six until one, but not Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Royal maze, sumptuously appointed, especially by Rogelio Reguera, whose Spanish guitar is well versed, well voiced, in the classics. He performs from seven to twelve Mondays through Thursdays; from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty, Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Home again in his handsome castle is George Feyer, and it is his wish to play piano (up to and including Chopin) while his guests linger over dinner, which can go on as late as two in the morning. No music Sundays. . . . **CARLTON BAR-RESTAURANT,** in the Carlton House, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (838-3000): Ray Hartley makes the piano in this chancellery rejoice from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. He is off duty Saturdays and Sundays. Dining until ten. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Appian Way of life. Among the strollers along the Way is the crew of itinerant minstrels led by Rudy Barron. Closed Sundays. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): Lynn Mullinax, who has so many well-remembered tunes at his fingertips, keeps those fingertips on the piano in the bar of this two-level royal nonesuch from six until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **BLUE WHALE,** 1117 First Ave., at 61st St. (838-6501): Port of call on a little-known island. People waiting for the weekly mail steamer can hear Wayne Sanders reminiscing at his piano about gone but not forgotten days. He sits up fairly late. Closes Sunday, April 4. . . . **PIG 'N' WHISTLE DINNER THEATRE,** 36 W. 48th St. (247-3070): A trimmed but not at all tattered account of "Cabaret," that stalwart Broadway musical, is in the hands of a good little parcel of actor-singers, set right in the middle of dining-room tables. Tuesdays through Saturdays at seven-thirty and nine-thirty, and again at eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ANNE ARNOLD—Outsize animals, made of canvas stretched on wooden frames; starting Tuesday, April 6. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

ALICE BABER—Streaming circles and ovals in high-keyed colors; through April 20. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JO BAER—Minimal paintings done in 1962 and 1963; through April 14. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays, 10 to 4.)

KENNETH CALLAHAN—Paintings of nature with symbolic overtones, and drawings of landscapes and creatures; through Saturday, April 3. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HUGO CONSUEGRA—Abstract oil paintings, often making use of linear strokes, by a young Cuban artist; starting Saturday, April 3. (Cisneros, 1316 Madison Ave., at 93rd St. Closed Mondays.)

SALVADOR DALI—Twelve gouaches and collages, also lithographs and etchings; through Saturday, April 3. (Rich, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

HISAO DOMOTO—Paintings based on the disc motif; through April 24. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

JEAN DUBUFFET—About fifty collages, drawings, and gouaches never shown before in the United States and including some of the artist's early works; through Wednesday, April 7. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

OYVIND FAHLSTRÖM—Paintings that can be moved around in a game following a set of rules; through Saturday, April 10. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

LUCIO FONTANA (1899-1968)—Works by an Italian modernist who specialized in gashed canvases; through May 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARY FRANK—Drawings in ink, charcoal, pastel, and mixed mediums by a leading younger sculptress; starting Tuesday, April 6. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

MICHAEL GOLDBERG AND MARY HEILMANN—Spray paintings by the first, a former Abstract Expressionist, and pieces that derive effects from the physical condition of the canvas by the second; through April 14. (Paley & Lowe, 59 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

JOEL GOLDBLATT—Still-lifes in simplified handling; through Saturday, April 3. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

JACQUELINE GOUREVITCH—Oil paintings of cloud images; starting Saturday, April 3. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KAZUKO GUERNSEY—Large stain paintings in acrylic by a Michigan artist; through April 14. (Spectrum, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

ANNE HARVEY—School of Paris oil paintings, pastels, and drawings of nudes, still-lifes, and interiors by an American expatriate; through Saturday, April 10. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

CARL HEIDENREICH (1901-65)—A selection of paintings covering the career of this German Expressionist, who worked in the United States after 1941; through Wednesday, April 7. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

DALE HENRY—Acrylics on canvas, light-catching; through Saturday, April 3. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

CLINTON HILL—Romantic color abstractions that emphasize texture and transparency; through Saturday, April 3. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

RALPH HUMPHREY—Luminous wavy lines on mostly oval canvases; through Wednesday, April 7. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

RAY JOHNSON—More collages, many on the theme of dollar bills dedicated to famous women; starting Monday, April 5. (Feigen, 27 E. 79th St.)

BETTY KLAVUN—Painted- or welded-aluminum abstractions; through Saturday, April 3. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA—Early drawings and watercolors by this Expressionist; starting Thursday, April 1. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROY LICHTENSTEIN—Rectangular, round, and oval paintings on the subject of mirrors and the light reflected in them; through Thursday, April 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

SEYMOUR LIPTON—More of this sculptor's interwoven organic shapes in metal; through Saturday, April 3. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD MAYHEW—Recent quiet, low-keyed landscapes by an artist frequently seen in Afro-American exhibitions; through Saturday, April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

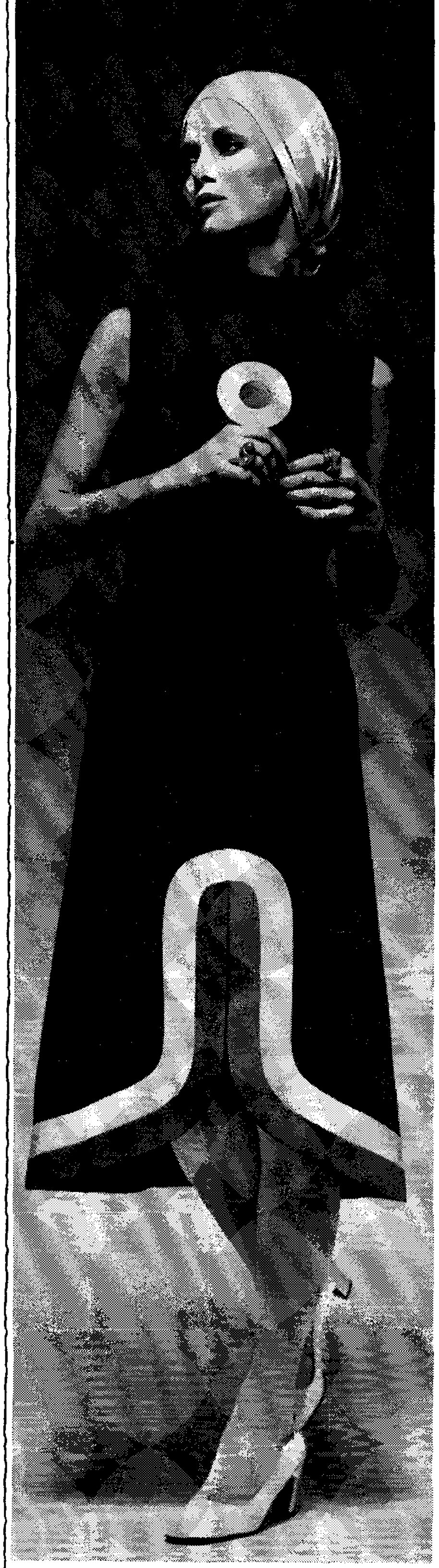
KOZO MIO—Surrealist paintings by a Japanese; through April 17. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENZO OKADA—Abstract paintings of nature in subdued tones; through Saturday, April 10. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN OPPER—Paintings composed of vertical

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Into the Trevira Era with the dress that's right on target. Trevira® polyester-and-rayon with a linen briskness, in navy with white and red bands. For 6 to 14 sizes, $95. Dress Collections. Please add 75c for mail and phone orders sent beyond our regular delivery areas.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bands of color; through April 22. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Owen—A first one-man show of paintings with the effect of spreading chemical substances; through Saturday, April 10. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Picasso and Richard Lindner—Ceramics by the former and a series of fourteen lithographs by the latter; through Saturday, April 10. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Serge Poliakoff (1906-69)—Abstract paintings in a variety of surfaces by this widely known Russian; through Saturday, April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Prestini—The first one-man show in New York of nickel-plated geometric sculptures by this West Coast artist; through April 17. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Mexican landscapes; starting Tuesday, April 6. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Sidney Simon—Figurative sculptures, most of them in bronze, some incorporating mirrors; through Saturday, April 10. (Graham, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tony Smith—Nine sculptures of modular sections, also small bronzes; through April 24. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Reuben Tam—Paintings, mostly landscapes, and drawings; through April 17. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Louis Vivin (1861-1936)—Twenty-five paintings of Paris by this leading French "naïf;" starting Tuesday, April 6. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Chris Wilmarth—Large clear-glass sculptures, one of them enormous, in simple forms; through Thursday, April 8. (Cooper, 100 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Larry Zox—Color-field paintings; starting Saturday, April 3. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **ACA**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Seventy-five paintings on the theme of New York by such artists as Avery, Cadmus, Chase, Feininger, Hartley, Hassam, Luks, Prendergast, and Walkowitz; through April 17. . . . **BABCOCK**, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Pastels by Hassam, Hartley, Pittman, and Julius Goldstein; through April 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **LA BOETIE**, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Artists associated with the Bauhaus—Feininger, Kandinsky, Schlemmer, Klee, Moholy-Nagy, and lesser figures; through Saturday, April 10. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Sculptures and paintings by gallery artists; through April 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DANENBERG**, 1000 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: American paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and sculptures of the twentieth century; through April 24. . . . **FEIGEN**, 141 Greene St., at Houston St.: Works by eight painters; starting Saturday, April 3. (Closed Mondays; open Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **FRUMKIN**, 41 E. 57th St.: Works from the gallery collection by artists from the nineteenth-century to the present, among them Ensor, Nolde, Duchamp, Matta, Beckmann, and Graham; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **KENNEDY**, 20 E. 56th St.: Paintings and sculptures from the eighteenth century to the twentieth by Copley, Eakins, Davis, and other American artists; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 West Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Realistic paintings by Richard McLean and Stephen Posen, abstract paintings by David Noyes and R. Benton Peugh, and sound-making objects by Allan Erdmann; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **PRINCE STREET GALLERY**, 106 Prince St.: Paintings and sculptures by seventeen artists who have shown at this gallery during the past year; through April 11. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: French paintings, sculptures, and drawings of the nineteenth century by Bonnard, Renoir, Monet, Maillol, and Degas (to name several); through May 28. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Sculptures from Greece and the Near East, Asia, Africa, Oceania, and pre-Columbian America; through May 22. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit show of a hundred and forty-one paintings, sculptures, watercolors, and prints by Whistler and European and American contemporaries such as Bonnard, Courbet, Manet, Redon, Sargent, and Seurat; through Saturday, April 3. . . . **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Works by Americans, including Dickinson, Graves, Ryder, Tobey, and Ossorio; through April 17. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave., at 82nd St.—A major exhibit presented in connection with the Museum's centennial celebration. Entitled "Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries," it consists of nearly five hundred outstanding works from the earliest times to the present, most of them from the Museum's own collection. Through June 1. . . . ¶ Three hundred pieces—carvings, glass, jewelry, and weapons—dating from the second millennium B.C. to the seventh century A.D. and indicating cultural connections between Egypt, the ancient Near East, and Greece and Rome; through April 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Approximately two hundred and twenty-five photographs by Walker Evans, one of America's best-known documentary photographers of this century; through April 11. . . . ¶ Work from the past thirty years by Romare Bearden, a leading black artist, whose emphasis in the past decade has been on collage and photomontage; through June 7. . . . ¶ A retrospective of metal sculptures by Richard Hunt, black Chicago artist; through June 7. . . . ¶ Models, photographs, and drawings for an imaginary ceremonial structure by Will Insley; through May 3. . . . ¶ Paintings, watercolors, and drawings by Rodchenko (1891-1956), an important Russian avant-garde artist of the period around the First World War, supplemented by book designs, a poster, and photographs of lost or destroyed works; through April 11. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures done prior to World War II by Duchamp, Matisse, and Picasso, whose gift, "Guitar," is included; through April 26. (Mondays, noon to 7; Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

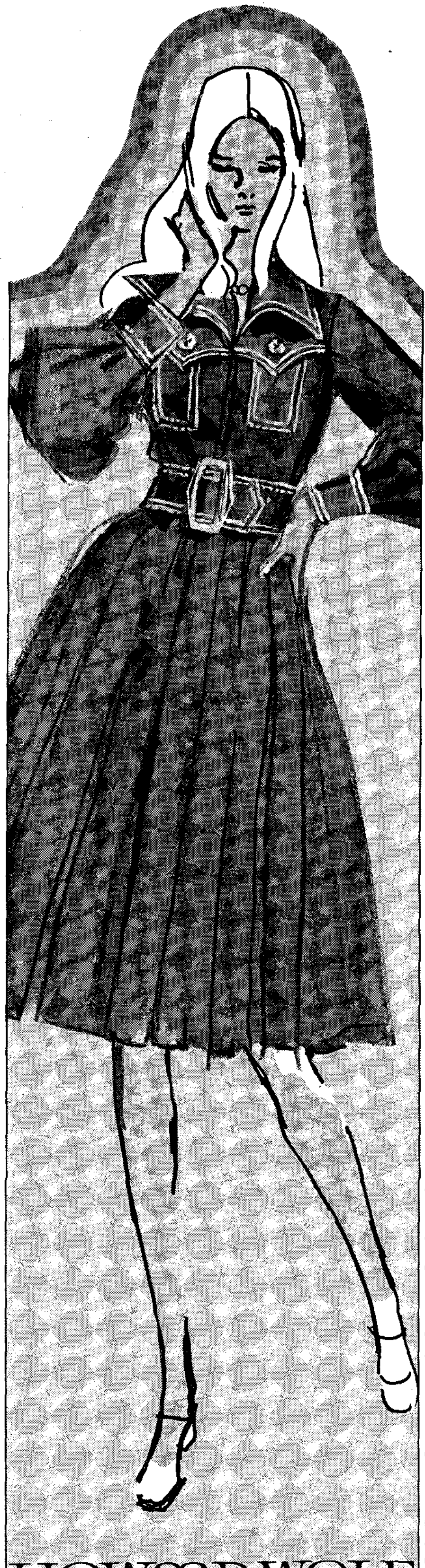
Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixth Guggenheim International Exhibition, comprising paintings, sculptures, and conceptual, environmental, and process art by around twenty artists of the United States, South America, Canada, Europe, and Japan; through April 11. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Works by over fifty black artists from different parts of the United States, among them Jacob Lawrence, Romare Bearden, Tom Lloyd, Thomas Sills; starting Tuesday, April 6. . . . ¶ Thirty-nine paintings (by as many artists) done between 1950 and 1970 and organized around the idea that they are primarily structured by means of color. Among the artists are Albers, Hofmann, Newman, Noland, Poons, Reinhardt, Rothko, Stella, and Still. Through April 18. . . . ¶ A first one-man exhibit of paintings and drawings by Malcolm Bailey, a young New York artist seen in exhibitions of black art; through April 18. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fourteen major paintings and drawings by Vincent van Gogh, borrowed from the artist's nephew and the van Gogh Foundation in Holland; through April 11. (Admission is $1.) . . . ¶ Lithographs, etchings, Japanese prints, newspaper engravings, and photographs collected and studied by van Gogh; through April 11. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Monday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America houses a vast collection of sculptures, pottery, jade, gold, and archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C. to the advent of the Spanish Conquest. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—Memorial exhibit: Gatch, Hofmann, Hopper, Schnakenberg, and Sheeler. In the gallery: contemporary paintings and sculptures, candidates for awards. Through



HOWARD WOLF
Shirtdressing in polyester-cotton sheer. At Garfinckel's, Washington, D.C.; Jacobson's, Michigan; Halle's, Cleveland; and other fine stores.
Circa $46
Howard B. Wolf, Inc./498 Seventh Ave., N.Y. or Dallas

FROM THE CARTIER WATCH COLLECTION: EXCLUSIVELY CARTIER.

$650
$1,000
$3,000
$3,500
$825

Did you know there are now 500 watches in the Cartier collection? Each is exclusively Cartier's in name as well as elegance and quality.

They range in price from a modest $75 up to $16,000. Visit us soon to see them all.

Every Cartier watch or jewelry purchase from $1,000 to $50,000 will be insured for one year at no additional cost. Cartier

5th Ave. and 52nd St., New York, N.Y. 10022/Palm Beach/Chicago

WHAT'S GOING ON AT THE GARDEN

APRIL

Suddenly it's Spring—because the Circus has come to town! Already children of all ages, from moppets to nonagenarians, are gasping with joy and amazement as the countless wonders of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus unfold before their gleaming eyes. Truly, the Greatest Show on Earth is greater than ever before!

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH

And this year's Madison Square Garden engagement is greater than ever too. It's a record-breaking nine weeks of spectacular thrills and laughter from now right through Memorial Day, Monday, May 31st. For the first 7 weeks (now thru May 16) it's the All-New 101st Edition with more incredible trained animal acts than ever before and the mightiest cast of international performers ever assembled including 22 unparalleled acts never before seen in America.

Then for the final two weeks (May 18 thru 31), the famous 100th Anniversary Edition returns to thrill New York anew and to provide circus buffs with their very first opportunity to see not one, but two, great Circuses during a single unforgettable season.

So come to the box-office or phone us or consult our modest newspaper ads for price and performance information and order your tickets now for the delight and delectation of your entire family.

We must advise you though that certain performances may be pre-empted while our Knicks and/or Rangers compete in their respective championship play-off games. As of this writing, this has not been determined. In fact, the Rangers still have a regular season game at the Garden on Sunday (4) against Detroit. So please watch the newspapers for definite announcements. Tickets for any pre-empted dates may of course be exchanged or refunded.

See you at the Garden at the Greatest Show on Earth!

M.S.G.

madison square garden

Pennsylvania Plaza. 7th Ave., 31st to 33rd Sts.

FOR TICKET INFORMATION CALL (212) 564-4400

Saturday, April 10. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan exhibition of tapestries in silk and metal thread dating back to the seventh century; through May 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—Ecclesiastical vestments dating from the twelfth century to the early sixteenth, along with sculptures, enamels, ivories, and paintings related to them; through July 15. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Films, slides, tapes, and kinetoscopes presenting approximately a hundred and twenty artists at work in their studios or out of doors; through April 15. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings by Dutch, Flemish, British, and Italian artists of the fifteenth century through the eighteenth; through April 25. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of four hundred photographs by W. Eugene Smith; through May 9. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center—Symbolic sculptural interpretations in different mediums of dramas and dramatic personae by Angela Conner; through July 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A cache of autographs, books, drawings, and manuscripts acquired during the last few years. Highlighted is the second part of the Hours of Catherine of Cleves with thirty-five transparencies. Through May 1. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Sculptures of Oceania from the Museum's permanent collection. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and twenty works in a variety of modes by forty-four artists, most of them young, representing "the Swiss avant-garde." Wednesday through Sunday, March 31-April 4, at 4 and 6, the exhibition will be supplemented by the showing of films about Swiss artists or by Swiss filmmakers. Through May 9. . . . ¶ A retrospective consisting of a hundred and fifty sculptures, prints, and drawings by Gerhard Marcks, German Expressionist, who taught at the Bauhaus; through May 30. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"City of Promise: Aspects of Jewish Life in New York, 1654-1970," an amalgam that includes photographs (a hundred of them portraits), ritual silver, and paintings. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Recent acquisitions that fatten the Library's Berg Collection—original manuscripts and letters of major English, Irish, and American writers. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Thirty large paintings by two contemporaries—Robert Carter and Michael Singletary; through April 11. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 31, at 8: "Werther," with Régine Crespin, Joy Clements, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8: "Carmen," with Regina Resnik, Judith Raskin, James King, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Colette Boky, Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, Mildred Miller, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 1: "Parsifal," with Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Cesare Siepi, Thomas Stewart, Morley Meredith, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8: "La Bohème," with Jeannette Pilou, Judith De-Paul, Franco Corelli, William Walker, Giorgio Tozzi, and Gene Boucher. . . . ¶ Monday, April 5, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Colette Boky, George Shirley, Mario Sereni, Fernando Corena, and Cesare Siepi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 6, at 7: "Parsifal," with Régine Crespin, Sándor Kónya, Giorgio Tozzi, Thomas Stewart, Morley Meredith, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 7, at 8: "Werther," with Rosalind Elias, Joy Clements, Franco Corelli, Dominic Cossa, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Edda Moser, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Jeannette Pilou, Justino Díaz, Nicolai Gedda, Ezio Flagello, Theodor Uppman, and Paul Plishka. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 1: "Parsifal," with Irene Dalis, Sándor Kónya, Cesare Siepi, William Dooley, Morley Meredith, and John Macurdy. (A non-subscription performance.) . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Colette Boky, Régine Crespin, Lucine Amara, Frederica von Stade, Nicolai Gedda, Gabriel Bacquier, and Andrea Velis. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Pilar Lorengar, Mildred Miller, George Shirley, Frank Guarrera, and Robert Schmorr.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 31, at 8:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Georges Liccioni, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 1, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Maralin Niska, Johanna Meier, Herman Malamood, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Friday, April 2, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Mary Cross Lueders, John Stewart, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 2:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 3, at 8:15: "Louise," with Carol Neblett, Frances Bible, Harry Theyard, and Joseph Rouleau. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 4, at 1:15: "The Turn of the Screw," with Maralin Niska, Ellen Faull, Kenneth Riegel, and Robert Puleo. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 4, at 7:15: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Johanna Meier, Herman Malamood, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 6, at 8:15: "Don Rodrigo," with Eileen Schauler, Patricia Wise, John Stamford, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 7, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Sergio Di Amorim, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 8, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Friday, April 9, at 8:15: "Roberto Devereux," with Beverly Sills, Carmen Gonzalez, Nicholas DiVirgilio, and Louis Quilico. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 2:15: "The Turn of the Screw," with Maralin Niska, Ellen Faull, Kenneth Riegel, and Robert Puleo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 10, at 8:15: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Muriel Greenspon, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting—Thursday, April 1, and Saturday, April 3, at 8:30, and Monday, April 5, at 7:30 (no soloists); and Thursday, April 8, at 8:30; Friday, April 9, at 2; Saturday, April 10, at 8:30; and Monday, April 12, at 7:30 (all with Evelyn Lear, soprano; Birgit Finnila, contralto; John Stewart, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and the Westminster Choir).

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—Stephen Simon conducting, with Jake Holmes, folk singer. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 2:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski directing, with Janette Moody, soprano; Louise Parker, contralto; and the Westminster Choir. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 2:30, and Tuesday, April 6, at 8:30.)

New and Newer Music—Dennis Russell Davies conducting the Juilliard Ensemble in the fourth in a series of five concerts that include appearances by five contemporary composers conducting their own works. The man

DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING

They're for digging, hoeing, raking, weeding, huffing, puffing and all the joys of spring planting. Since Danskin started out making tights and leotards for the loftiest leapers in the ballet world, it's no wonder they understand every young body.

Striped sweater, sizes 2-6x, 4.25. 7-14, 5.25.

Stretch shorts with striped cuff, sizes 2-6x, 4.50. 7-14, 5.00.

Zipper-front sweater, sizes 2-6x, 5.50. 7-14, 6.50.

Stretch shorts, sizes 2-6x, 3.50. 7-14, 4.00.

All full-fashioned. All nylon, stripes of Dacron® polyester. Prices slightly higher on West Coast.

DANSKIN®

Write for brochure NY4. Danskin Inc., 437 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10016 Div. of Triumph Hosiery Mills.

The Pine Siskin, First in a Distinguished
Series of Reproductions from John James Audubon's
Great Classical Work, Birds of America.
Hand crafted in rich Damascene Silver by Reed & Barton artisans,
the Pine Siskin Plate is being produced in a Limited Edition of 5000 Pieces,
each serially numbered. Diameter 11″. At finer silverware stores, $55.

REED & BARTON

For nearest store and brochure, write Reed & Barton, Studio C, Taunton, Massachusetts 02780

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of parts this time will be Luciano Berio. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 5, at 8.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Janáček chamber-music program, with Eileen Flissler, piano; Batyah Godfrey, mezzo-soprano; Joseph Porrello, tenor; and others. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 6, at 8.)

Washington University Choir and Madrigal Singers—Orland W. Johnson directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 7, at 7:30.)

New England Conservatory Chorus and Brass Quintet—Lorna Cooke deVaron directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, April 7, at 8.)

Pro Arte Double Chorale and Orchestra—John Nelson directing a performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with the Columbus Boychoir; Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, April 9, at 7:30.)

RECITALS

Francis Brancaleone—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, April 2, at 8:30.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Robert Sylvester, cello; Julius Levine, bass; and Lee Luvisi, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Sunday, April 4, at 2 and 8.)

Maureen Forrester—Contralto, in a lieder recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 7:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The first of two concerts presenting the Bartók cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 7:30.)

Isaac Stern—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Guarneri Quartet—In a recital postponed from March 13. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Anthony Newman—Harpsichord and pedal harpsichord. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, April 5, at 8:30.)

New Amsterdam Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music, with Jan DeGaetani, mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, April 7, at 8:40.)

Kun Woo Paik—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, April 8, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Arlo Guthrie—Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 31, at 7:30.

Ike and Tina Turner Revue and Fats Domino—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 1, at 7:30 and 11.

Santana, Tower of Power, and Rahsaan Roland Kirk & His Vibration Society—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Thursday through Saturday, April 1-3, at 8 and 11:30.

Lew Anderson Orchestra—Jazz Center, 57 W. 57th St. Friday, April 2, at noon. For tickets, call 489-0654.

Hanna Ahroni—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 3, at 8:30.

Chicago—Carnegie Hall. Monday through Thursday, April 5-8, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8 and at midnight.

Jethro Tull, Edgar Winter's White Trash, and Tin House—Fillmore East. Monday and Tuesday, April 5-6, at 8 and 11:30.

Wynton Kelly and Ona Truth—With the Jazz Adventures Trio. (Jazz Center. Wednesday, April 7, at noon.)

Elton John, Seatrain, and Hook Foot—Fillmore East. Thursday, April 8, at 8, and Friday and Saturday, April 9-10, at 8 and 11:30.

Clark Terry and Phil Wilson—With the Jazz Adventures Trio. (Jazz Center. Friday, April 9, at noon.)

Delaney & Bonnie & Friends, Country Joe McDonald, and Tim Hardin—With Karen Beth. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, April 10, at 7:30 and 10.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Montreal (first National League games here), Tuesday through Thursday, April 6-8, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Saturday, April 10, at 2:15.

Professional Basketball—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. Atlanta. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 1, at 7:30, and, if necessary, Monday, April 5, at 7:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden—Sunday, April 4, at 7:05: Rangers vs. Detroit. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 7-8, at 7:35: Stanley Cup East Division quarter-final playoffs, Rangers vs. Toronto.

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 3.) . . . ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. Saturday, April 10.) . . . ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. Saturday, April 10.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 22. The Gotham, Saturday, April 3, and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 10. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays, except Good Friday, at 1:15; through Saturday, April 17. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, April 3.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, May 22.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **bil baird marionettes:** "Winnie the Pooh." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3:30.) . . . **children's repertory group:** "The Stolen Prince." (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 3, at 3.) . . . **salvatore guida:** "The Magical Red Fan." (Mask Theatre, 125 Fifth Ave., at 19th St. 673-0291. Saturday, April 10, at 2:30.) . . . **king's players:** "Rainbow Junction." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Saturday, April 3, at 2.) . . . **rose lynch productions:** "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.) . . . **meri mini players:** "Looice." (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952. Saturday, April 3, at 2:30.) . . . **new york children's theatre center:** "Alice in Wonderland." (Town Hall. 489-0120. Saturday, April 3, at 1.)

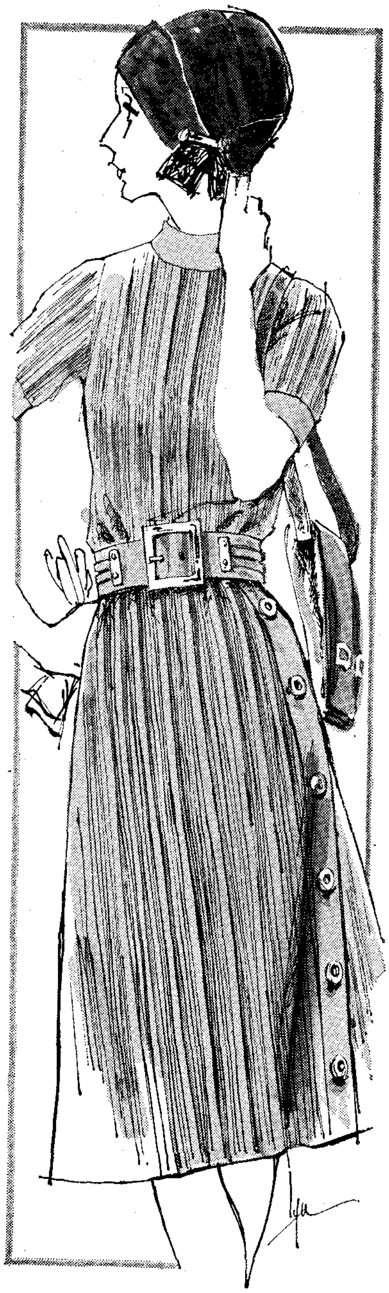
Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Steering by the Stars." (Mondays through Fridays, except April 9, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Good Friday at 1, 2, and 3:30. Children under five not admitted.)

Junior Museum Studio, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—Fifty paintings by children of Leningrad; starting Thursday, April 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Jorge Luis Borges reading from his own works, in Spanish, with English translations read by Norman Thomas di Giovanni. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lex-



Dalton takes a ribbing and turns out the liveliest polyester knit enroute to interesting places. White or yellow with four-tier calf belt. 6 to 16 sizes. $75.

Jacobson's
MICHIGAN

Yankee Traveler
Saint Armands Circle Sarasota, Florida

GORDON
OF PHILADELPHIA

At Lord & Taylor, all stores;
Marshall Field, all stores;
The Talbots, Hingham, Mass.;
The Carriage Shop, Dallas;
Bocock-Stroud, Winston-Salem;
or for the store nearest you
write Gordon Sales Associates,
1410 Broadway, New York 10018.

GORDON MAKES THE DIFFERENCE
...the difference in these pants is the custom fit of Gordon's tailoring...plus the smooth performance of the canvas-weave polyester and cotton. About $18. The polo shirt by Activair, of Antron® nylon knit, about $15.

SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 5, at 8:30.)

International Automobile Show—The newest in foreign and domestic cars, plus antiques and classics. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturday, April 3, through Sunday, April 11. Weekdays, 11 to 11; Sundays, 1 to 8.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, April 3, at 10:15: Indian and Islamic art, from various owners....¶ Wednesday, April 7, at 8, and Thursday, April 8, at approximately 3: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures of the eighteenth century to the twentieth, including works by Bierstadt, Eakins, Remington, and Burchfield; the property of Huntington Hartford and others. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 1....¶ Thursday, April 8, at 2: American folk paintings by J.O.J. Frost, George Edwin Lothrop, and others; from the collection of the late Betty and Albert L. Carpenter. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 1.

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Eight programs in a series of films directed by Allan Dwan. March 31 at 2 and 5:30: "Getting Gertie's Garter" (1945), with Dennis O'Keefe and Marie McDonald....April 1 at 2 and 5:30: "Rendezvous with Annie" (1946), with Eddie Albert....April 2 at 2 and 5:30: "Getting Mary Married" (1919), with Marion Davies; and "Frontier Marshal" (1938), with Randolph Scott and Nancy Kelly....April 3 at 3 and 5:30: "The Sands of Iwo Jima" (1949), with John Wayne....April 4 at 2:30 and 5:30: "The River's Edge" (1957), with Ray Milland and Anthony Quinn....April 5 at 12:30: "The Inside Story" (1948), with William Lundigan....April 7 at 2 and 5:30: "Brewster's Millions" (1945), with Dennis O'Keefe and June Havoc....April 8 at 2 and 5:30: "Woman They Almost Lynched" (1952), with Audrey Totter and Brian Donlevy....¶ April 1 at 8: "Red Light District" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi....¶ April 3 at 11:30: "The Coward" (1915), directed by Reginald Barker and Charles Ray; and "The Deserter" (1916), directed by Scott Sidney, with Charles Ray....¶ April 5 at 6 and April 6 at 2: "Our Daily Bread" (1934), directed by King Vidor, with Karen Marley and Tom Keene....¶ April 6 at 5:30: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970), directed by Leonard Kastle, with Shirley Stoler....¶ April 8 at 8: "The Key" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Mondays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)...¶ "The film as art" is the announced *raison d'être* of the ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, at the Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-3197), where examples are being unreeled starting at 6 o'clock, six days a week (no Mondays). The cycle repeats itself monthly....¶ At the WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (249-4100), a series called "The New American Filmmakers" is being screened at noon (except Thursdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Friday evenings). Tickets available two hours before each show.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At SHEA STADIUM: April 11 (day), April 16-18 (d), May 3-5 (night), May 6 (d), May 7 (n), May 8-9 (d), May 10-11 (n), and May 12 (d)....YANKEE STADIUM (first American League games here): April 13-15 (day), April 20-21 (d), April 23 (night), April 24-25 (d), April 27-28 (n), April 30 (n), May 1-2 (d), May 14 (n), and May 15 (d).

Horse Shows—Boulder Brook Club Spring Horse Show. (Scarsdale. April 24-25.)...¶ Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. May 1-2.)...¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. May 7-9.)

Hunt Racing—Grand National Point-to-Point. (Butler, Md. April 17.)...¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 17.)...¶ Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. April 24.)...¶ Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. May 1.)...¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. May 8.)

Racing—At GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: April 17-May 31....CHURCHILL DOWNS, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 1.

Track—Boston Marathon. (Hopkinton, Mass. April 19.)

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America at Clay Targets, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. April 16-18.)

Trotting—At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: April 15-Nov. 13.

Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (799-4420): The season continues through April 17....PHILHARMONIC HALL (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 15....¶ Duke Ellington and His Orchestra, April 16....¶ Beverly Sills, soprano, April 18....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, April 20....¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 25 and 27 and May 9 and 11....¶ Gina Bachauer, piano, April 28....¶ New York Choral Society, April 30....¶ Brooklyn Philharmonia, May 2....CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7459): Stuttgart Bach Chorus and Orchestra, April 11, 14, and 16....¶ Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, April 21-22....¶ Hartford Symphony Orchestra, April 23....¶ Chicago Symphony Orchestra, April 27....¶ American Symphony Orchestra, May 2 and 4....¶ Baltimore Symphony, May 5....¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 8....ALICE TULLY HALL (362-1911): Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 16-17 and May 2 and 4....¶ Sine Nomine Singers, April 18....¶ Juilliard String Quartet, April 18....¶ M.I.T. Symphony Orchestra, April 19....¶ Clarion Concerts Orchestra, April 20....¶ New and Newer Music, April 25....¶ Dessoff Choirs, April 29....¶ New York Pro Musica, May 5....TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Glee Club of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, April 23....GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): George Malcolm, harpsichord, April 17....HUNTER COLLEGE (535-5350): Claude Frank, piano, April 18 and May 9....¶ Juilliard String Quartet and Bernard Greenhouse, cello, April 28....¶ London Bach Society, May 7.

Ballet and Dance Programs—Les Grands Ballets Canadiens, at the City Center, April 13-25....¶ Stuttgart Ballet, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 19-May 29....¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, April 27-June 27....¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, April 27-May 9.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Lolita, My Love," a musical version by Alan Jay Lerner of Vladimir Nabokov's novel "Lolita," with a score by John Barry. John Neville, Dorothy Loudon, Leonard Frey, and Denise Nickerson head the cast....¶ A musical, "70, Girls, 70," with a book by Fred Ebb and Norman L. Martin, songs by Mr. Ebb and John Kander, and a cast that includes Mildred Natwick, Hans Conried, and Lillian Roth....¶ Larry Ellis will be "Frank Merriwell" in a musical taken from the tales of the Burt L. Standish hero, with music and lyrics by Skip Redwine and Larry Frank, and a book by Heywood Gould....¶ Viveca Lindfors, Rip Torn, and Michael Strong in Strindberg's "Dance of Death."...¶ The Story Theatre's production of Ovid's "The Metamorphoses," in a translation by Arnold Weinstein....¶ A play by Yale M. Udoff called "A Gun Play."...¶ A revival of "Johnny Johnson," the Paul Green-Kurt Weill 1936 musical; Ralph Williams will play the title role....¶ "Scratch," a play by Archibald MacLeish, based on Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Devil and Daniel Webster," with Patrick Magee, Will Geer, William Redfield, and Roy Poole....¶ Sophocles' "Antigone," translated by Dudley Fitts and Robert Fitzgerald. A production of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center.

Other Dates—Easter Sunday is April 11....¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1970 and estimates for 1971 are due Thursday, April 15....¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 25....¶ April Garden Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., April 28....¶ Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 15.

I will tell you how I run my airline.

Guten Tag pretty stewardesses of Lufthansa German Airlines:

When our 747 passengers don't like the movie, introduce them to our special "quiet" section.

If they don't smoke, tell them about our special no-smoking section.

We are not dummkopfs.

The Red Baron

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8		

THE FILMS IN THIS LISTING ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Trash."
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
March 31: "The Projectionist."
From April 1: "Midnight Cowboy" and "In the Heat of the Night."
Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through April 6: "My Night at Maud's" and "The Revolutionary."
From April 7: "The Owl and the Pussycat" and "The Looking Glass War."
Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through April 8: "The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through April 1: "Gas-s-s-s."
From April 2: "Where's Poppa?" and "The Landlord."
Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
March 31: "Mata Hari" and "Ninotchka."
April 1-3: "Camille" and "Anna Karenina."
From April 4: "And Soon the Darkness."
34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Confession."
Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Little Big Man."
Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Mad Dogs and Englishmen."
Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Bed and Board."
Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Taking Off."
Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"A Severed Head."
Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Making It."
R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Beguiled."
Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Projectionist."
Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Andromeda Strain."
Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Gimme Shelter."
Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Little Murders."
68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Claire's Knee."
Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
"Love Story."
72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Melody."
Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Women in Love."
Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"B. S. I Love You."
Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through April 1: "Pigeons."
From April 2: "My Fair Lady."
U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Vanishing Point."
Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Brother John."
Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through April 1: "THX 1138."
From April 2: "Flight of the Doves."
86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Cold Turkey."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
March 31: "The Bird with the Crystal Plumage" and "King of Hearts."
April 1-7: "Bonnie and Clyde" and "Bullitt."
From April 8: To be announced.
Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through April 6: "The Body" and "Brewster McCloud."
From April 7: "My Fair Lady."
8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"Wanda."
5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Ramparts of Clay."
Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Husbands."
Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Buster Keaton festival.
R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through April 6: "Zachariah."
From April 7: "The Last Valley."
Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"Waterloo."
Bijou Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (757-6760)
March 31: "The Bride of the Andes" and "Rebellion."
April 1: "The Emperor and the General."
April 2-3: "The Emperor and the General" and "Rebellion."
April 4: A program of Greek films.
April 5-7: "Snow Country" and "Kojiro."
From April 8: "The Seven Samurai."
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
"Lawrence of Arabia."
Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through April 6: "I Never Sang for My Father."
From April 7: "Shinbone Alley."
Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"A New Leaf."
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Ryan's Daughter."
Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Husbands."
Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Melody."
Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Conformist."
Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Body."
Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"My Night at Maud's."
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Friends."
Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Little Big Man."
Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through April 8: "Get Carter."
Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Wild Child" and "The Passion of Anna."
Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through April 6: "Joe" and "The Landlord."
From April 7: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 31 (afternoon performances only): "Innocence Unprotected" and "Antonio das Mortes."
March 31 at 6, 8, and 10: A program of six short films from Grove Press.
April 1-7: "Of Human Bondage" and "Gold Diggers of 1935."
From April 8: "Right On!" and "Burn!"
Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through April 6: "Alice's Restaurant" and "The Night They Raided Minsky's."
From April 7: "Thunderball" and "You Only Live Twice."
Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through April 1: "Tosca" and "Plisetskaya Dances."
April 2-4: "The Defiant Ones" and "Beat the Devil."
April 5-6: "The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus" and "The Hound of the Baskervilles."
April 7-8: "The Night of the Hunter" and "Little Caesar."
Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through April 1: "Pigeons."
From April 2: "My Fair Lady."

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS

Alice's Restaurant (1969)—Arlo Guthrie's talking-blues record, extended by Arthur Penn into a sweet-natured film. (Symphony; through April 6.)

The Andromeda Strain—Biological invasion from outer space. The rapidly expanding green muck is not unlike the various slimy menaces in the unpretentious sci-fi thrillers of the fifties, but Robert Wise, who made this expensive version of the Michael Crichton novel, has chosen a fanatically realistic documentary style and has failed to solve the dramatic problems in the original story. The suspense is strong, but it isn't a very pleasurable kind of suspense; the movie lacks humor. (Cinema I.)

And Soon the Darkness—A suspense-thriller, with Pamela Franklin, directed by Robert Fuest. (Murray Hill; starting April 4.)

Anna Karenina (1935)—Greta Garbo is Anna in this version, directed by Clarence Brown from a screenplay that S. N. Behrman, Clemence Dane, and Salka Viertel all worked on. The picture is more M-G-M than Tolstoy; the cast includes Fredric March as Vronsky and Basil Rathbone as Karenin, and also Maureen O'Sullivan, Constance Collier, May Robson, Mischa Auer, and Freddie Bartholomew. God knows it isn't good, and Garbo isn't even at her best, but she's there to be gazed upon. (Murray Hill; April 1-3.)

Antonio das Mortes—Glauber Rocha, the leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (New Yorker; March 31, afternoon performances only.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Thalia; April 2-4.)

Bed and Board—About the married life of Truffaut's hero, Antoine Doinel (Jean-Pierre Léaud). Léaud appears to have developed a dogged resistance to acting, but Antoine's bride, Claude Jade, who looks like a less ethereal, more practical Catherine Deneuve, is lovely. The movie is cheerful, if conventionally "endearing." In French. (Fine Arts.)

The Beguiled—Clint Eastwood in a Civil War-period story, as a wounded Union soldier recuperating in a school for Southern belles, run by Geraldine Page. With Elizabeth Hartman and Mae Mercer. Directed by Don Siegel. (R.K.O. 59th St. East Twin Cinemas.)

The Bird with the Crystal Plumage—Not to be caddish about giving away any surprising ending, the clue to the outcome of this horror picture lies in unisex midicoats. The action includes a scene about eating broiled cat. Made in Italy, with Suzy Kendall and Tony Musante. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 31.)

The Body—A celebration of human biology—birth, sex, old age. Uplifting narration by Vanessa Redgrave. Roy Battersby directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema. . . . ¶ Waverly; through April 6.)

Bonnie and Clyde (1967)—Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty as the Depression outlaws who show off their big guns and their defiance of the law. The Arthur Penn movie plays upon our attitudes toward the American past by making the holdups look as dated as too-real comedy. Violent, funny, and one of the best American movies of the sixties. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 1-7.)

Brewster McCloud—Robert Altman's film was shot in Houston. Gentle Brewster (Bud Cort), who is building wings for himself, is a boy Phantom of the Astrodome who is also an imperilled virgin—a sort of mad, murderous Peter Pan, or Rima the Bird Boy. Sally Kellerman is his bird-mother, who deserts him when he loses his virginity. The idea seems to be left over from a Victorian fable, but the style of the picture is parodistic and manic—like a Road Runner cartoon. The whole thing is amorphous and rather silly. (Waverly; through April 6.)

The Bride of the Andes (1966)—For a change, a Japanese film with an enticing title of the old American type. It stars not Yma Sumac but Sachiko Hidari, the perennially young wife of the talented director Susumu Hani, who made this film—using *cinéma-vérité* techniques—in Bolivia and Peru. The story is about the heroine's development of the

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICHIGAN. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1971.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where Canadian Club is "The Best In The House"®.

"We thought we were in a peaceful village until we realized we were being stalked by the primitive Mudmen of New Guinea."

1 "Anna and I always wanted to visit a tribe of Mudmen to see one of their Sing-Sing ceremonies," George Malynicz tells us. "Our guide, Peter Barter, refused to tell us exactly what the ceremony entailed, just to heighten the suspense a little. But we got more than we bargained for. We followed the Asaro River into the New Guinea interior to a village where it was rumored there might be a Sing-Sing. Sure enough, there were only women and children in the huts. Peter said the men must be in the jungle preparing for the ceremony, and went to look for them. Anna and I waited near the village.

2 "Suddenly a lone warrior appeared out of the brush and moved slowly toward us. My first reaction was to grab Anna and run. But then I realized that we were being stalked by at least thirty warriors from all sides. They approached us silently, carrying spears, in a kind of menacing slow-motion dance. When I was certain we were done for, I spotted Peter taking pictures of the whole incredible thing. The Mudmen are highly unpredictable, and even Peter became concerned.

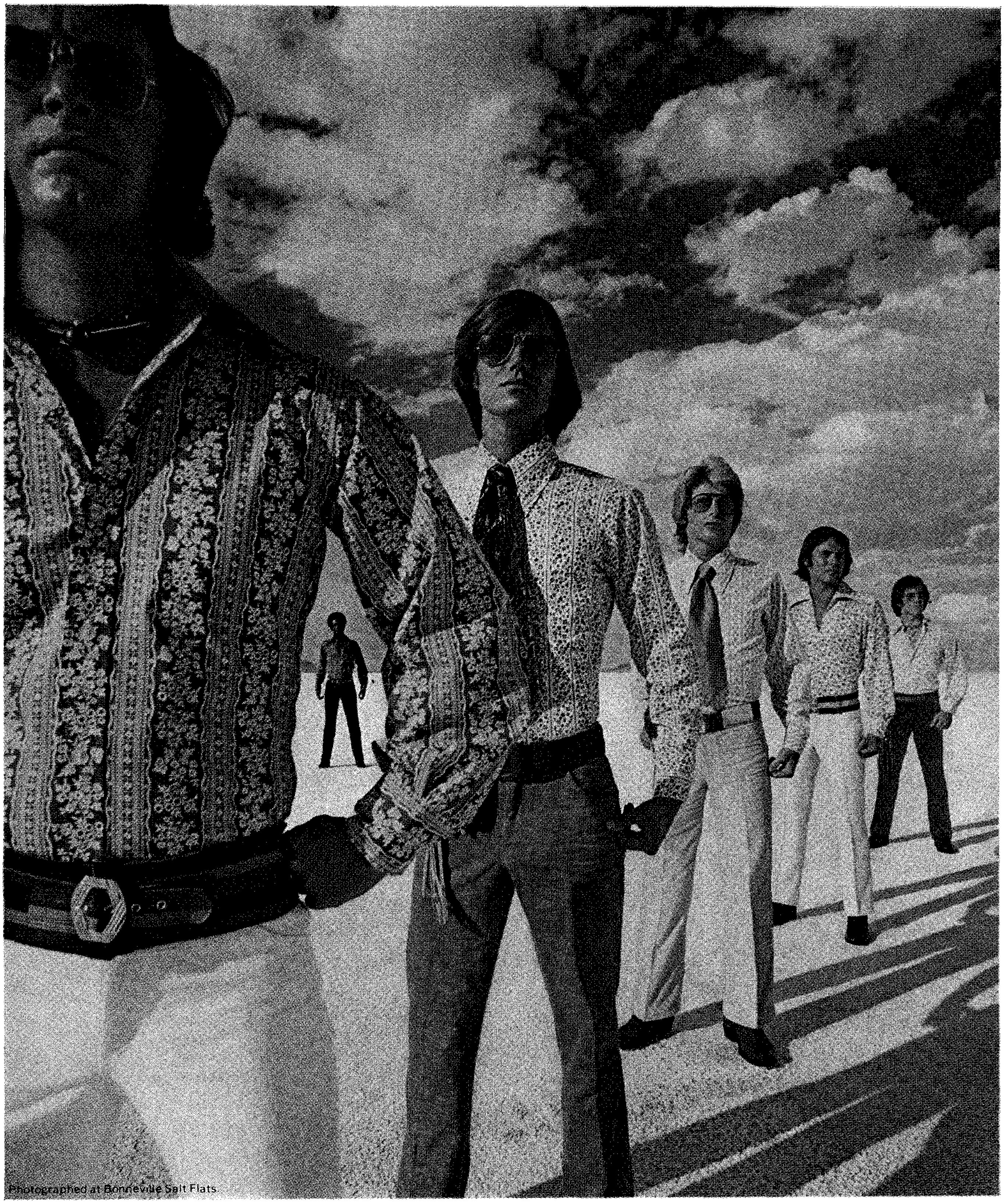
3 "Peter shouted to the Mudmen to stop stalking us and joined us to talk with them in pidgin English. We found out that the stalking Sing-Sing 'dance' was a re-enactment of a legendary tribal battle which their ancestors won by frightening off their enemies. Looking at the Mudmen we could understand how.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

4 "Back in Goroka our hotel terrace was a welcome sight, and we couldn't stop talking about our adventure with the Mudmen. Even more welcome was the sight of Canadian Club." Smooth as the wind. Mellow as sunshine. Friendly as laughter. It's the whisky that's light enough for women yet bold enough for men. The whisky that's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

Canadian Club
Imported in bottle from Canada

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Photographed at Bonneville Salt Flats

Extroverted Shirts. If you're fat and forty, forget it.

All of a sudden, it's Spring. And along comes Arrow with flowers in every color except Shrinking Violet. Shirts that can stop — as well as start — any conversation. High-band, 4½ inch collars, rounded double- and triple-button cuffs, in a taper that's measured in ounces, not pounds. Introverts, beware. These shirts are not really for everyone. Or at least, not for every body.

Arrow
A DIVISION OF CLUETT, PEABODY & CO. INC

Mach II by Arrow

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

strength to endure; the movie, fortunately, does not test the viewer's endurance. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 31.)

Brother John—With Sidney Poitier, Will Geer, and Bradford Dillman, directed by James Goldstone. (Orpheum.)

B. S. I Love You—With Peter Kastner and JoAnna Cameron, directed by Steven Hillard Stern. (Juliet 2.)

Bullitt (1968)—A competent director (Peter Yates), working with competent technicians, gives a fairly dense texture to a hackneyed script about cops and gangsters and politicians. The stars are Steve McQueen, as the low-keyed police-officer hero, and the witty, steep streets of San Francisco. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 1-7.)

Burn!—Gillo Pontecorvo's passionate, controversial epic about a slave uprising on a Caribbean island, told from a neo-Marxist, Frantz Fanonian point of view. Marlon Brando plays a British *agent provocateur*, who personifies colonial manipulative policies as well as, by implication, the American involvement in Vietnam. (New Yorker; starting April 8.)

Camille (1937)—There may be too much stuffed furniture, but under George Cukor's direction Greta Garbo gives a warm and generous performance that is possibly her finest. (Murray Hill; April 1-3.)

Claire's Knee—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman-novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Cold Turkey—There is some satire on the media in this farce about a town that tries to give up smoking for a month. With Dick Van Dyke, Pippa Scott, Tom Poston, Bob and Ray, and Bob Newhart. Directed by Norman Lear. (86th St. East.)

The Confession—Costa-Gavras's beautifully detailed demonstration of how the Communists at the Stalinist show trials were made to confess to imaginary crimes. A great, neglected movie subject, intelligently presented. Yves Montand gives a fine non-egotistic performance. In French. (34th St. East.)

The Conformist—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger-woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively; his evocation of the thirties is one of the rare sensual experiences in modern movies. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

The Defiant Ones (1958)—Stanley Kramer's weighty fable about a white man and a black man chained together as two escaping convicts. Fraternity is learned, according to Kramer, and you wish you believed it. Sidney Poitier is the black man; Tony Curtis, looking rather abashed about his style of higher sophistication, is the white man. We can easily become brothers if we try, says the picture. The unicellular intellect is rather offensive. (Thalia; April 2-4.)

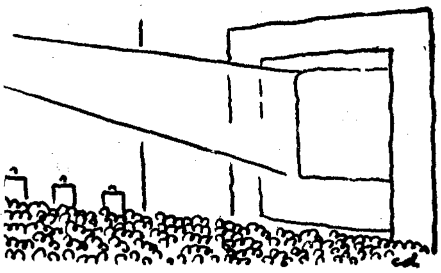
The Emperor and the General (1967)—An account, in a documentary style, of the day on which Emperor Hirohito told his countrymen the bad news. Based on the book "The Longest Day in Japan," by Soichi Oya. With Toshiro Mifune; directed by Kihachi Okamoto. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 1-3.)

Flight of the Doves—With Ron Moody and Jack Wild, directed by Ralph Nelson. (Loew's Ciné; starting April 2.)

Friends—Daft idyll of a youth-worshipping time. It's about a middle-teen-aged couple on the loose in France who have a baby without a doctor or midwife. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. (Paris.)

Gas-s-s-s—A world where no one is over twenty-five. Directed by Roger Corman. (Kips Bay; through April 1.)

Get Carter—There's nobody to root for but the smartly dressed sexual athlete and professional killer (Michael Caine) in this English



S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8		

gangland picture, which is so calculatedly cool and amoral that it seems to belong to a new genre of academic viciousness. After waiting for the story fragments to be assembled, there is some excitation, and then the viewer is offered the satisfaction of violence. What makes the movie unusual is the metallic elegance and single-minded proficiency with which it adheres to its sadism-for-the-connoisseur formula. Mike Hodges directed. (Cinema Studio; through April 8.)

Gimme Shelter—The Rolling Stones in their American tour, and especially in the disaster at Altamont. (Cinema II.)

Gold Diggers of 1935 (1935)—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible—in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (New Yorker; April 1-7.)

The Horror Chamber of Dr. Faustus (1962)—A French thriller about skin-grafting. Georges Franju, who directed, worked with his usual power, and the film possesses true terror. With Pierre Brasseur and Alida Valli. In French. (Thalia; April 5-6.)

The Hound of the Baskervilles (1959)—Fair to middling horror-version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes story, with Peter Cushing, Andre Morell, and Christopher Lee, directed by Terence Fisher. (Thalia; April 5-6.)

Husbands—Three actors (John Cassavetes, Peter Falk, and Ben Gazzara) playing three suburban husbands in a semi-improvised movie directed by Cassavetes. The actors have occasional intense and affecting moments, going through emotions that they set off in each other, but Cassavetes is the sort of man who is dedicated to stripping people of their pretenses and laying bare their souls. Inevitably, the results are agonizingly banal. (Greenwich and Festival.)

I Never Sang for My Father—Robert Anderson's drama about the hell of trying to get along with one's parents. As trite as a TV problem play, yet by its surprisingly austere tough-mindedness the movie transcends that genre. Gene Hackman is the son, Melvyn Douglas the self-righteous father. Gil Cates directed. (Guild; through April 6.)

Innocence Unprotected—A tricky and sophisticated Yugoslav film, by Dusan Makavejev, in which he comments on the first Serbian sound film—a melodrama featuring an acrobat—by bringing the character up to date. (New Yorker; March 31, afternoon performances only.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Cinema Village; starting April 1.)

Joe—A hardhat type, mouthing prejudices about the young and the blacks and the free-loaders on welfare, meets a well-heeled liberal adman, and they strike up a murderous alliance. Peter Boyle plays the bigot; John Avildsen directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 6.)

Buster Keaton Festival—A rare collection of silent features and shorts. March 31: "Go West" and two shorts. April 1: "Seven Chances" and two shorts. April 2: "Battling Butler" and two shorts. April 3: "The General" and two shorts. April 4: "College" and two shorts. April 5: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." and two shorts. April 6: "The Three Ages" and two shorts. April 7: "Our Hospitality" and three shorts. April 8: "Sherlock, Jr." and three shorts. (Elgin.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 31.)

Kojiro (1966)—Directed by Hiroshi Inagaki, with Kikunosuke Onoe. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 5-7.)

The Landlord—Fair-to-middling story about Manhattan real estate and racism. A rich white (Beau Bridges), ridden by a wildly overdrawn boozing mother (Lee Grant), buys a tenement to learn what it's like to be poor. With Pearl Bailey. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Embassy 72nd St.; through April 6. . . . ¶ Kips Bay; starting April 2.)

The Last Valley—Michael Caine as an intelligent man of action in a large-scale historical adventure story set in Germany during the Thirty Years War. He leads his band of brutal mercenaries into a hidden valley; it's as if the men from Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai" had discovered Shangri-La. The director, James Clavell, is a good storyteller, and the film has a core of feeling. With Omar Sharif. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; starting April 7.)

Lawrence of Arabia (1962)—Though it fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, it is perhaps the most literate and tasteful and exciting of the modern expensive spectacles. With Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn. David Lean directed. Written by Robert Bolt. (Rivoli.)

Little Big Man—The exhilarating Thomas Berger novel, brought to the screen by Arthur Penn. A hip epic, with an amiable first hour. Then the massacres and messages take over. With Dustin Hoffman as the only white survivor of Custer's Last Stand. (Sutton and Paramount.)

Little Caesar (1930)—Edward G. Robinson's Rico is the prototype of the movie gangster, but Mervyn LeRoy's direction is sluggish, and the actors seem to be transfixed by the microphone. With Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Glenda Farrell. (Thalia; April 7-8.)

Little Murders—Jules Feiffer's wisp of a satirical comedy about living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould plays another of the new catatonic heroes. (Beekman.)

The Looking Glass War (1970)—A spy story, from the John le Carré novel, with Christopher Jones, Ralph Richardson, and Pia Degermark, directed by Frank R. Pierson. (Charles; starting April 7.)

Love Story—The weeper. (Tower East.)

Mad Dogs and Englishmen—Joe Cocker and Leon Russell, on tour from New York City to Santa Monica. Good score. Directed by Pierre Adidge. (Trans-Lux East.)

Making It—John Erman's film about a lad making heavy weather of being an Odysseus on a seventeen-year-old's sexual quest. The film comes from a novel called "What Can You Do?;" what you can do is not go. (Coronet.)

Mata Hari (1932)—George Fitzmaurice directs Garbo, Ramon Novarro, and Lionel Barrymore. A fairly lousy script, but Garbo can redeem lousiness; she makes a scene with the blinded Novarro ("Here are your eyes," she says, touching her own) seem a terrific moment in romantic cinema. (Murray Hill; March 31.)

Melody—With Jack Wild and Mark Lester, directed by Waris Hussein. (72nd St. Playhouse and Cinema 57 Rendezvous.)

Midnight Cowboy (1969)—Jon Voight as the cowboy and Dustin Hoffman as Ratso Rizzo. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Cinema Village; starting April 1.)

My Fair Lady (1964)—The Lerner and Loewe musical staggers along in this large production, directed by George Cukor and designed

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

by Cecil Beaton. Audrey Hepburn is an affecting Eliza, though she is totally unconvincing as a guttersnipe, and is made to sing with that dreadfully impersonal Marni Nixon voice that has issued from so many other screen stars. Perhaps Rex Harrison played Higgins once too often. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; starting April 2. . . . ¶ Waverly; starting April 7.)

My Night at Maud's—Eric Rohmer's marvellous report of behavior between intimates. Questions about love, choice, luck, and religion are talked about and lived out by four characters in Clermont-Ferrand. One of the best conversation films ever, full of delicate attention to the way people listen, and wonderfully acted by a cast that includes Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Lincoln Art. . . . ¶ Charles; through April 6.)

A New Leaf—Elaine May adapted and directed this harmlessly doddering comedy about an aristocratic American playboy (Walter *Matthau*?) who must marry a fortune in six weeks, and finds a rich botanist (Miss May). It's an unusually ugly-looking movie, and one can't be sure that much of anything in it was intended, but there is a sweetness about its absence of style and about its shapeless, limp comic scenes. William Redfield and George Rose help. (Music Hall.)

The Night of the Hunter (1955)—This adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work and the only movie Charles Laughton ever directed (because it was a total financial disaster). Though overly "artistic," it's a fascinating horror fable about a murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing madman (Robert Mitchum) and the children who try to escape from him. With Shelley Winters, Lillian Gish, James Gleason, and Evelyn Varden. (Thalia; April 7-8.)

The Night They Raided Minsky's (1968)—A parody tribute to burlesque, with a minimum of plot and a maximum of evocative stage routines. There's a wonderful seedy chorus line—a row of pudgy girls with faces like slipped discs. The actors include Jason Robards, Norman Wisdom, Joseph Wiseman, Elliott Gould, and Britt Ekland, who has a big warm smile. Directed by William Friedkin, choreographed by Danny Daniels. (Symphony; through April 6.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo in Lubitsch's comedy—the one famous for her laughing for the first time, though it should be even more famous for the way her innate eloquence pierces the Lubitsch kitsch. She is a Russian on the run—to flee a country, or to look for a love, which she somehow manages to make seem everyone's condition. Garbo is implicitly omniscient as no other actress ever seems to have been—the world's parent. (Murray Hill; March 31.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (New Yorker; April 1-7.)

The Owl and the Pussycat—The teamwork of Barbra Streisand and George Segal has a beautiful worked-out professionalism, like Hepburn and Tracy at their best. As a pair, they give this romantic comedy about a bookstore clerk and a hooker a good, fast, raucous spirit; it's just a doodle, but it's probably the most enjoyable comedy since "M*A*S*H." Herbert Ross directed. (Charles; starting April 7.)

The Passion of Anna—The powerful theology of this Ingmar Bergman film is conveyed simply through the intensity of its watch on behavior. Its clear sight of characters in predicaments irremediably their own—in the uttering of lies for anxious reasons, in reenactments of past crises that make them unable to move and to renew their lives—is expressive about Bergman's wish that people

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			31	1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8		

should extend charity to themselves. Max von Sydow, Liv Ullmann, and Bibi Andersson are all at the top of their powers, seen in continual closeups that are like the stare of conscience. In Swedish. (Regency. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through April 8.)

Pigeons—It has been said that this movie about an alienated youth turned New York cabdriver improves as it goes along, but who wants to stick around long enough to find out? Static direction by John Dexter. With Jordan Christopher and Jill O'Hara. (Trans-Lux 85th St. and Midtown; through April 1.)

Plisetskaya Dances (1965)—A Russian documentary film with an English narration. (Thalia; through April 1.)

The Projectionist—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features—some of them entertaining. With Ina Balin. (Ciné Malibu. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; March 31.)

Ramparts of Clay—Jean-Louis Bertuccelli directed this quietly impressive study of a strike in a Tunisian village on the edge of the Sahara and the way it radicalizes a young illiterate girl. Adapted from Jean Duvignaud's book "Change at Shebika." Shot in Algeria. In Berber. (5th Ave. Cinema.)

Rebellion (1967)—Masaki Kobayashi, who made a famous anti-militarist trilogy, directed this story of a rebellion against feudal power. At the climax, Toshiro Mifune and Tatsuya Nakadai have a geometrically planned and handsomely choreographed swordfight. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; March 31 and April 2-3.)

The Revolutionary—Paul Williams' very interesting film, with Jon Voight as a radical student. The place and the time of the action are nearly here and now, but not quite; there are subtle displacements. This isn't one of the Hollywood catchpenny films about campus unrest. (Charles; through April 6.)

Right On!—Directed by Herbert Danska. (New Yorker; starting April 8.)

Ryan's Daughter—"Ecstasy" blown up to the proportions of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." (Ziegfeld.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. The full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; starting April 8.)

A Severed Head—Dick Clement directs an affected English sex-comedy from the nineteen-sixties novel by Iris Murdoch. The film's deep-breathing preciousness about sex—an Oxford anthropologist haughtily in love with her half brother sits at a posh dinner table and cuts into things with a samurai sword, implying a load of dopey metaphor and not much humor—is nearly matched by its preciousness about claret. Good actors, including Richard Attenborough, Ian Holm, and Claire Bloom, intelligently battle to turn the comedy into farce. (Baronet.)

Shinbone Alley—An animated feature based on Don Marquis's stories of archy and mehitabel, with the voices of Carol Channing, Eddie Bracken, and John Carradine. Directed by John Wilson. (Guild; starting April 7.)

Snow Country (1957)—Based on the novel by Yasunari Kawabata, directed by Shiro Toyoda. In Japanese. (Bijou Cinema; April 5-7.)

Taking Off—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," works for the first time in America. His subject—preserve us—is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding both sides in the generation war old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors carried out with a hermetic intentness and ardor possible only in a lucky, uninvaded country. (Plaza.)

Thunderball (1965)—Sean Connery as James Bond. The setting is Caribbean; the enemy is Adolfo Celi, the mastermind of SPECTRE, who stoops to using sharks. Terence Young directed. Not bad, but not quite top-grade Bond. A little too much underwater war-ballet. (Symphony; starting April 7.)

THX 1138—A psychedelic view of the horrors of the computerized twenty-fifth century (which turns out to be an abstract version of "1984"). The compulsorily drugged characters are shaven-headed, wear white, and are photographed against white; the effect is both gloomy and blinding. Maggie McOmie and anxious-eyed Robert Duvall are the lovers; Donald Pleasence is the nasty, as usual. Some talent but too much "art." Movie addicts may enjoy ticking up the homages or steals—Cocteau's "Orpheus," Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc," and so on. (Loew's Ciné; through April 1.)

Tosca (1958)—The Puccini opera, with Franca Duval and Franco Corelli. Directed by Carmine Gallone. In Italian. (Thalia; through April 1.)

Trash—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (Art.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting April 7.)

Vanishing Point—With Barry Newman, directed by Richard Sarafian. (U. A. East.)

Wanda—Barbara Loden wrote, directed, and stars in this story of the minimal love affair of a passive, bedraggled girl from a mining town and a nervous wreck of a small-time crook (Michael Higgins). The director shows great strength—she never falls back on coy tricks or clichés—and the performances are admirable, but the movie is such an extremely drab and limited piece of realism that it makes Zola seem like musical comedy. (8th St. Playhouse.)

Waterloo—Rod Steiger as Napoleon, and Christopher Plummer as Wellington. Directed by Sergei Bondarchuk. (Criterion.)

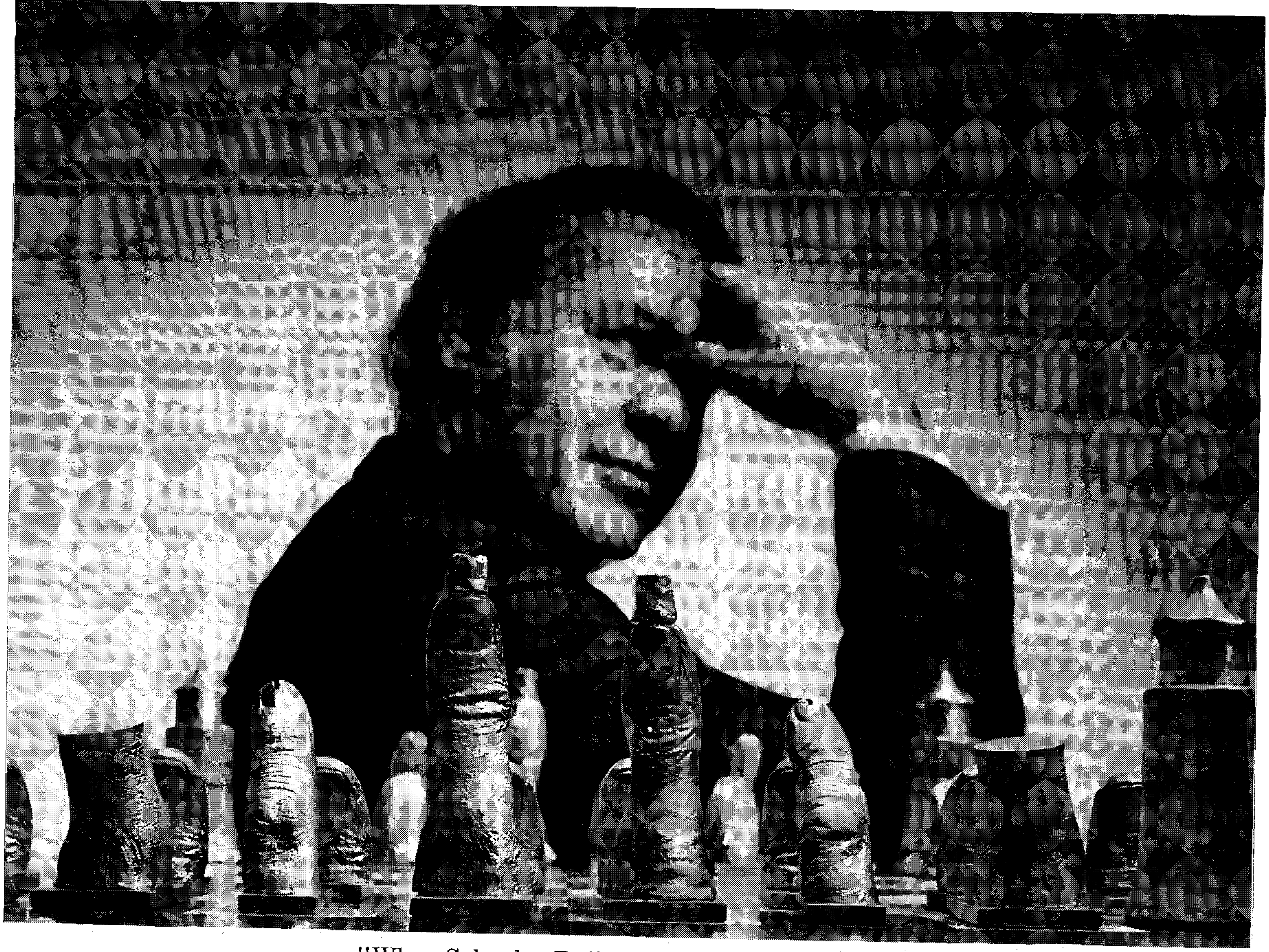
Where's Poppa?—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose of his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't really work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy and inventiveness that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and a charming ingenue, Trish Van Devere. (Kips Bay; starting April 2.)

The Wild Child—In his own film, Truffaut plays a late-eighteenth-century doctor who tries to educate a boy of eleven or twelve who had spent his life abandoned in the woods. The relationship between this august, inquiring, clever man and his marauding charge is wonderfully delicate. Among other things, this remarkable picture gives a finely characterized account of the research mind, and living expression to the new Romantic Age's fascination with Rousseau's Natural Man. In French. (Regency. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through April 8.)

Women in Love—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (Juliet 1.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—The last (and in some ways the best) of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. In this one his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and his harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. Connery seems more relaxed in this one—maybe because he'd served his time and was about to be liberated. But it was fun while it lasted—probably the best serial since talkies came in—and it went out with a bang. (Symphony; starting April 7.)

Zachariah—A rock Western, and as if that weren't mixture enough it also tries to be both spoof and morality play. Nothing quite works, yet it's a relaxed and generally inoffensive movie, and the hero (John Rubinstein) has an open, smiling manner. Directed by George Englund. (R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema; through April 6.)



"When Salvador Dali creates a chess set,"
says Douglas Cooper, the Philadelphia jeweler,
"Salvador Dali really creates a chess set."

We bet you've never seen a chess set quite like this before. The pieces are cast from Salvador Dali's fingers in solid sterling silver. Dali created the set in honor of his late friend, Marcel Duchamp, and in tribute donated it to the American Chess Foundation. F. J. Cooper was then commissioned to produce a limited number of sets.

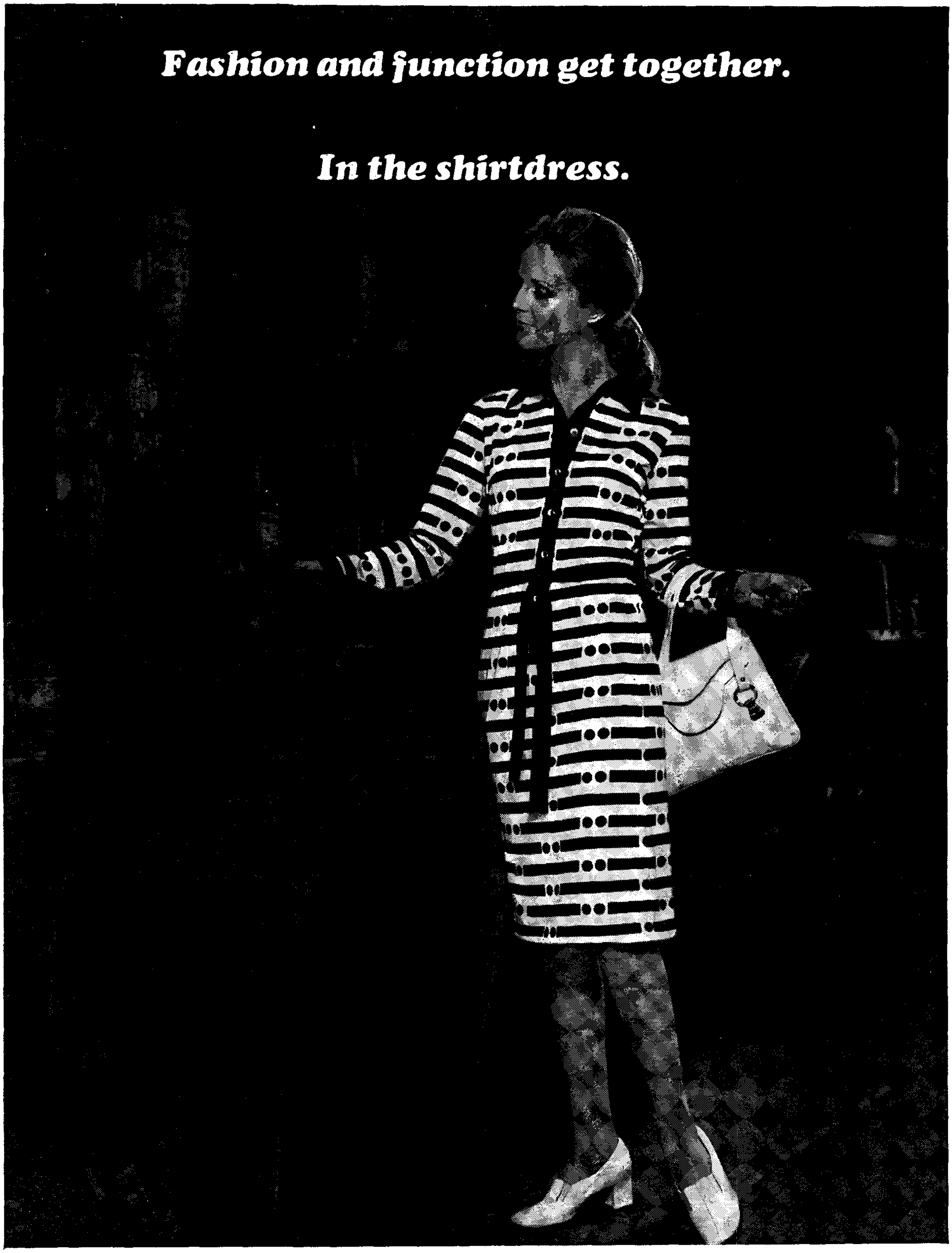
Both the King and Queen (the King is Dali's thumb, the Queen is Madam Dali's) wear a tooth as a crown. Mr. Cooper, in a moment of unrestrained curiosity, asked Dali why a tooth. Dali fielded the question brilliantly and asked Mr. Cooper why not a tooth. (Mr. Cooper went on to other things.)

As to the reason why Dali created a set using his own fingers, he said, "I had a precise and yet symbolic concept. In chess, as in other forms of human alchemy, there is always the creator, above all, the artist as the creator. It is this that I wanted represented: the hand of the artist, the eternal creator. How better to express this vision than by sculpting my own hand, my own fingers?"

Each piece is signed by Dali. Each set is numbered (Dali owns set number one) and comes in its own oaken chest. Four thousand dollars. Mail address: 1406 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19110. Add 6% for Pa. delivery.

P. S. One collector we know bought a set and gave different friends different pieces. Now thirty-two people have signed Dali sculpture. Not a bad thought.

F·J·COOPER INC.
jewelers by birth . . . since 1883
1416 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
2 Orange St. at Union, Montego Bay, Jamaica
Fortaleza and Cristo Sts., Old San Juan, Puerto Rico
F. R. Cooper, Colchester, England


Fashion and function get together.
In the shirtdress.

The spring and summer 'uniform' is here. Our Ban-Lon® shirtdress, soft and self-assured in 100% Du Pont® nylon. Cooly bright with navy dashes and brown dots on a white ground. 8 to 16 sizes, 44.00*

Peck & Peck

Fifth Avenue and Branches

For mail and phone, add applicable tax plus .75 for handling beyond delivery area. *Slightly higher on the West Coast.

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE Vice-President is not just critical of journalists—he thinks he ought, from time to time, to be one. When C.B.S. offered him, the Secretary of Defense, and a Louisiana congressman fifteen minutes to rebut the documentary "The Selling of the Pentagon," he complained not only about the time—hardly enough, he said—but about the potential editing. He thought that he and his fellow-rebutters should be given the opportunity to edit and produce their own show, so as to provide against a distorted version of their observations. It is an interesting idea. The government, he was saying, should have a part of the action. It sounds unConstitutional, but so do a lot of other things, and some good might come of it if the principle of fair play could be invoked. For example, a network might yield its editorial control to the Pentagon for an hour of prime time, which the Department of Defense might use in any way it chose—perhaps for a show called "The Selling of the Networks"—in exchange for letting some effete snobs from the broadcasting industry run the Pentagon for an hour. The Pentagon show might be worth viewing, and the effete snobs should be able to issue quite a few orders in an hour. Or the *Times* might offer to let Representative F. Edward Hébert run its Op. Ed. page for a week, during which Harrison Salisbury would run the House Armed Services Committee. The First Amendment protects freedom of religion as well as freedom of the press. But what would be wrong with having Billy Graham or some other divine designated by the White House straighten out the kids at Yale by taking over the chapel for a month, during which William Sloane Coffin, Jr., might minister to the spiritual needs of the President? Then, too, there might be quite a few people who wouldn't mind having their phones tapped if they could monitor the F.B.I. switchboard. Reciprocity is beautiful.

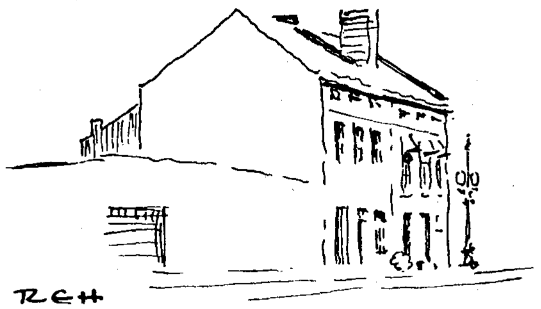
"WATCHING a coast," wrote Joseph Conrad, "is like thinking about an enigma." He continued:

> Once, I remember, we came upon a man-of-war anchored off the coast. There wasn't even a shed there, and she was shelling the bush.... Her ensign dropped limp like a rag; the muzzles of the long six-inch guns stuck out all over the low hull; the greasy, slimy swell swung her up lazily and let her down, swaying her thin masts. In the empty immensity of earth, sky, and water, there she was, incomprehensible, firing into a continent. Pop, would go one of the six-inch guns; a small flame would dart and vanish, a little white smoke would disappear, a tiny projectile would give a feeble screech—and nothing happened. Nothing could happen. There was a touch of insanity in the proceeding, a sense of lugubrious drollery in the sight; and it was not dissipated by somebody on board assuring me earnestly there was a camp of natives—he called them enemies!—hidden out of sight somewhere.

However little we may have advanced since Conrad's day in the delicate art of distinguishing between natives and enemies, we have clearly made strides in the grosser craft of assaulting continents. The inadequacies of the six-inch gun have been recognized, and chemistry has replaced the feeble projectile with a lethality of droplets. Contemporary herbicides, sprayed from airplanes, should quickly persuade the toughest continent that it is no match for the mischief of men. In witness thereof, we point to a recent article in the magazine *Science* which reports the findings of a Herbicide Assessment Commission, sent to Vietnam on behalf of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Among the commission's conclusions were these:

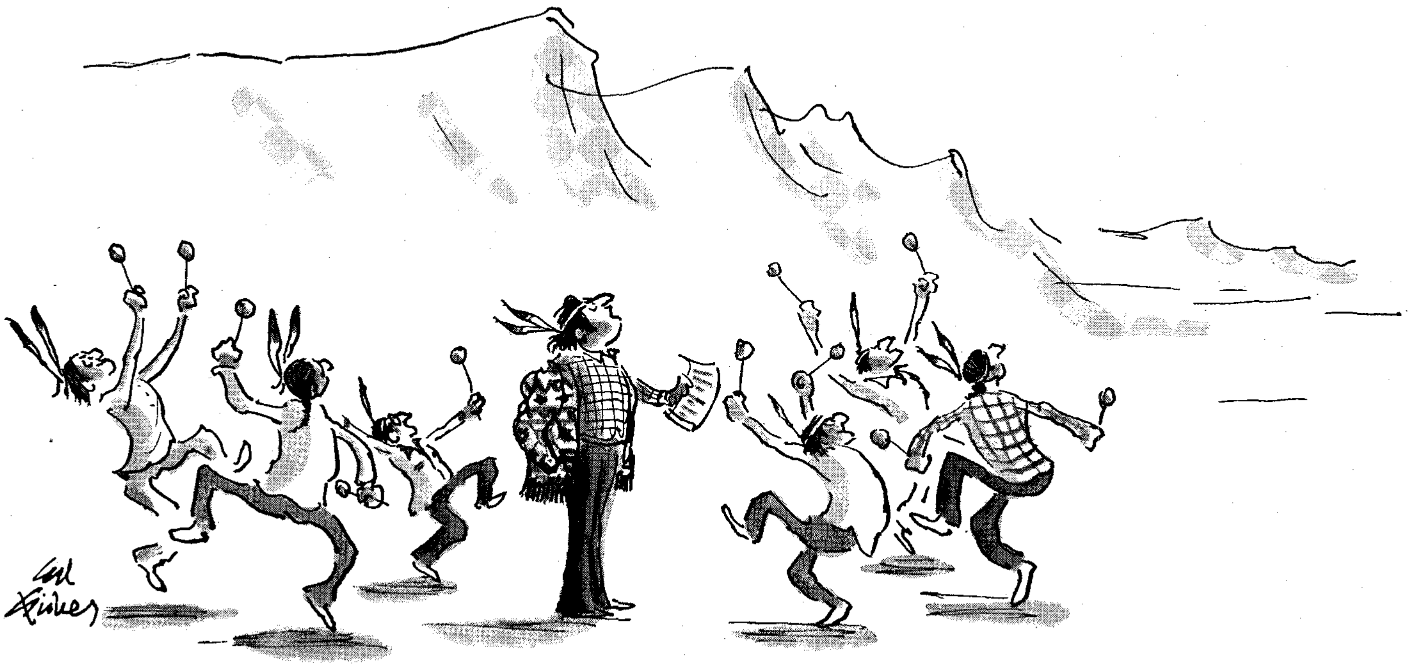
> The Army's crop destruction program, which seeks to deny food to enemy soldiers, has been a near total "failure," because nearly all the food destroyed would actually have been consumed by civilian populations.
>
> Perhaps half the trees in the mature hardwood forests north and west of Saigon are dead, and a massive invasion of apparently worthless bamboo threatens to take over the area for decades to come.
>
> One-fifth to one-half of South Vietnam's mangrove forests, some 1400 square kilometers in all, have been "utterly destroyed," and even now, years after spraying, there is almost no sign of new life coming back.

The spraying program, then, has gone far beyond such relatively modest military ambitions as bombing a nation back into the Stone Age. It is a contrivance to return a living land to the absolute sterility of the mineral kingdom. Its use implies a vast and promiscuous appetite for death that can only be regarded as loathsome.



Garden Evening

HAVING mangrove forests very much on our mind, we started our visit to the annual Members' Evening of the New York Botanical Garden, held at the Biltmore, by inspecting with particular pleasure a big table of scientifically labelled plants fresh from the Bronx. Scarcely had we jotted down "Ansellia africana," "Dendrobium delicatulum," "Begonia scandens," and "Streptocarpus hybrid" when we noted immediately in the offing, chewing a fragrant black cigar, our old friend Louis Politi, the Garden's horticulturist. "The plants are the unsung heroes of the evening," he said. "We're showing some of those that are in flower this season. We brought them down, wrapped in layers of newspapers, in a



"And this time, Great Spirit, our demands are not merely for rain."

• •

small truck. Most of them are tropical. They come out of a steaming greenhouse into the arid atmosphere of the Biltmore. They don't like it. I can tell they don't like it. They're like little babies. We're going to get them back home as soon as this evening is over. We may start to pack them up *before* it's over. This sort of thing isn't doing them any good. Some of them are irreplaceable."

Mr. Politi called our attention to the fact that the Streptocarpus has only one leaf (a very large one), and that a staghorn fern on display had spores massed like velvet on the underside of its leaves. "It gets its name from its resemblance to the antler of a stag or a moose or an elk," he said. "No seeds. The spores unite and you get a new plant. Spore-bearing plants are among the most primitive. They covered the earth in the days of the dinosaurs. All ferns are spore-bearing. So are cycads, mosses, and mushrooms."

We asked what was new uptown, and Mr. Politi said, "We're putting a limestone section—a collection of lime-loving plants—in the Native Plant Garden, and we're putting some enormous waterfalls, forty or fifty feet high, in our main dome greenhouse. We've had some lower water drops there, but the new installation should be quite a spectacular addition. We're moving the Rose Garden, which is in a hollow near the Bronx River Parkway, to the area of the main conservatory, so as to get a greater number of sophisticated plants near the Museum Building. The hollow is too hot in summer and too cold in winter, and there's a drainage problem. And we're making a big rhododendron-and-azalea garden—twenty-five acres—along the Snake Road. Very spectacular."

We said hello to Mrs. Grayson M. P. Murphy, head of the Garden's Membership Committee, who was wearing an orchid, and to Dr. William C. Steere, the Garden's president, and Charles B. Harding, its board chairman, whose lapels were unadorned, and then we accompanied four or five hundred guests into an adjacent ballroom, where Dr. Steere began a welcoming address with "The Bronx Garden is a peaceful, quiet place these days in a rude and troubled world, and I think you should become acquainted with it on the hoof."

"On the threshold of spring, the season of renewal, it is fitting that we should celebrate the start of the ninth decade of the Garden's existence," Mr. Harding said, and he went on to express pleasure over gifts totalling thirty thousand dollars in 1970, recent federal grants of ten times that sum, the clearing of ground for the new Rose Garden, the impending expansion of the library and development of an orientation center for schoolchildren, and plans to floodlight the main building—"a tribute to its landmark status"—and to construct new propagating greenhouses.

Mrs. Murphy put in a plug for increased membership ("Just think how wonderful it would be if everyone in this room got one new member"), and, in alphabetical sequence, five staff members somewhat haltingly assisted by slides, discussed the sexual reproduction of fungi, progress on forthcoming improvements ("We have a machine that rips up stumps; we use the resultant sawdust for mulch"), intermountain flora in Nevada and Utah, environmental education, and the condition of the old propagating houses (terrible: full of rotted wood and faulty boilers; must be replaced).

During these sessions, the projection machine, unlike the stump-ripping one, kept breaking down, but the speakers carried on manfully—or, in the case of Dr. Alma W. Barksdale (bisexual fungi), womanfully. "If I had a million dollars, which I don't," Dr. Arthur Cronquist wound up, "I think I would be doing just what I'm doing now [investigating intermountain flora], and I think most of my colleagues would." And Frank W. Knight, Jr. (environmental education), concluded *his* talk with an arresting slide of a black swallowtail caterpillar munching away at the blossom of a Queen Anne's lace on a deserted lot in the middle of the Bronx.

The insect motif—a praying mantis, bees and ladybugs, more caterpillars—also cropped up in the evening's finale, an imaginative, well-directed, child-narrated film of the Children's Gardencraft program, which, running from March through August, teaches children of from nine to sixteen the *in-situ* cultivation of vegetables and flowers.

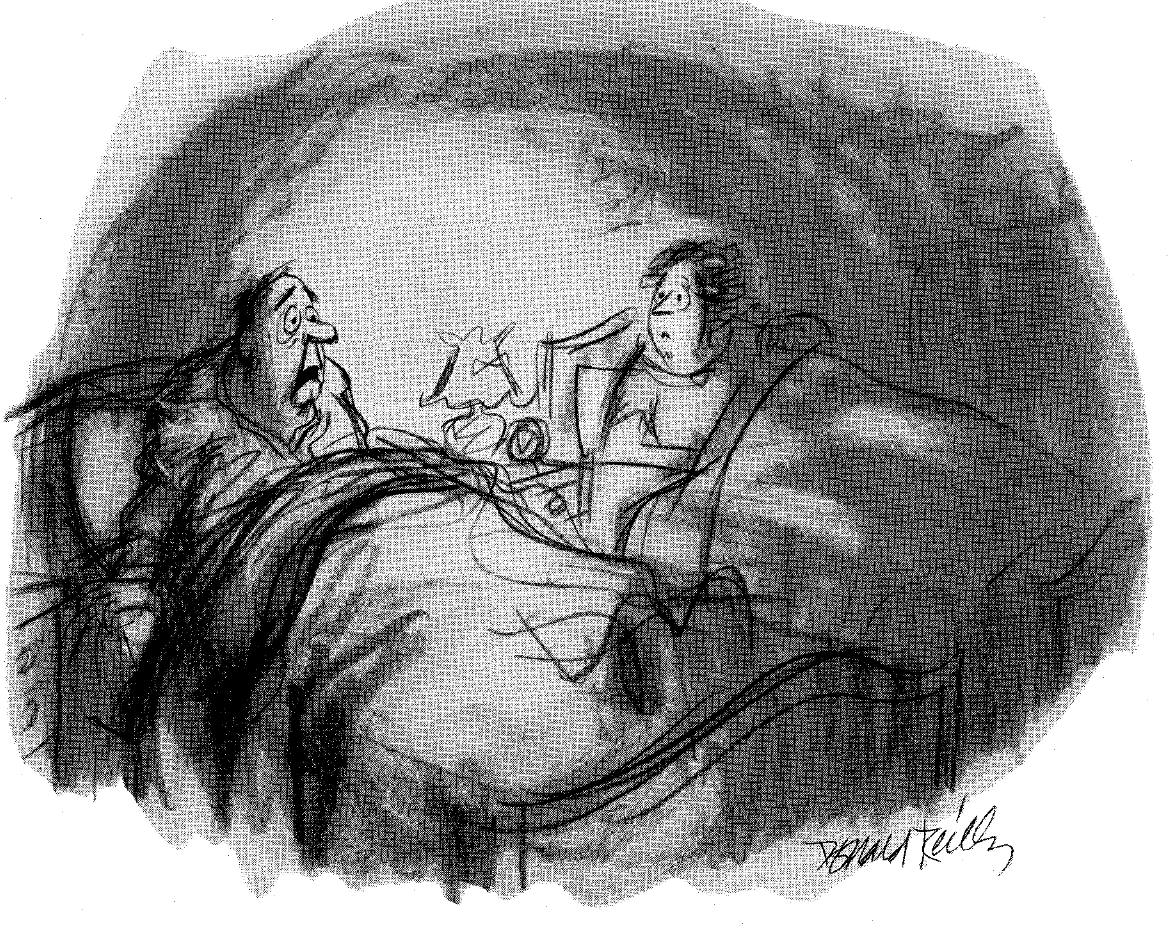
New Dove

THE conversion of Representative William R. Anderson, of Tennessee, from career naval officer and

Vietnam hawk into one of Congress's most militant doves is as dramatic a conversion as has been made by any of our elected officials. Until last fall, Mr. Anderson, an Annapolis graduate, now forty-nine, who commanded the submarine Nautilus in the world's first undersea crossing of the polar ice cap, was an obscure Southern congressman whose name evoked the most classic brand of Bible Belt conservatism. He had served for two years in the Pentagon, as aide to the Secretary of the Navy (then John Connally), and was the author of two books on the Nautilus trip. Since 1964, he had represented the central district of Tennessee, a low-income area classified as the tenth-most-rural district in the nation. He had recently supported the anti-ballistic-missile measure and the conservative crime bill, and had opposed school busing, gun control, and every piece of antiwar legislation that came before the House. His one personal legislative achievement had been an amendment expanding aid for police training. In 1968, Mr. Anderson won reëlection to a third term with sixty-one per cent of the vote in a district that gave between forty and fifty per cent of its Presidential vote to George Wallace, and last November he widened his margin to an amazing eighty-two per cent.

Mr. Anderson, who as late as last April had publicly called for a blockade of Haiphong Harbor, has recently called for a radical speeding up of withdrawal from Vietnam, and has become the House of Representatives' co-sponsor—along with Jonathan Bingham, of New York—of the Vietnam Disengagement Act. He has become even more spectacularly controversial by attacking J. Edgar Hoover and the F.B.I., and supporting Fathers Philip and Daniel Berrigan, the Roman Catholic priests who are now serving jail sentences for destroying draft records and are due to come to trial again for other alleged anti-government conspiracies. Representative Anderson's uncompromising support of the Berrigans, in particular (he is the only member of Congress to have visited the two priests in prison, and he has done that six times in the past five months), has made him a new matinée idol of the antiwar movement and one of Congress's most sought-after public speakers. He has been invited to lecture, in the past few months, by groups as diverse as the National Council of Churches and the Holy Cross College, and he recently came to New York City to address a luncheon meeting of the New Democratic Coalition.

Before that lunch, we spent an hour at the Harvard Club—where the meeting was to be held—talking to the Congressman, a dark-haired, square-jawed, solidly built man with anxious, gentle blue eyes, whose deliberate speech and aloof courtesy often recalled military deportment. We asked him to describe the course of his hundred-and-eighty-degree turnabout on the Vietnam issue. He told us it had begun last June, when he was one of twelve congressmen chosen to go to Vietnam as members of the House Select Committee on U.S. Involvement in Southeast Asia, and he visited the now notorious "tiger cages" in the prison on the island of Con Son. "Congressman Augustus Hawkins, of California, and I were the only members of the group who requested to visit Con Son," Mr. Anderson recalled. "Perhaps we were already more disturbed than the others by the graft and corruption draining our American dollars, and by President Thieu's flippant statement that the United States was just one of many nations which had been in Vietnam for a while, and would not be the last. We got to see the tiger cages by pure chance. That part of the prison had been off limits to all visitors, including the Red Cross. A guard happened to open a door from inside the compound, and we went in, to the great discomfort of the commandant of the prison, who was accompanying us. What you see there are these cells, six feet by nine, that were built by the French for one-man confinement, and five or six men are packed in, and by each cell there are piles of grayish powdery material, which the commandant said was lime to 'freshen up the walls.' But we noticed that the material was scattered all over the bars of the cages and on the floors of the cages, and we knew



". . . And then Lindsay strode into the board meeting brandishing this flaming sword and said, 'Woe unto him who moves his corporate headquarters out to the suburbs.' "

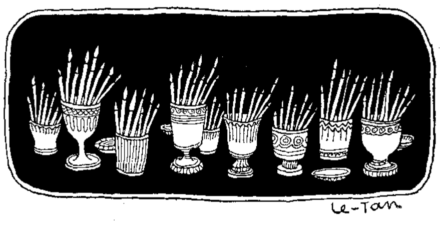
it was being thrown down into the cells to punish prisoners when they got a bit raucous—serving as a cheap Asiatic tear gas. One of the unusual things we saw was that not a single man was standing. They were all hunched, and when we asked them if they could stand up to speak better, they said they couldn't—they had lost the use of their legs. Some of them had been there five or six years without benefit of official charges or of any judicial process. I was shocked by the lack of response on the part of the Administration when I came home and reported my findings. I wrote a very lengthy letter to Mr. Nixon, but the net result was not only no response but obvious steps by certain individuals to cover up and water down the situation—such as Congressman Philip Crane, of Illinois, getting himself on the front page with the headline 'Tiger Cage Uproar Joke, Rep. Crane Says on Viet Visit,' and astronaut Frank Borman testifying in a joint House and Senate meeting after a visit to Con Son that its ills had been vastly overplayed. It was only last November 30th—five months later—that I got an acknowledgment of my letter, with a report that conditions on the island were better, the prison administration improved. Well, by that time I'd done an enormous amount of reading and rethinking. I knew the Saigon government wasn't worth fighting for."

We asked Mr. Anderson how he had come to get interested in the Berrigans, and he replied that in the course of his studies he had read Daniel Berrigan's "Night Flight to Hanoi" and "No Bars to Manhood," and Philip Berrigan's "Prison Journals of a Priest Revolutionary." "The Berrigans' stand was crystal clear to me from the beginning," Mr. Anderson said reflectively. "I suppose it's in part because there's a similarity between their brand of religious fundamentalism and mine—and that of my constituents. I belong to the Church of Christ, a fairly fundamentalist group, and I'm a regular churchgoer. We take the Gospel at its word, the way the Berrigans do, the difference being that they have lived it seven days a week in the ghettos and in all areas of social activism, whereas we live the Gospel for an hour on Sundays. After I had visited the Berrigans in prison, I knew they were totally convinced that they were following the teachings of their master, Christ, who was considered quite a radical in His time. Hoover's allegations came in November, after I'd visited the Berrigans twice. I was appalled that Hoover could make such allegations before official charges had been brought. I don't condone the Berrigans' breaking of the law, but I'm a strict constructionist—I'm defending their rights as individual citizens under the Constitution. I'll never retract my words that Hoover was acting in a spirit of political repression reminiscent of McCarthyism."

Representative Anderson's attack on Mr. Hoover had led Vice-President Agnew to accuse the Congressman of "popping off for political advantages" and sabotaging the nation's legal system through "self-serving claptrap." We asked Mr. Anderson if his vehement criticism of Mr. Hoover might not have triggered the Justice Department into getting a formal indictment against Father Philip Berrigan and his five alleged co-conspirators.

"Only the F.B.I. and Hoover know the answer to that," the Congressman replied, with a gentle smile. "I welcome it as one of the most important trials in decades. It is likely to open up very widespread discussion of the entire matter of conspiracy laws and also of the procedures being used by the F.B.I. and the Justice Department in pursuit of those laws. Possibly it will also open up, in depth, a discussion of our whole system of federal grand juries. It can open up discussions covering the full spectrum of personal rights and political freedom in this country. It's going to be a textbook case. And I see Ramsey Clark's participation as highly significant. His commitment to civil liberties and to the over-all cause of Constitutional justice is very great, and he is thoroughly familiar with the department that got the indictment. It would be surprising if he didn't still have a number of friends in that department."

Before accompanying Mr. Anderson to the luncheon meeting he was to address, we asked him how his constituents were reacting to his new position. He reported that until last month his Tennessee constituents' mail had run two to one against him but was now running more than six to one in his favor. "The people who are against you are going to be the first to write you," Mr. Anderson said. "My district is not necessarily hawkish. Last November, when I campaigned heavily for Albert Gore, I met only two people out of some thirty thousand I talked to who wanted a military victory. The rest felt that Vietnam was a mistake and that we should get out."



Half an hour later, Mr. Anderson was addressing a fashionably dressed crowd of liberal New York Democrats in the Biddle Room of the Harvard Club, speaking with a methodical clarity that recalled a Navy logbook and with a bluntness of conscience that evoked an evangelizing clergyman. Yet there was a constraint in his manner that made one wonder how comfortable he felt in his new role as a favorite of the liberals. "The only way to get control of the Pentagon is to have the people get control of it," the Congressman said in the Biddle Room. "I have asked for the replacement of our Ambassador to South Vietnam, because I feel that he is not only out of touch with the reality of South Vietnam but totally out of touch with the country he is supposed to represent." Toward the end of his talk, he said, "When I looked down in Con Son and saw those pitiful human beings packed five, six per cage, it seemed to me this wasn't our country."

Bread

WE started taking a course in bread baking last week at the Educational Alliance, at 197 East Broadway. The curriculum includes the rudiments and techniques of baking French Bread, Italian Bread, Pita, Russian Pumpernickel, Whole Grain Bread, Challe, Whole Wheat with Ginger and Lemon, Sweet Rolls, Dinner Rolls, Hamburger Rolls, Bagels, Pretzels, Coffeecakes, Sticky Buns, Hungarian Cheesecake, and Pizza. Our class was held Wednesday at 3 P.M., in a large room with benches, blackboards, six tables, and an old-fashioned iron stove. We arrived early and hung around outside in the hall, where we were joined by a pretty girl with long blond hair who was wearing a floor-length patchwork skirt, a white peasant blouse, and a tan canvas motorcycle coat with a hundred pockets. She looked very cheerful.

"You here for the bread baking, too?" we asked.

"I'm the teacher, Priscilla Storandt," she said, with a cheerful giggle, and she shook our hand. Then we walked with her into the classroom, and she started taking things out of her pockets: plastic bags filled with Gold Medal enriched flour, baking utensils, a one-pint measuring cup, a box of Domino granulated sugar.

"How did you happen to become a bread-baking teacher?" we asked.

"Isn't it about time to zero in on Easter?"

• •

"I spent most of my youth baking or reading, but I didn't bake bread until a year and a half ago," she said. "I tried it once when I was eight or nine, but I couldn't do it. I'm twenty-four now. About a year and a half ago, I found a recipe for bread in 'The Sunset Cook Book for Entertaining.' That was right after I went to Hawaii on my honeymoon. I have a wonderful husband—Bill Storandt. He's a free-lance percussionist and a composer. We grew up together, in Ithaca. My step-father is director of admissions of Ithaca College, and Bill's father is dean of admissions at Cornell. Bill discovered Women's Lib and told *me* about it." Mrs. Storandt took some packages of yeast out of one of her pockets.

"And you started baking bread?" we asked.

Mrs. Storandt gave one of her giggles. "When we got back from our honeymoon in Hawaii, I found this recipe that told how to bake bread in a coffee can," she said. "You didn't even have to knead it, and *it* told *you* when it was ready. It just popped up. Then I started baking every kind of bread. It's so exciting. I never get tired of baking bread. The smell is so exciting. The way it rises. The whole thing just turns me on. It's almost like a part of me. The whole baking thing. I started baking bread and selling it for a while, but I didn't like that whole keeping-of-the-money-straight. But mostly I wanted to stop the selling of the bread, so I started giving lessons in baking bread in my home. Then I added giving lessons on Wednesday night, Thursday morning, and Thursday night at the Riverside Church. Now I give lessons at home on Sunday afternoon, and here on Sunday morning, Monday night, and Wednesday afternoon."

"Don't you get tired?" we asked, in admiration.

"No," said Mrs. Storandt. "I'm also taking pottery lessons at the Y. Eventually, I'd like to do pottery all the time. My first love, I guess, is pottery. I came to pottery through bread baking. They have so much in common it's incredible."

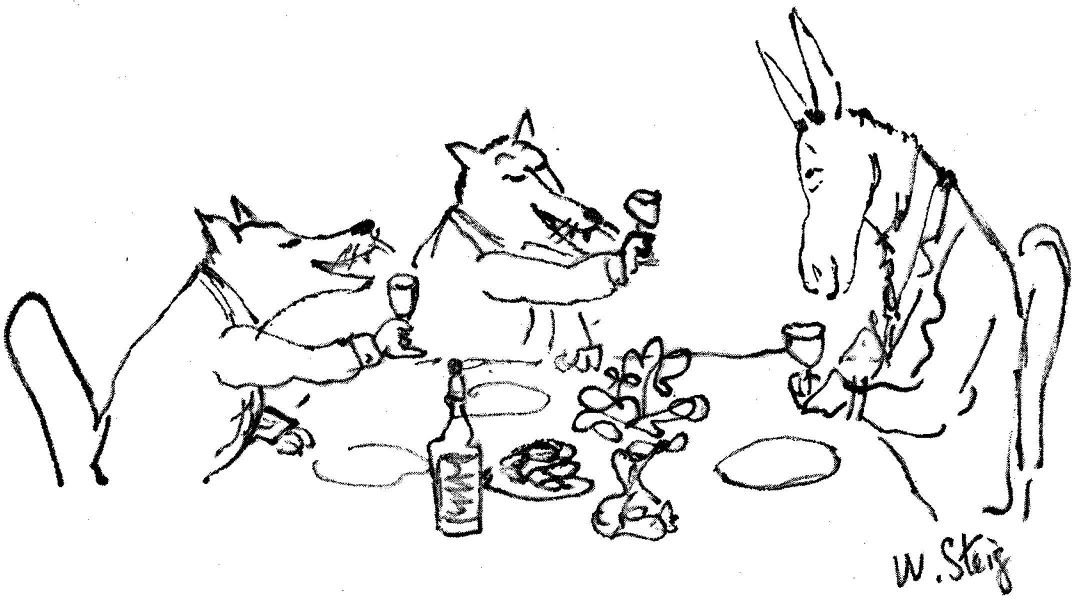
"What?" we asked.

"The way you touch it and press it. The whole kneading thing. The whole touching and the way it feels working it with your hands and getting it to respond. I'd love to go to Japan to study pottery. But first my husband and I are going to move to Vermont—in May. I might open a bread-and-soup restaurant there while we're building our geodesic-dome house in Vermont. There's nothing better than the right kind of soup with good bread."

"Agreed," we said.

Mrs. Storandt, with a terrific air of authority, arranged her sugar, salt, flour, nonfat dry milk, oleomargarine, whisk, wooden spoon, metal spatula, yeast, measuring cup, and mixing bowl on top of a long metal-topped table near the big stove. Our classmates arrived and took seats on a long bench at a long table facing the first table. There were four of them. Mrs. Storandt called the roll.

"Peter Donoff?" (A young man wearing a Ulysses S. Grant beard, steel-rimmed glasses, and a heavy sweater.) "Susan Geller?" (A thin



young woman, very neat, wearing a gray wool dress.) "Ted Teschner?" (A young man wearing a beard just like Donoff's, and with glasses pushed up on top of his hair.) "Joanna Vischer?" (Another thin young woman, also very neat, wearing a yellow wool pants suit.)

"Today, we're baking basic white bread," Mrs. Storandt began, with even greater authority. She started to mix the ingredients in a bowl on the table. "I'm taking one tablespoon of sugar," she said. "One tablespoon of salt. Half an ounce of yeast. Two cups of hot water. The sugar is what the yeast eats. You use six to nine cups of flour. You dump a couple of cups or so in and stir it up, adding more flour as you go to keep it from getting too sticky."

"Is it all right to smoke?" Ted Teschner asked.

"I'd rather you wouldn't," Mrs. Storandt said.

Ted Teschner didn't.

"Many cookbooks will tell you how to mix," Mrs. Storandt said. "The only thing that's important is to have water warm enough to make the yeast come alive. A lot of old cookbooks give you exact temperatures of this or that. That's nonsense."

Susan Geller spoke up. "I made cheese bread last night. My husband wouldn't eat it. It tasted too cheesy. He said it was more like cake."

"I'll talk to you while waiting for the bread to rise," Mrs. Storandt said. "You'll notice that this dough is getting too thick for the whisk. So I change to the spoon. Obviously, it is still too sticky." Mrs. Storandt took the dough out of the bowl and pulled at it. She added more flour. "*There* we go. This is right. Now. Everybody ready to start kneading?" She plopped the dough on the top of the table.

"Does it matter if we don't wash our hands?" we asked.

"My doctor told me the heat burns the germs away," Mrs. Storandt said. "Flour your hands," she said to Ted Teschner, who had gone up to her table to be the first kneader. "There. Now work to get it into a ball. Watch me." She took over the kneading. "Push with your palms and pull with your fingers," she said. "The warmth of your hands develops the gluten, and it also gets the air out. Now. Flop it around."

Ted Teschner flopped it around, and—rather expertly, we thought—pulled at it with his fingers. Mrs. Storandt smiled at him in approval.

"The bread tells you what it wants done to it," she said.

"I'm going to be on Block Island this summer," Ted Teschner said as he gave up his kneading. "There's no bakery there. I'm opening the first bakery on Block Island."

"Beautiful," Mrs. Storandt said.

We took our turn. The dough got sticky, but we floured our hands and patted the dough and pushed it with our palms and pulled it with our fingers. It felt quite nice.

"The more energy you put into it, the better it is," Mrs. Storandt said, giving us a smile of approval, too. "Bread baking is going through a lot of changes," she went on, nodding to Susan Geller to come up and knead. "My own personal theory is that in the old days everybody had an awareness of different methods of baking bread. That's why they were always having contests and fairs and things. In those days, they cared about things like the difference between the fine crumb and the soft crumb. Touch it," she said to Peter Donoff as he came up for his turn at kneading. "Isn't it responsive? You press it now, and it comes right back to you."

"Do you sift flour?" Ted Teschner asked.

"No, you never sift," said Mrs. Storandt. "Now. Next step is to *raise* it. I take this pan and grease it and put in the dough. To raise it, we put it in a nice warm place."

"Barbados?" Ted Teschner said.

Everybody laughed, and Mrs. Storandt giggled.

"In front of the warming oven is fine," Mrs. Storandt said. "Or you can put it over the pilot light. The important thing is to keep it out of a draft. The warm air makes the bread rise. The yeast grows and takes in sugar and fills up the pockets of starch. Now I put it in front of the oven and leave it there for twenty minutes."

"The first time I tried to raise dough, I covered it with a towel and then, for luck, I added a sweater," Joanna Vischer said. "But it baked into the *heaviest* bread I ever had in my life."

"I'll talk to you about it in a minute," Mrs. Storandt said, checking on the rising of the moment.

"How was everybody's kneading?" we asked.

"For a person beginning, Ted was very confident about it," Mrs. Storandt replied. "Susan kneaded as though she'd done it before. Peter was very friendly. You probably noticed that as he came up, he kind of tapped the dough and said hello. Joanna had a good, promising push, stronger than her pull. And *you* were very explorative, very curious about it."

By the time the dough was raised and ready to punch down, Mrs. Storandt had satisfactorily concluded conferences with Susan Geller about the cheesy bread and with Joanna Vischer about the bread that didn't rise, even with the help of the sweater. We all took part in a ritualistic punching down of the dough. Then we divided the dough and made our own shapes for the baking. Susan Geller made a braid. Ted Teschner made a round loaf with a button on top. The rest of us stuck to basic little loaves. It all turned out absolutely aromatic and delicious.

"Beautiful!" our teacher said to each of us. She gave a giggle and looked delighted.

Next week: Sticky Buns.

ENGINEER–PRIVATE PAUL KLEE MISPLACES AN AIRCRAFT BETWEEN MILBERTSHOFEN AND CAMBRAI, MARCH 1916

PAUL KLEE said

"Now I have been transferred to the Air Corps. A kindly sergeant effected the transfer. He thought I would have a better future here, more chances for promotion. First I was assigned to aircraft repair, together with several other workers. We presented ourselves as not just painters but artist-painters. This caused some shaking of heads. We varnished wooden fuselages, correcting old numbers and adding new ones with the help of templates. Then I was pulled off the painting detail and assigned to transport. I escort aircraft that are being sent to various bases in Germany and also (I understand) in occupied territory. It is not a bad life. I spend my nights racketing across Bavaria (or some such) and my days in switching yards. There is always bread and wurst and beer in the station restaurants. When I reach a notable town I try to see the notable paintings there, if time allows. There are always unexpected delays, reroutings, backtrackings. Then the return to the base. I see Lily fairly often. We meet in hotel rooms and that is exciting. I have never yet lost an aircraft or failed to deliver one to its proper destination. The war seems interminable. Walden has sold six of my drawings."

The Secret Police said

"We have secrets. We have many secrets. We desire all secrets. We do not have your secrets and that is what we are after, your secrets. Our first secret is where we are. No one knows. Our second secret is how many of us there are. No one knows. Omnipresence is our goal. We do not even need real omnipresence. The theory of omnipresence is enough. With omnipresence, hand-in-hand as it were, goes omniscience. And with omniscience and omnipresence, hand-in-hand-in-hand as it were, goes omnipotence. We are a three-sided waltz. However our mood is melancholy. There is a secret sigh that we sigh, secretly. We yearn to be known, acknowledged, admired even. What is the good of omnipotence if nobody knows? However that is a secret, that sorrow. Now we are everywhere. One place we are is here watching Engineer-Private Klee, who is escorting three valuable aircraft, B.F.W. 3054/16-17-18, with spare parts, by rail from Milbertshofen to Cambrai. Do you wish to know what Engineer-Private Klee is doing at this very moment, in the baggage car? He is reading a book of Chinese short stories. He has removed his boots. His feet rest twenty-six centimetres from the baggage-car stove."

Paul Klee said

"These Chinese short stories are slight and lovely. I have no way of knowing if the translation is adequate or otherwise. Lily will meet me in our rented room on Sunday, if I return in time. Our destination is Fighter Squadron Five. I have not had anything to eat since morning. The fine chunk of bacon given me along with my expense money when we left the base has been eaten. This morning a Red Cross lady with a squint gave me some very good coffee, however. Now we are entering Hohenbudberg."

The Secret Police said

"Engineer-Private Klee has taken himself into the station restaurant. He is enjoying a hearty lunch. We shall join him there."

Paul Klee said

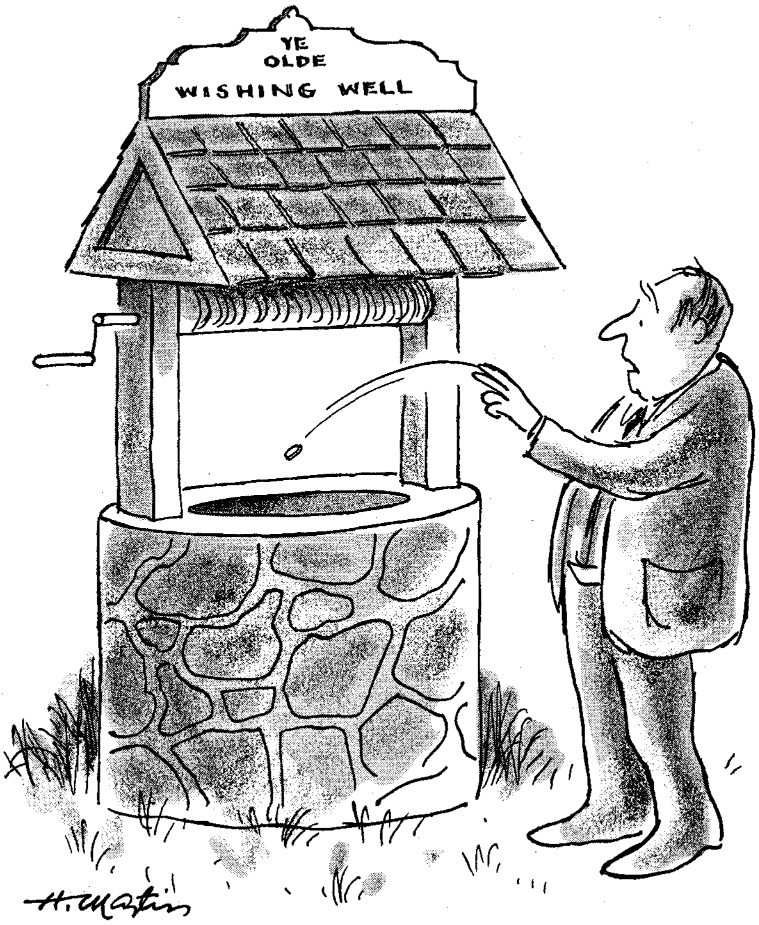
"Now I emerge from the station restaurant and walk along the line of cars to the flatcar on which my aircraft (I think of them as *my* aircraft) are carried. To my surprise and dismay, I notice that one of them is missing. There had been three, tied down on the flatcar and covered with canvas. Now I see with my trained painter's eye that instead of three canvas-covered shapes on the flatcar there are only two. Where the third aircraft had been there is only a puddle of canvas and loose rope. I look around quickly to see if anyone else has marked the disappearance of the third aircraft."

The Secret Police said

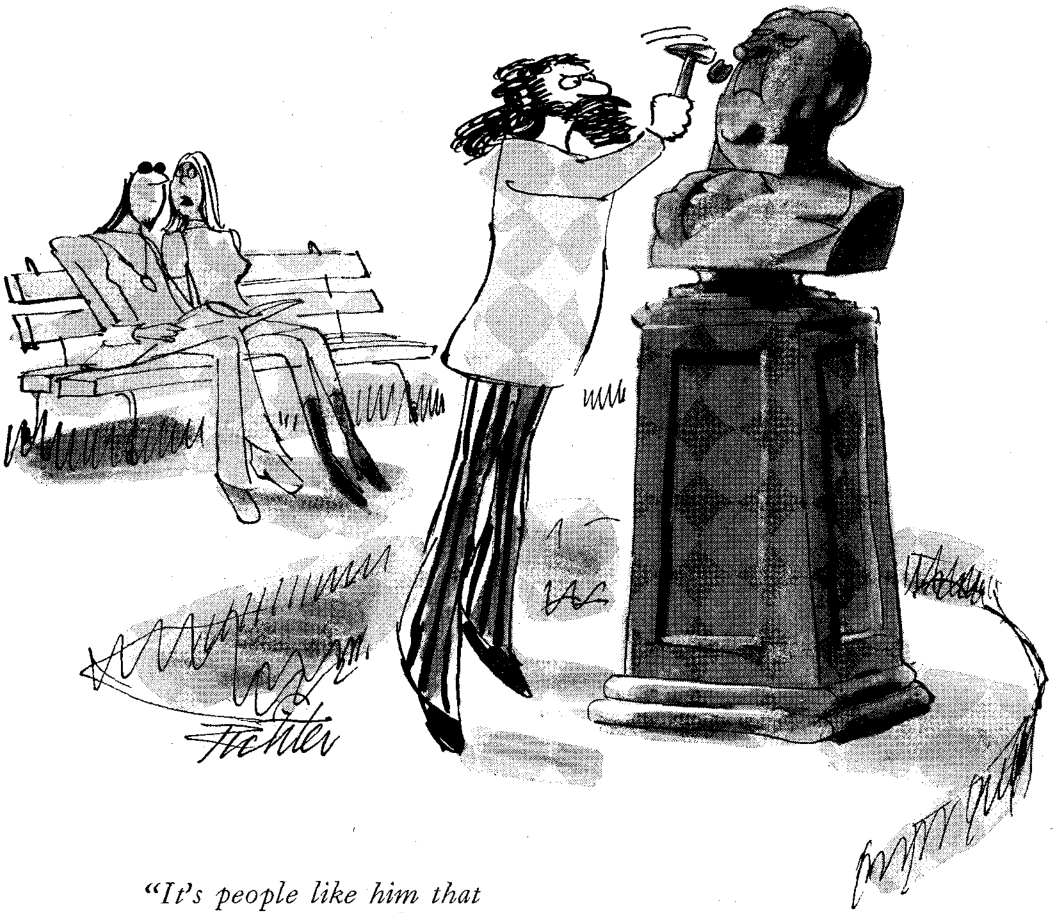
"We had marked it. Our trained policemen's eyes had marked the fact that where three aircraft had been before, tied down on the flatcar and covered with canvas, now there were only two. Unfortunately we had been in the station restaurant, lunching, at the moment of removal, therefore we could not attest as to where it had gone or who had removed it. There was something we did not know. This was irritating in the extreme. We closely observe Engineer-Private Klee to determine what action he would take in the emergency. We observe that he is withdrawing from his tunic a notebook and pencil. We observe that he begins, very properly in our opinion, to note down in his notebook all the particulars of the affair."

Paul Klee said

"The shape of the collapsed canvas, under which the aircraft had rested, together with the loose ropes—the canvas forming hills and val-



"I wish I were rich, handsome, well tailored and well groomed, gracious, elegant, dashing, distinguished, and yet much admired by my peers."



"It's people like him that give the counter-culture a bad name."

• •

leys, seductive folds, the ropes the very essence of looseness, lapsing—it is irresistible. I sketch for ten or fifteen minutes, wondering the while if I might not be in trouble, because of the missing aircraft. When I arrive at Fighter Squadron Five with less than the number of aircraft listed on the manifest, might not some officious person become angry? Shout at me? I have finished sketching. Now I will ask various trainmen and station personnel if they have seen anyone carrying away the aircraft. If they answer in the negative, I will become extremely frustrated. I will begin to kick the flatcar."

The Secret Police said

"Frustrated, he begins to kick the flatcar."

Paul Klee said

"I am looking up in the sky, to see if my aircraft is there. There are in the sky aircraft of several types, but none of the type I am searching for."

The Secret Police said

"Engineer-Private Klee is searching the sky—an eminently sound procedure, in our opinion. We, the Secret Police, also sweep the Hohenbudberg sky, with our eyes. But find nothing. We are debating with ourselves as to whether we ought to enter the station restaurant and begin drafting our preliminary report, for forwarding to higher headquarters. The knotty point, in terms of the preliminary report, is that we do not have the answer to the question 'Where is the aircraft?' The damage potential to the theory of omniscience, as well as potential to our careers, dictates that this point be omitted from the preliminary report. But if this point is omitted, might not some officious person at the Central Bureau for Secrecy note the omission? Become angry? Shout at us? Omissiveness is not rewarded at the Central Bureau. We decide to observe further the actions of Engineer-Private Klee, for the time being."

Paul Klee said

"I who have never lost an aircraft have lost an aircraft. The aircraft is signed out to me. The cost of the aircraft, if it is not found, will be deducted from my pay, meager enough already. Even if Walden sells a hundred, a thousand drawings, I will not have enough money to pay for this cursed aircraft. Can I, in the time the train remains in the Hohenbudberg yards, construct a new aircraft or even the simulacrum of an aircraft, with no materials to work with or indeed any special knowledge of aircraft construction? The situation is ludicrous. I will therefore apply Reason. Reason dictates the solution. I will diddle the manifest. With my painter's skill which is after all not so different from a forger's, I will change the manifest to reflect conveyance of *two* aircraft, B.F.W. 3054/16 and 17, to Fighter Squadron Five. The extra canvas and ropes I will conceal in an empty boxcar—this one, which according to its stickers is headed for Essigny-le-Petit. Now I will walk around town and see if I can find a chocolate shop. I crave chocolate."

The Secret Police said

"Now we observe Engineer-Private Klee concealing the canvas and ropes which covered the former aircraft into an empty boxcar bound for Essigny-le-Petit. We have previously observed him diddling the manifest with his painter's skill which resembles not a little that of the forger. We applaud these actions of Engineer-Private Klee. The contradiction confronting us in the matter of the preliminary report is thus resolved in highly satisfactory fashion. We are proud of Engineer-Private Klee and of the resolute and manly fashion in which he has dealt with the crisis. We predict he will go far. We would like to embrace him as a comrade and brother but unfortunately we are not embraceable. We are secret, we exist in the shadows, the pleasure of the comradely/brotherly embrace is one of the pleasures we are denied, in our dismal service."

Paul Klee said

"We arrive at Cambrai. The planes are unloaded, six men for each plane. The work goes quickly. No one questions my altered manifest. The weather is clearing. After lunch I will leave to begin the return journey. My release slip and travel orders are ready, but the lieutenant must come and sign them. I wait contentedly in the warm orderly room. The drawing I did of the collapsed canvas and ropes is really very good. I eat a piece of chocolate. I am sorry about the lost aircraft but not overmuch. The war is temporary. But drawings and chocolate go on forever."

—DONALD BARTHELME

•

Rising bond prices usually portend a rally in the stock market.

Not always, of course. Bond prices rallied while stock prices stank from late 1929 to mid-1931.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

No vivid writing, please.

THE HOUSES OF HEAVEN

The zodiac is that portion of the sky through which the sun, moon, and planets move from east to west. . . . The term zodiac comes from the Greek *zoon*, which means *a living creature*. . . . For astrological purposes the zodiac is divided into 12 portions called houses, or *the houses of heaven*.—*The World Book Encyclopedia.*

AS night slipped by, leaving a mauve-colored morning beyond the winter woods at the edge of the yard, Mrs. Morgan awakened quite suddenly and completely, sat straight up in bed, and stared out at the trees, at their black branches that stuck sharply up into the air like a line of fixed bayonets between her and the day. Shifting her feet, she disturbed the black cat that slept on them and it landed with a thud on the floor. As she swung her legs out of bed and put on her slippers, she admitted to herself that she was a morning person, liked being a morning person although she had not been given a fair chance at being a night person, who would have breakfast in bed at a later hour. She dressed quickly in her country uniform—slacks, gray, and a pink sweater (Cancerians prefer pastels, as her daughter had pointed out); neither an organization woman nor a dedicated social commuter to the city (New York, that is), she had little use for the other uniform, the jacket and skirt. Owl-eyed, the black cat watched to see what her next step would be. It was dark in the bedroom and still, as if the usual early sounds of day had been deliberately hushed: the whisper of the electric clock, the rumble of the furnace, the creakings of a country house in cold weather, the jingle of metal tags on the dog's collar as she shifted sleeping positions—but then there wasn't any dog now. Mrs. Morgan moved to the windows and lowered the shades, turning to be sure that if the sun did come out her husband would have a little more of darkness and a longer rest. Mr. Morgan—Pisces, as the children called him, whose journeys were all of the mind (a Piscean trait), that possibly being the reason that he resisted any other kind of travel—lay in his separate bed, supine, a long, reasonable man, a wary expression on his face, a man being meddled with by his unconscious. Then, pursued by the black cat, she went downstairs and out to her plants in the room that had once been the terrace.

Now the terrace was enclosed, had become a glass room, a room of many windows, east, south, and west. With the children grown and away, Mrs. Morgan had more time for indoor gardening, thus being able to keep summer constantly in mind during the winters that seemed to grow longer each year in the Nutmeg State. At her feet, the old vaporizer that had seen the children through croup and other congestive conditions now served the new family of flowers that stood on windowsills, benches, and the floor. Red and pink begonias, a tall yellow hibiscus, young gardenias heavy with buds, a pink poinsettia left over from Christmas, a sprawling crown of thorns popping with little red flowers, an orange plant alive with sweetish-scented, five-petalled blossoms, a blazing croton and a crotonlike cactus whose name she could never remember—and, of course, African violets, a round table of African violets, grass green; African violets stopped blooming the instant Mrs. Morgan brought them home from the florist's, and she planned to give these to a friend who, for some reason or other, could not keep hers from blooming. And there was a jar of forsythia to tide her over until spring. She shivered and rubbed her arms; the room was quite cool—a necessary condition for the plants' well-being, although Mr. Morgan often slipped the thermostat up when she was not looking. A couch, a couple of what Mr. Morgan called "comfortable" chairs, a few more bookshelves, and the room was furnished—well, with a table or two for lamps. When the sun came out it would be warm enough in here for people and yet not too hot for plants; later in the year, in the spring, as the sun moved higher in the sky and leaves unfolded on the trees, it would be cool, and it would continue to be cool through summer and the hot early fall. This had been a long and icy winter; there had been snow before Christmas and then more, and as it fell it had frozen. It had been a winter when suburban people became country people. They had noted birds and endlessly, possessively enumerated them. She looked out an east window now to see her cardinal, almost colorless against the still unlighted snow, only a crested bird nodding among the sunflower seeds. The light over the woods was beginning to touch the tops of trees near the house. Mr. Morgan was accustomed to cardinals and was apt to take more interest in *his* young green finches, who did not flutter away from his presence at the window, his rufous-breasted titmice, even his downy woodpeckers, which slipped into the yard like stealthy little jailbirds in black-and-white stripes. When Mr. Morgan had noted an evening grosbeak recently, a friend had reported *twenty* evening grosbeaks in his yard and had taken a color picture to prove it, but, as Mr. Morgan had pointed out after seeing the picture, you couldn't really see their color; they might have been any birds at all. Although the yard was speckled with the hulls of sunflower seeds, there was no trace of the peanuts that she put out for squirrels and that bluejays often snatched up right from under the squirrels' noses.

It had been in this room that the brown poodle had loved to lie when the winter sunlight lay lavish and warm on the cotton rugs. Guests had seemed uncomfortable, as if they could not understand why anyone would want to keep an old dog like that, a dog no longer useful, which did not run and bark and play anymore. And then after fourteen years the brown poodle had met her match quite simply in the passing of time, and at a point before the total anguish of her mortal illness had touched her spirit and in the presence of Mr. Morgan, who had taught her everything she knew, she had at last, gently, been put to sleep.

THE children, when they had arrived for the Christmas holiday, had been stunned. Despite their sophistication and status as adults, they gave a lot of time to wandering through the house with something on their minds, looking at pictures of themselves as young children with arms around a brown poodle; or with a snack teaching her to sit up, they believed; or standing dressed up and formal beside a stone wall in the front yard, holding the leash of a young brown poodle that sat formally beside them but couldn't help laughing at the camera. The children had come home at different times, shouting to ask who was there, laugh-

SILENCE
LOVE STORY
WMiller

"For God's sake, those stifled sobs are driving me crackers!"

• •

ing at each other's beads or boots or headbands, jabbering about careers or courses of study, collapsing with foolishness, chattering news of the new world they were making, one without mistakes, and after cluttering the premises with their big young bodies and their abandoned shoes and socks and half-empty mugs of coffee gone cold and stale, had, at some late hour, gone to bed, long after Mr. and Mrs. Morgan had gone to theirs. One wondered, observing them emerge from sleep at home, how on earth they ever got anywhere on time when they were away from home. Whereas their mother was instantly awake at dawn, the children rejected consciousness before midday, and when called seemed to fight against being brought from God knew what ineffable otherness, covering their heads with pillows, crawling farther under blankets, or opening their eyes and staring at their mother as if to say, "Who are *you*?," "Where *am* I?," or, even, "Where's the *fire*?" The instant she left the room, they returned to the darkness whence they had come, rather than arise for the bright journey ahead. And yet when they were on their feet there began again the endless prowling through the house, the poring over pictures of themselves with the poodle.

Or they would crowd upon her in the kitchen, where one afternoon Pisces, the intuitive, pausing at some whistle-stop along a journey of his mind, said generously, "The children and I hated to think of you all alone here, so we thought we'd keep you company."

Mrs. Morgan frowned, then sniffed the air and quickly turned to the oven, from which little puffs of a next-to-nothing smoke drifted into the room. It was Aries, the actor, tall and twentyish, with a champagne taste and a beer income, who said faintly, "Don't tell me the dessert is burning!" He closed his eyes and clutched his shaggy beard for support.

"Of course not, it's only the oven preheating," Mrs. Morgan said, turning back to whatever it was she had been doing. "It's something burning off from yesterday. I forgot to clean it." She looked about her at the work counter, at the mixing bowls, the roast, the sheet of pastry on the breadboard. "Now, where was I—what did I do with—" She began to pick up things and look under them.

"Let us help!" cried Capricorn, also twentyish, the singer of meaningful songs, of odds and ends of other people's poems that she poised gracefully on chords of her own elicited from her pawnbroker's guitar.

Mrs. Morgan had turned on them then as they surged forward. "Please get out of the kitchen," she begged them.

Capricorn, the ambitious, caught somewhere between elation and despair always, bowed her head, lowering, like Rapunzel, her long blond hair. "You never loved us," she said. "You only had us because all the other girls were having babies."

"Now I won't give you the present I bought you," Aries said firmly. "And we won't go till you guess what it is."

"Oh—a million dollars," his mother said absently, groping along the counter.

Pisces put his hand on the bony shoulder of young Scorpio, whose eyes glittered with the pranks of his inner life but who said nothing. "What would you *do* with a million dollars?" Mr. Morgan asked his wife, looking puzzled.

Mrs. Morgan took a deep breath. "I'd buy a self-cleaning oven," she said. "Now—out!"

The children rallied around their father and began to leave the kitchen as Capricorn carolled into the steamy air, singing, "He prayeth well who loveth well / Both man and bird and beast!"

And they had left their mother with the whuffling of the fan over the stove, the clicking of the preheated oven, the buzzing of the electric beater. She knew, however, that they would stare at bare places along the baseboard where fake-brick wallpaper had been ripped away by puppy teeth, and that had been fourteen years ago. The bare spots were still there, but the puppy, no longer a puppy, had gone. Then they would grow silent and look curious, as if they would have to get the facts straight or maybe make a statement about something. Only young Scorpio seemed to remain unmoved. The children's mother had been concerned about this; he was so often silent. But Capricorn had said, "But Mother, seventeen is so *sad*. And you've got to remember, he's Scorpio; they keep quiet. But they're deep. With a Scorpio, everything's for keeps."

AFTER the children had gone back to careers and courses of study, Mrs. Morgan, standing in the early morning in her flower room, reflected that the cold and the interminable snow had possessed her and her husband and their friends in a vast white stillness broken only by the spinning and whining of the rear wheels of stuck cars, the mysterious, muted travelling of snowplows through the night, the far-off cry of fire signals in the town, or the distant growling of jets that when one looked up might have been printed on the sky, carrying their ghostly winter passengers beyond the snowed-in world. They gave birthday parties for each other and exchanged seed catalogues or those from nurseries, or, confined to their beds with head colds, perhaps a touch of flu, their cold feet sprawled over hot-water bottles or heating pads, made elaborate and often complex diagrams for spring gardens. Mr. Morgan, a man who required little beyond his home and a decent wine (the really great vintages being now well beyond his financial condition), sat in the glass room watching the birds feed and looking now and then down to the beginning of the woods where, although he could not see it for snow, his compost heap prepared itself for spring planting. In the fall, Mr. Morgan had written reasonable, patient letters to the local papers in which he explained the merits of composting leaves and grass cuttings and the extremely serious consequences of leaf-burning, not only to neighbors with pulmonary complaints but possibly to the entire area in which they lived, the country skies of which had recently begun to show some evidence of the gray clouds of pollution. It must not happen here, he had insisted, and the papers concurred. Now the sky lightened even as Mrs. Morgan watched; all the early colors were gone, leaving a golden splash over the trees. She still could not tell for sure about the sun; a black streak of clouds in the middle sky might blot it out. The cardinal, dark red now against lavender snow, still pecked among the sunflower seeds, and then she saw his mate, perched in the maple tree against the lightening sky, noted her olive-green feathers and red trim as she watched quietly, cautious, almost a painted bird, without even a flutter of a feather. Now, as the light grew stronger, Mrs. Morgan saw the long scar on the smooth snow and recalled how it had been made.

The night before, Mr. and Mrs. Morgan had sat in the glass room with small cups of Sanka, talking, gesturing, glancing out at the snow where, under the outdoor spotlights, the surrounding trees cast shadows that might have been charcoal drawings on the snow. Near the woods in a far part of the yard, the old rusted swings still stood, although it had been a few years since they had been used. Mr. Morgan often spoke of getting rid of them, but he could not see how he could do it—they were sunk in concrete—and he had not been able to think of the kind of person you call about such things. Young Scorpio, at home from school for a free weekend, had gone with friends in his father's car. Mrs. Morgan had suddenly noticed a dead leaf or two on the plants—some she must have overlooked that morning. After pinching off the leaves and checking a succulent she had earlier swabbed with alcohol for what she feared was mealy bug, she was examining a small lime tree (one she had brought back in a box from Florida) for scale when the telephone rang. "I'll get it," she said. "As long as I'm up." And she had answered the phone, but then she had been too upset to remember what came next, except that Mr. Morgan had suddenly been at her side.

"What is it?" he asked.

"The police," she said. "There's been an accident."

He took the telephone from her hand; she stood close to him, watching his face. He hung up finally, shrugged, and looked at her.

"It's all right," he told her. "Nobody's hurt. I talked to him. Some other kids ran into him, but he's not hurt and neither are they." He went out to the hall closet and got his coat. He slipped it on and then raised both hands high over his head and turned his eyes to heaven. "Kids!" he cried. "Kids!"

"Where are you going?" she asked. "Where is he? He's in the hospital, isn't he?"

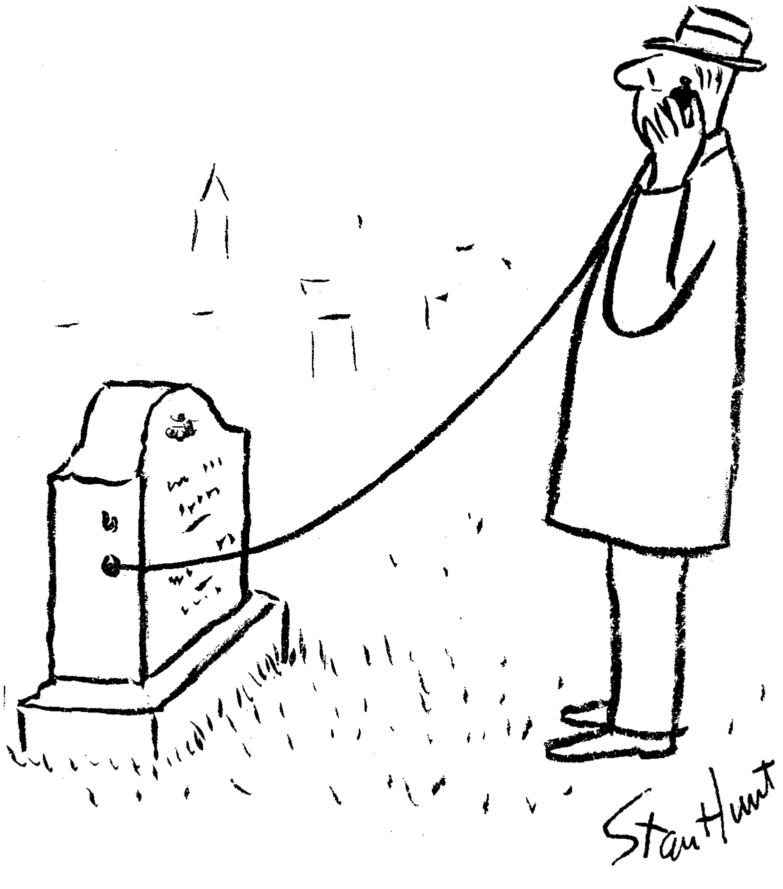
"Where is he?" her husband repeated, reaching for his old galoshes and then throwing them back. "Why, he's at the police station, of course. They're filling out accident reports. I only have to pick them up and drive everyone home."

As he turned toward the back door, she stood in front of him.

"If he's not hurt, then why doesn't *he* drive home?"

Her husband sighed. "Now, that's a good question," he said. "The answer is simple: drive *what* home? Certainly not *my* car. It had to be *towed* away. Isn't that fine. *Now* what'll I do?" He took a deep breath. "Well, I suppose the first thing is to see if I can start your station wagon." He opened the back door and went out.

The station wagon, often balky in cold weather, had started right away, though, and she had gone back into the glass room. At least, that was where she was when her husband returned with the boy. She was feeling the soil of a gardenia that she feared had been overwatered and would certainly drop



"It's really groovy here, man! No debts, no taxes, no cops, no robbers, no aches, no pains, no hate, no hurry. Believe me, man, this is where it's at!"

its buds, might even drown under such circumstances—they mustn't sit around with wet feet—when she heard the car pull into the garage and stop. The garage door came down with a thud, and she heard the clatter of the rusted lock. The back door opened; she heard voices. Her husband said something and the boy replied, "O.K." She was bending over the gardenia, one forefinger on its soil, when the boy came into the glass room. She turned her finger over and looked at it; it was speckled with dirt but not muddy.

"Pop went up to make a couple of phone calls," the boy said. "I'm sorry if you were worried." He cleared his throat.

She turned and looked at him. "What happened?" she asked. "Tell me."

He shrugged. "What's to tell?"

"You're all right?" she said.

He nodded.

In the lamplighted room, among the flowers, he looked taller than he was. He was the last of them all, young Scorpio, a thin, sober boy who stood before her as if guilty, on trial for his kind of life, if not for simply existing. His long blond hair, parted in the middle, fell below his shoulders. He wore a bleached, frayed denim shirt and bell-bottom jeans. His face was lightly touched with pink—a residual faint acne. He stood with his head bowed, ready to be pronounced guilty, accustomed to it. A few years ago, he had been short and plump and ten, and still able to speak. Now, at seventeen, it was almost as if he were afraid to open his mouth, as if there would be no words but only an unbearable howl of anguish, his final statement before he turned into a living statue. When she spoke of him to the other children during their holiday visit, they reassured her. "But I can't get in touch with him," she said as the older children sat with their parents in the glass room. The children listened from the comfort of the couch. "Oh, he's Scorpio, all right," Aries had said, twisting his long crinkly beard shrewdly. "But he doesn't have that mean streak," Capricorn pointed out, tossing her straight blond hair away from her face. "Don't forget, his rising sign is Gemini." It was then that the children's father, who had been listening calmly, mentioned that that was *his* sign to be rising and going about some business. But their mother had still looked concerned, and, shaking her head, had said, "How well I remember that fall when he was born. He was only a few weeks old when the rest of you came down with scale." There was a shout from the couch and general disorder there. "I mean, of course, chicken pox," she said quickly, but Aries had already clutched his beard fearfully. "Can you get it again?" he asked, and Capricorn had sputtered, "You can if you only had it on one side," and buried her face in a sofa pillow as Aries turned his face toward heaven, imploring intervention. "*Mother*," Capricorn had said when she recovered, "we're talking about us, not your potted plants! Remember us?"

And now young Scorpio stood mute and isolated, and what could she say to him? He had been the happiest baby of them all, laughing up at the young faces that greeted him with delight, chortling when young arms lugged him to their rooms to play with, quiet when young voices crooned over him if a touch of colic clouded his future. Now he stood with his head bowed, waiting, his bony elbows making sharp angles as he put his hands in the hip pockets of his jeans. Whatever had happened? She was nagged by the knowledge that cruelty to children is often part of the defenses of the adult world, that there are more things done to them than can possibly be reported to doctors and to clinics. They ask, "Who am I? What is life?," and for that we punish them. But to adults who ask the same questions, seek the same answers, we give awards—the Nobel Prize, for instance. Of *course* they found reassurance where they could, and of course their rediscovery of astrology was reasonable. It was relevant for those with few defenses, the luckless, the crippled, the victims, which most young people naturally are. All she wanted at the moment was to keep him there for a little while until she thought of some way to touch him; perhaps a button had come off his shirt and she could put out her hand and say, "You've lost a button. Here." And touch the buttonhole. Instead, she said, "What happened to the car?"

"Totalled," he said.

"Oh." She fingered a leaf of the gardenia. "Exactly how did it happen?"

"We'd gone to a dance at the high school," he told her. "I was in the driveway, coming out, and these kids were going to turn in. I was standing still. They didn't make the turn and ran into me."

"They must have been going too fast, to do that to the car," she said. "You should always slow down for a turn."

"Not really fast," he said.

"You could have been hurt," Mrs. Morgan said. "Did you see it coming?"

He nodded, licking a corner of his mouth. "I saw a light. We were sitting there, and there was this other car coming down Main Street about to turn in, and then I saw this big white

AFTER DROUGHT

The river was its dregs—
Not water but stuck dags
Flung from the sun. One pool
Shrank to a cellar smell.

You could have picked trout
Like flowers. They had got
Wedged in lilies, each back
Stretched and dry as a stalk.

In the night I remembered
Them pressed tight to the lid
Of their element as
I grappled my jammed windows.

I had fire-damp on the lung.
The thought of gills pummelling
At brute gas had me sweat.
When first it thundered it

Fluttered like a failing
Heart. The puny lightning
Flared brief as a match struck
In a gust. Fragments broke

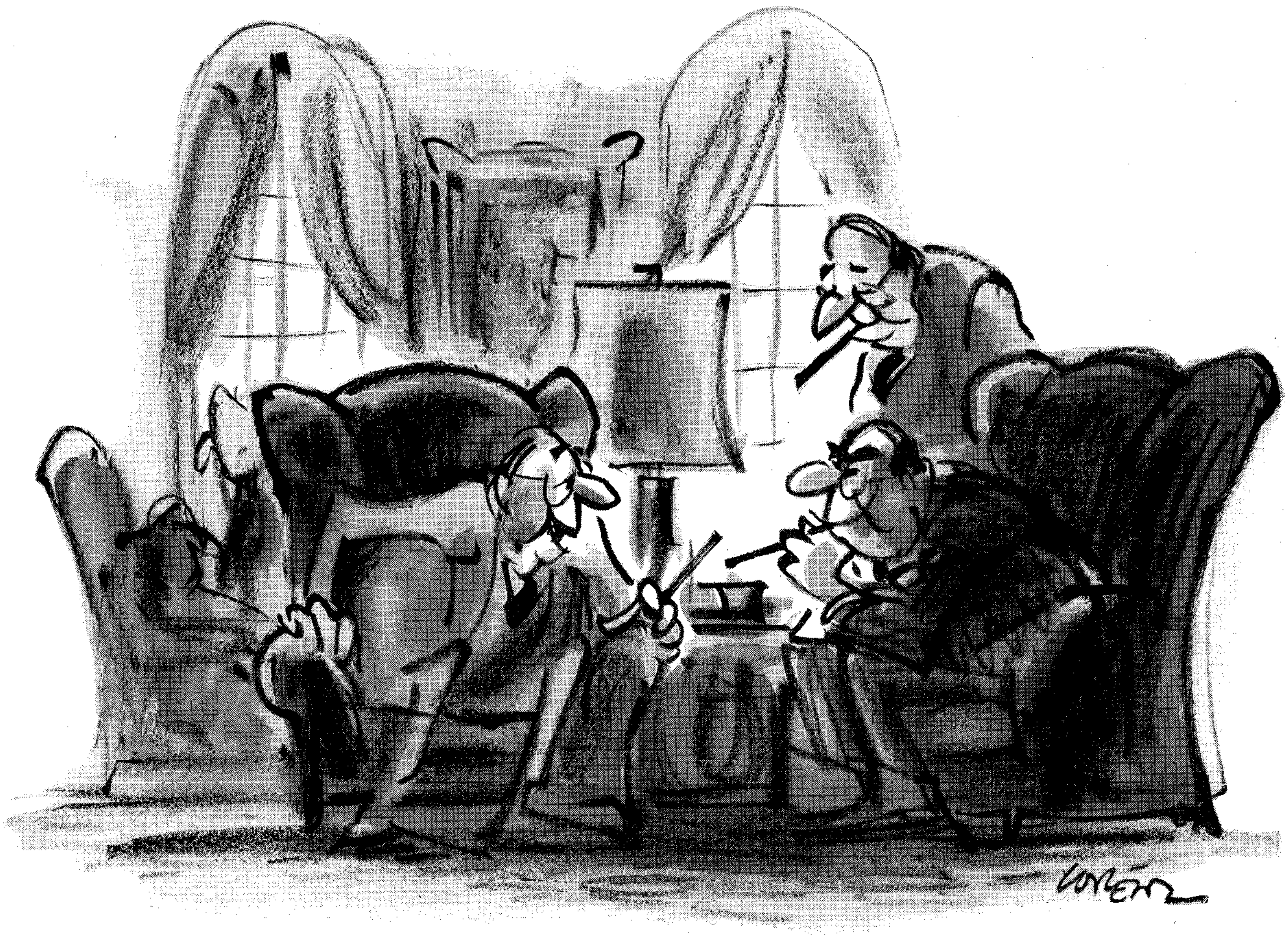
From the brick air—bits
Of wind and stabbed, long spots
To the spread palm. I came
Outside toward the storm

And stand now bare to its axe.
It smashes black to the trunks
Of great trees. While I breathe
Deep from seething rain, wraith

Shadows fan across grass
Whiter than gravel. Rivers
Are rising to their reeds.
A poem swims from its words.

—TED WALKER

• •



"Actually, I came out of it smelling like a rose. I unloaded all my industrials and put the whole bundle into an anti-Establishment, underground sex sheet."

• •

headlight coming at me. So I jumped. Well, not exactly jumped but sort of hopped my body over to the right. That's all."

"I'm glad it wasn't your fault," she said.

There was no sound in the room, except for the hissing of the vaporizer. A flower fell quietly from a branch of forsythia, and she suddenly began to fear for spring. Then the boy looked up and right into his mother's eyes. "Of course, it was my fault," he said.

She was silent for a moment. Then she said, "But it wasn't."

The boy did not take his eyes off her face. "The cops think so."

"But they don't," she insisted. "Why do you think the police blame you?"

"They don't like me," he said. "*Or* my friends."

"I don't understand," Mrs. Morgan said.

"All right," he said. "But just try. They were nice to the other kids, the kids in the other car—the ones whose fault it was—but not to my friends and me."

"Why not?" she asked.

The boy straightened his shoulders; his long, thin body stiffened. "Mother," he said. "Let me tell you something. The other kids have short hair. The cops really go for that. I and my friends have long hair."

"And?" she asked.

"Listen, Mother," he said. "If you have short hair, you're the drinking type. If you have long hair, you take drugs. Don't you know that yet?"

Almost before she knew she was speaking, she said, "But you don't, do you? You don't have anything to do with drugs, do you?"

He dropped his long bony hands at his side. "Well, I've got long hair, don't I?"

He turned as if to go, and she could think of no way of keeping him. But instead of leaving the room he walked over to the south windows and peered out into the back yard. It had snowed lightly that day—not enough to make the roads slippery but enough to powder the old snow with fresh white flakes, which sparkled now under the outdoor spotlights that brightened the yard down to the edge of the woods. He cupped his hands around his eyes, leaned close to the window, and said, "What's that?"

She went over to him. "What?" she asked. "I don't see anything."

"Down at the edge of the woods," he told her. "By the swings."

She looked again. "I see it now," she said. "It's a possum."

"A possum?" he said. "I thought all those things hibernated."

"Maybe he's hungry," she said. "I must look it up."

As they watched, the possum began to move toward the house. On the unmarred surface of new snow, his track became a lengthening furrow as he struggled, breaking through the snow crust and sinking, breaking and sinking, using his forepaws as a swimmer uses his arms to part the water in front of him. There might have been nothing else moving in the whole countryside, in all the world; certainly there was nothing to stop him. He came closer to the house, swimming and sinking, until they could see his crafty little face, like an evil old man's, and the pointed snout that they now saw he drove ahead through the snow's surface, raising it occasionally to sniff the air. He passed very close to the glass room; they saw more clearly the wicked little face, the sharp, clever claws. Then he turned a corner of the house and disappeared.

The boy exhaled slowly. "Gone," he said.

"I wonder where," his mother said.

"Yeah," the boy said. "Well, good night."

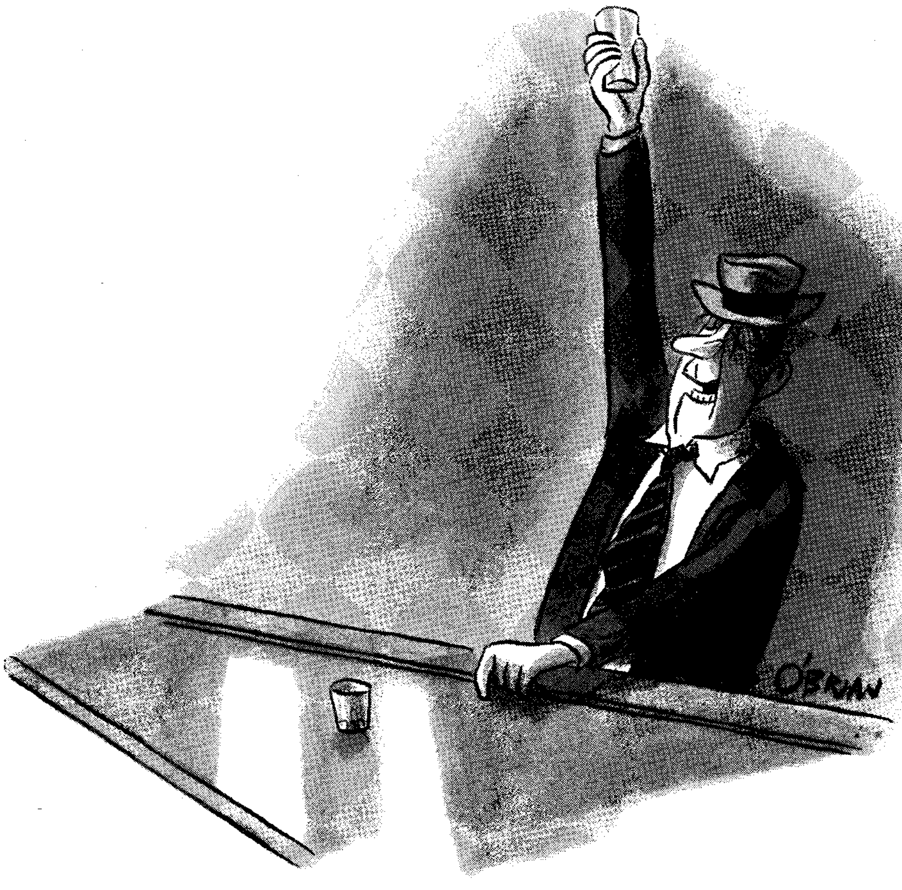
As he left the room, he turned toward his mother, who still stood by the window.

"I'm glad we saw that," he said. "I'm really glad. I really liked it."

And he went out.

IN the flower room in the morning, Mrs. Morgan looked again at the woods and thought she saw a sliver of the sun just beginning to show over the trees. Something brushed her ankles, and she looked down to see the black cat writhing with affection, all compliments. He was hungry. Most of the time, he remained by himself, a loner. He had been a late-July kitten—a Leo, as the children had pointed out, and Leo is aloof. Although he preferred the house at night, he frequently enjoyed a slow trip around the property on a fine morning. His waking hours were spent on a window table in the glass room, where, a bundle of nerves, he stared out at the birds, his slanted green eyes bright with evil intentions, which he would never carry out. What he hated most in all the world was the newest cat, Jeremy, now two years old and a night prowler (being Sagittarius), tending to range farther and farther afield. Only God knew for sure the date of Jeremy's birth; a veterinarian had estimated his age. Jeremy had been rescued from a New York alley—a wounded, dying kitten—by one of the older children and carefully brought back to health, although he had spent most of his first year under the bed and dresser of a New York apartment, refusing to leave the darkness until rescued from that situation by Mrs. Morgan herself, who on a brief trip to the city had packed him, heavily sedated, into a carrier and transported him to the country, where she had dumped him, all claws and hisses, onto the grass in the yard near an old, sheltering lilac. Now a great, gray fellow with broad shoulders and a hulking gait, he had taken over the house and the outside, too. He spent many hours lying on the sun-warmed cement step at the back door watching birds that descended to the ground in front of his very eyes, his massive head cushioned on his curled front paws, lashing his tail now and then to keep up his bad name. Now he strolled up from the woods, following the path of the possum and coming home for food. Mrs. Morgan would let him in as soon as the black cat had eaten and gone to the glass room to lie down. She would let the gray cat in and feed him in the kitchen while she began breakfast for Mr. Morgan and herself. Jeremy would follow her swiftly about the kitchen, the essence of good will and garrulous to the point of boredom, taking long strides to keep up with her, getting in her way, chattering endlessly, relating some unlikely story that he would abruptly interrupt with a slap of his paw at her leg and a hiss for her attention, a child stamping his foot and wailing, "But you're not listening!" He was approaching the bird-feeding yard now, and as he came closer the sun rose, grandly, as is its nature, illuminating the way along which, Mrs. Morgan understood, are the houses of heaven—but she could never remember them all. It had taken long enough for her to remember her own house, that she was a Cancerian, a Moon child with no light of her own but the reflected light of the Sun, that typically her hair was light and straight, that her first involvement was with home and family and endless cooking, and that she dwelled under a water sign although she loathed swimming and small boats. Then in one bound the gray cat reached the house, and the cardinal, now a blazing bird, flared up into the sun and flew away. Above the east window, a squirrel ran down a branch of the maple tree. He stopped when he saw Mrs. Morgan, stopped and sat up and stared in at her. She kept perfectly still, and the squirrel, head forward, just sat there watching her, one paw curled upon his breast; he might have been only curious, or even frightened, or he might simply have had his hand laid on his heart.

—KATINKA LOESER



"All those in favor of me having another drink say 'Aye.' Aye! The ayes have it!"

•

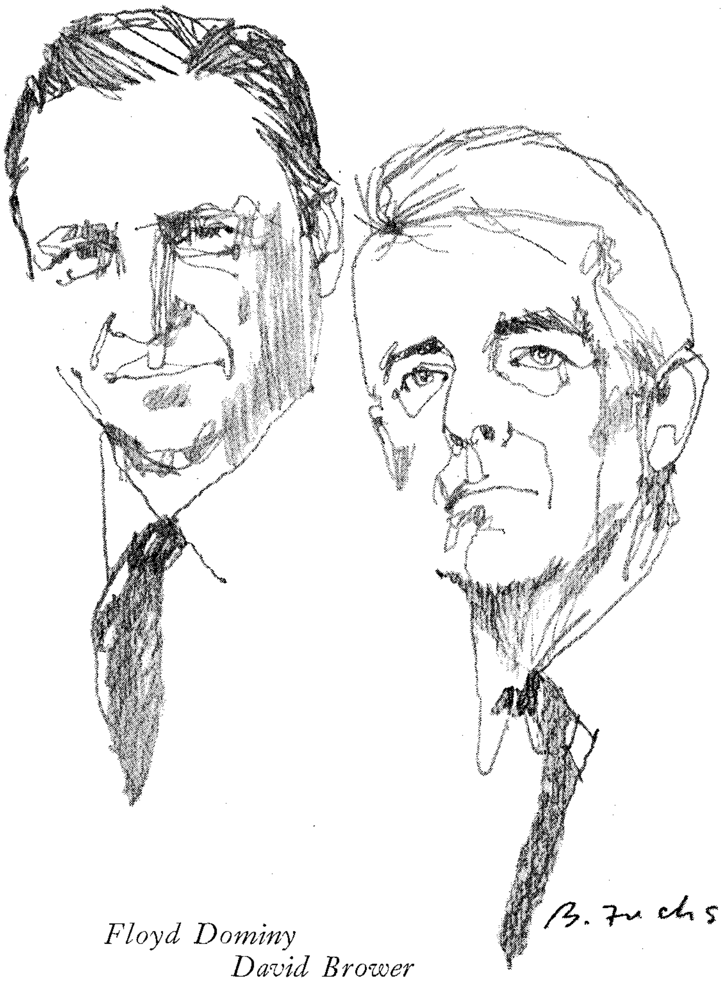
In his interview with the Ellsworth American, Scoll said his firm, Maine Clean Fuels Inc., (with the backing and the import tickets of Ashland Oil) would have to build "a very large" refinery. "Maine has certain attractions in terms of deep water," he said, "but there are market problems. The plant, to be economical, has to be very large. Maine consumes 19 million barrels of heavy fuel oil annually. This plant would produce 50 million barrels annually. We have to figure out where the rest of it will go. Maine is far from other probable markets."—*Topsham (Me.) Maine Times.*

Aw, dump it in the bay.

PROFILES

ENCOUNTERS WITH THE ARCHDRUID

III—A RIVER



Floyd Dominy
David Brower

FLOYD ELGIN DOMINY raises beef cattle in the Shenandoah Valley. Observed there, hand on a fence, his eyes surveying his pastures, he does not look particularly Virginian. Of middle height, thickset, somewhat bandy-legged, he appears to have been lifted off a horse with block and tackle. He wears bluejeans, a white-and-black striped shirt, and leather boots with heels two inches high. His belt buckle is silver and could not be covered over with a playing card. He wears a string tie that is secured with a piece of petrified dinosaur bone. On his head is a white Stetson.

Thirty-five years ago, Dominy was a county agent in the rangelands of northeastern Wyoming. He could not have come to his job there at a worse time. The Great Drought and the Great Depression had coincided, and the people of the county were destitute. They were not hungry—they could shoot antelope and deer—but they were destitute. Their livestock, with black tongues and protruding ribs, were dying because of lack of water. Dominy, as the agent not only of Campbell County but of the federal government, was empowered to pay eight dollars a head for these cattle—many thousands of them—that were all but decaying where they stood. He paid the eight dollars and shot the cattle.

Dominy was born on a farm in central Nebraska, and all through his youth his family and the families around them talked mainly of the vital weather. They lived close to the hundredth meridian, where, in a sense more fundamental than anything resulting from the events of United States history, the West begins. East of the hundredth meridian, there is enough rain to support agriculture, and west of it there generally is not. The Homestead Act of 1862, in all its promise, did not take into account this ineluctable fact. East of the hundredth meridian, homesteaders on their hundred and sixty acres of land were usually able to fulfill the dream that had been legislated for them. To the west, the odds against them were high. With local exceptions, there just was not enough water. The whole region between the hundredth meridian and the Rocky Mountains was at that time known as the Great American Desert. Still beyond the imagination were the ultramontane basins where almost no rain fell at all.

Growing up on a farm that had been homesteaded by his grandfather in the eighteen-seventies, Dominy often enough saw talent and energy going to waste under clear skies. The situation was marginal. In some years, more than twenty inches of rain would fall and harvests would be copious. In others, when the figure went below ten, the family lived with the lament that there was no money to buy clothes, or even sufficient food. These radical uncertainties were eventually removed by groundwater development, or reclamation—the storage of what water there was, for use in irrigation. When Dominy was eighteen years old, a big thing to do on a Sunday was to get into the Ford, which had a rumble seat, and go out and see the new dam. In his photo album he put pictures of reservoirs and irrigation projects. ("It was impressive to a dry-land farmer like me to see all that water going down a ditch toward a farm.") Eventually, he came to feel that there would be, in a sense, no West at all were it not for reclamation.

In Campbell County, Wyoming, the situation was not even marginal. This was high, dry country, suitable only for free-ranging livestock, not for farming. In the best of years, only about fourteen inches of rain might fall. "Streams ran water when the snow melted. Otherwise, the gulches were dry. It was the county with the most towns and the fewest people, the most rivers with the least water, and the most cows with the least milk in the world." It was, to the eye, a wide, expansive landscape with beguiling patterns of perspective. Its unending buttes, flat or nippled, were spaced out to the horizons like stone chessmen. Deer and antelope moved among them in herds, and on certain hilltops cairns marked the graves of men who had hunted buffalo. The herbage was so thin that forty acres of range could reasonably support only one grazing cow. Nonetheless, the territory had been homesteaded, and the homesteaders simply had not received from the federal government enough land for enough cattle to give them financial equilibrium as ranchers, or from the sky enough water to give them a chance as farmers. They were going backward three steps for each two forward. Then the drought came.

"Nature is a pretty cruel animal. I watched the people there—I mean good folk, industrious, hardworking, frugal—compete with the rigors of nature against hopeless odds. They would ruin their health and still fail." Without waiting for approval from Cheyenne or Washington, the young county agent *took it upon himself to overcome nature* if the farmers and ranchers could not. He began up near Recluse, on the ranch of a family named Oedekoven, in a small bowl of land where an intermittent stream occasionally flowed. With a four-horse Fresno—an ancestral bulldozer—he moved earth and plugged the crease in the terrain where the water would ordinarily run out and disappear into the ground and the air. He built his little plug in the classic form of the earth-fill dam—a three-for-one slope on the water side and two-for-one the other way. More cattle died, but a pond slowly filled, storing water. The pond is still there, and so is Oedekoven, the rancher.

For two and a half years, Dominy lived with his wife and infant daughter in a stone dugout about three miles outside Gillette, the county seat. For light they used a gasoline lantern. For heat and cooking they had a coal-burning stove. Dominy dug the coal himself out of a hillside. His wife washed clothes on a board. On winter mornings when the temperature was around forty below zero, he made a torch with a rag and a stick, soaked it in kerosene, lighted it, and put it under his car. When the car was warm enough to move, Dominy went off to tell ranchers and farmers about the Corn-Hog Program ("Henry Wallace slaughtering piglets to raise the price of ham"), the Wheat Program (acreage control), or how to build a dam. "Campbell County was my kingdom. When I was twenty-four years old, I was king of the God-damned county." He visited Soda Well, Wild Cat, Teckla, Turnercrest—single-family post offices widely spaced—or he followed the farmers and ranchers into the county seat of the county seat, Jew Jake's Saloon, where there was a poker game that never stopped and where the heads of moose, deer, elk, antelope, and bighorn sheep looked down on him and his subjects, feet on the rail at 9 A.M. Dominy had his first legitimate drink there. The old brass rail is gone—and so is Dominy—but the saloon looks just the same now, and the boys are still there at 9 A.M.

There was an orange scoria butte behind Dominy's place and an alfalfa field in front of it. Rattlesnakes by the clan came out of the butte in the spring, slithered around Dominy's house, and moved on into the alfalfa for the summer. In September, the snakes headed back toward the butte. Tomatoes were ripe in Dominy's garden, and whenever he picked some he first took a hoe and cleared out the rattlesnakes under the vines. Ranchers got up at four in the morning, and sometimes Dominy was outside honking his horn to wake them. He wanted them to come out and build dams—dams, dams, dams. "I had the whole county stirred up. We were moving! Stockpond dam and reservoir sites were supposed to be inspected first by Forest Service rangers, but who knows when they would have come? I took it upon myself to ignore these pettifogging minutiae." Changing the face of the range, he polka-dotted it with ponds. Dominy and the ranchers and farmers built a thousand dams in one year, and when they were finished there wasn't a thirsty cow from Jew Jake's Saloon to the Montana border. "Christ, we *did* more in that county in one year than any other county in the country. That range program really put me on the national scene."

FOR A MAN WHO DIED IN HIS SLEEP

Once in, he can stay as long as he remembers
To lock the door behind him, being afraid
Of nothing within the ordinary passage
Where he hangs his hat and coat, thinking of bed.

He feels as safe as houses: the predictable ceiling,
The floor at its level best, the walls, the windows
Beyond which the sky, under glass, is slowly streaming
Harmlessly westward with its tricks and shadows,

And, going upstairs, he lies down to be soft
In a nest of boxes fitted against the night.
He shuts his lids like theirs and, wrapped like a gift,
Presents himself to sleep, to be opened by daylight.

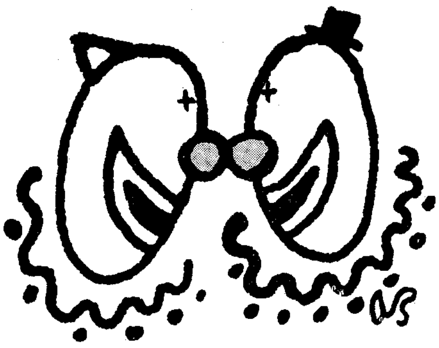
At first, there is nothing, then something, then everything
Under the doors and over the windowsills
And down the chimney, through the foundation, crawling
From jamb to joist and muttering in the walls,

And he lies tongue-tied under the gaping roof
Through which the weather pours the news of his death;
In sheets and lightning, the broken end of his life
Comes pouring crown fire through the roof of his mouth,

And now he dreams he is dreaming that he knows
His heart's in the right place, safe, beating for good
Against the beams and braces of his house
All the good nights to follow, knocking on wood.

—David Wagoner

• •



IN the view of conservationists, there is something special about dams, something—as conservation problems go—that is disproportionately and metaphysically sinister. The outermost circle of the Devil's world seems to be a moat filled mainly with DDT. Next to it is a moat of burning gasoline. Within that is a ring of pinheads each covered with a million people—and so on past phalanxed bulldozers and bicuspid chain saws into the absolute epicenter of Hell on earth, where stands a dam. The implications of the dam exceed its true level in the scale of environmental catastrophes. Conservationists who can hold themselves in reasonable check before new oil spills and fresh megalopolises mysteriously go insane at even the thought of a dam. The conservation movement is a mystical and religious force, and possibly the reaction to dams is so violent because rivers are the ultimate metaphors of existence, and dams destroy rivers. Humiliating nature, a dam is evil—placed and solid.

"I hate all dams, large and small," David Brower informs an audience.

A voice from the back of the room asks, "Why are you conservationists always against things?"

"If you are against something, you

are for something," Brower answers. "If you are against a dam, you are for a river."

NO SMOKING
B TOBEY

"Altman's is having a sale of upholstery fabrics. Could you slow down passing their windows?"

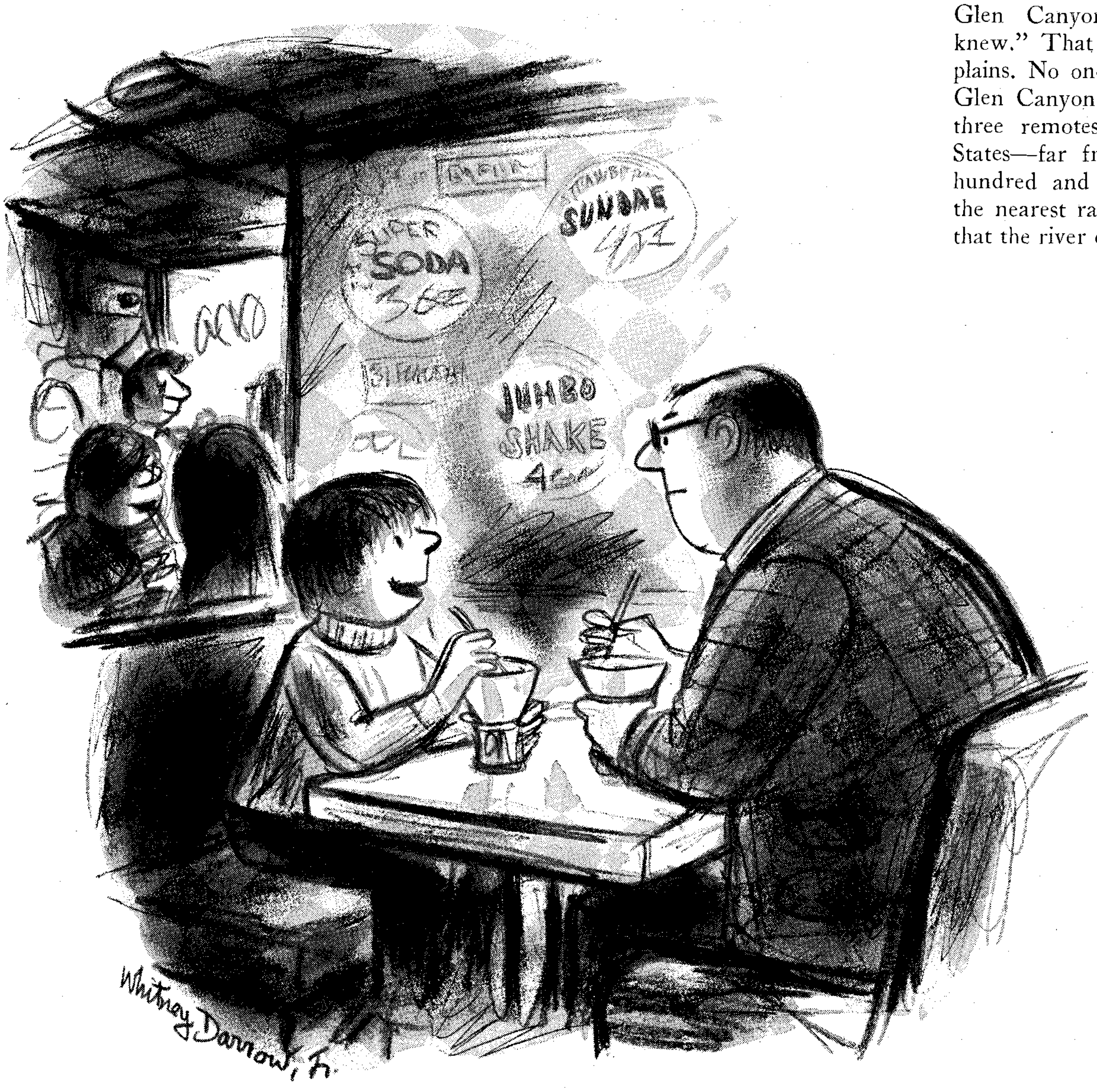
• •

When Brower was a small boy in Berkeley, he used to build dams in Strawberry Creek, on the campus of the University of California, piling up stones in arcs convex to the current, backing up reservoir pools. Then he would kick the dams apart and watch the floods that returned Strawberry Creek to its free-flowing natural state. When Brower was born—in 1912—there was in the Sierra Nevada a valley called Hetch Hetchy that paralleled in shape, size, and beauty the Valley of the Yosemite. The two valleys lay side by side. Both were in Yosemite National Park, which had been established in 1890. Yet within three decades—the National Park notwithstanding—the outlet of Hetch Hetchy was filled with a dam and the entire valley was deeply flooded. Brower was a boy when the dam was being built. He remembers spending his sixth birthday in the hills below Hetch Hetchy and hearing stories of the battle that had been fought over it, a battle that centered on the very definition of conservation. Should it mean preservation of wilderness or wise and varied use of land? John Muir, preservationist, founder of the young Sierra Club, had lost this bitter and, as it happened, final struggle of his life. It had been a battle that split the Sierra Club in two. Fifty-five years later, the Sierra Club would again divide within itself, and the outcome of the resulting battle would force the resignation of its executive director, David Brower, whose unsurprising countermove would be to form a new organization and name it for John Muir.

Not long after Brower's departure from the Sierra Club and his founding of the John Muir Institute, I went to Hetch Hetchy with him and walked along the narrow top of the dam, looking far down one side at the Tuolumne River, emerging like a hose jet from the tailrace, and in the other direction out across the clear blue surface of the reservoir, with its high granite sides—imagining the lost Yosemite below. The scene was bizarre and ironic, or so it seemed to me. Just a short distance across the peaks to the south of us was the Yosemite itself, filled to disaster with cars and people, tens of thousands of people, while here was the Yosemite's natural twin, filled with water. Things were so still at Hetch Hetchy that a wildcat walked insolently across the road near the dam and didn't even look around as he moved on into the woods. And Brower—fifty-six years old and unshakably the most powerful voice in the conservation movement in his country—walked the quiet dam. "It was not needed when it was built, and it is not needed now," he said. "I would like to see it taken down, and watch the process of recovery."

During the years when Brower was developing as a conservationist, many of his most specific and dramatic personal accomplishments had to do with proposed dams. Down the tiers of the Western states, there are any number of excellent damsites that still contain free-flowing rivers because of David Brower—most notably in the immense, arid watershed of the Colorado. Anyone interested, for whatever reason, in the study of water in the West will in the end concentrate on the Colorado, wildest of rivers, foaming, raging, rushing southward—erratic, headlong, incongruous in the desert. The Snake, the Salmon, the upper Hudson—all the other celebrated white torrents—are not in the conversation if the topic is the Colorado. This is still true, although recently (recently in the long span of things, actually within the past forty years) the Colorado has in places been subdued. The country around it is so dry that Dominy's county in Wyoming is a rain forest by comparison. The states of the basin need water, and the Colorado is where the water is. The familiar story of contention for water rights in the Old West—Alan Ladd shooting it out with Jack Palance over some rivulet God knows where—has its mother narrative in the old and continuing story of rights to the waters of the Colorado. The central document is something called the Colorado River Compact, in which the basin is divided in two, at a point close to the Utah-Arizona line. The states of the Upper Basin are allowed to take so much per year. The Lower Basin gets approximately an equal share. And something gratuitous is passed on to Mexico. The Colorado lights and slakes Los Angeles. It irrigates Arizona. The odd thing about it is that all its writhings and foamings and spectacular rapids lead to nothing. The river rises in the Rockies, thunders through the canyons, and is so used by mankind that when it reaches the Gulf of California, fourteen hundred miles from its source, it literally trickles into the sea. The flow in the big river and in its major tributaries—the Green, the Yampa, the Escalante, the San Juan, the Little Colorado—is almost lyrically erratic, for the volume can vary as much as six hundred per cent from one year to the next. The way to control that, clearly enough, is storage, and this is accomplished under programs developed and administered by the federal Bureau of Reclamation. The Bureau of Reclamation, all but unknown in the American East, is the patron agency of the American West, dispenser of light, life, and water to thirty million people whose gardens would otherwise be dust. Most of the civil servants in the Bureau are Westerners—from the dry uplands as well as the deserts of the Great Basin. They have lived in the problem they are solving, and they have a deep sense of mission. There are many people in the Bureau of Reclamation—perhaps all nine thousand of them—who hope to see the Colorado River become a series of large pools, one stepped above another, from the Mexican border to the Rocky Mountains, with the headwaters of each succeeding lake lapping against the tailrace of a dam. The river and its tributaries have long since been thoroughly surveyed, and throughout the basin damsites of high quality and potentiality stand ready for river diversion, blast excavation, and concrete. Three of these sites are particularly notable here. One is near the juncture of the Green and the Yampa, close to the Utah-Colorado border. The two others are in northern Arizona—in the Grand Canyon. A fourth site would belong in this special list if it were still just a site, but a dam is actually there, in northernmost Arizona, in Glen Canyon. David Brower believes that the dam in Glen Canyon represents the greatest failure of his life. He cannot think of it without melancholy, for he sincerely believes that its very existence is his fault. He feels that if he had been more aware, if he had more adequately prepared himself for his own kind of mission, the dam would not be there. Its gates closed in 1963, and it began backing up water a hundred and eighty-six miles into Utah. The reservoir is called Lake Powell, and it covers country that Brower himself came to know too late. He made his only trips there—float trips on the river with his children—before the gates were closed but after the dam, which had been virtually unopposed, was under construction. Occasionally, in accompaniment to the talks he gives around the country, Brower shows an elegiac film about Glen Canyon, "the place no one knew." That was the trouble, he explains. No one knew what was there. Glen Canyon was one of the two or three remotest places in the United States—far from the nearest road, a hundred and twenty-five miles from the nearest railhead. The film records that the river canyon and its great trellis of side canyons was a deep and sometimes dark world of beauty, where small streams had cut gorges so profound and narrow that people walking in them were in cool twilight at noon, and where clear plunges of water dropped into pools surrounded with maidenhair fern in vaulted grottoes with names like Cathedral in the Desert, Mystery Canyon, Music Temple, Labyrinth Canyon. With all their blue-and-gold walls and darkly streaked water-drip tapestries, these places are now far below the surface of Lake Powell. "Few people knew about these canyons," Brower says quietly. "No one else will ever know what they were like."

The lost worlds of Utah notwithstanding, if conservationists were



"Gee, Dad, I sure want you to know how much this little talk means to me—you being a Martini man and all that!"

Hot Car from Bavaria.

The amazingly successful new BMW Bavaria.
6 cylinders. 2.8 liters. 130 mph. Under $5,000. Wundercar!

The new BMW Bavaria is taking the country by storm. For very good reasons.

It's fast. Does 130 mph with ease. That's because it's powered by the most advanced 6-cylinder engine ever built.

It's stable. Holds the road with an unshakeable grip, thanks to a suspension that was bred on the world's great racetracks. Lets you move at fantastic speeds. Through incredible conditions. On impossible roads.

There's a little group of mad geniuses in our engineering department who are fighting the last good fight against conformity in auto design. They're responsible for all this.

We defy you to test-drive their masterpiece of a hot car and still keep your cool.

BMW's are available in nine different four or six-cylinder models. Suggested retail prices range from $3,015 to $8,453 P.O.E. New York. U.S. Importer: **Hoffman Motors Corporation,** 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 12541 Beatrice St., Los Angeles, California 90066. Dealers Coast to Coast. Advantageous European Delivery Program. Write for free brochure No. **NY-4.**

BMW
Bavarian Motor Works
in Munich, city of the 1972 Olympics.

to label their heroes in the way the English label their generals, David Brower would be known as Brower of the Colorado, Brower of the Grand Canyon. In the early nineteen-fifties, he fought his first major campaign—in his capacity as the first executive director of the Sierra Club—against the dam that the Bureau of Reclamation was about to build near the juncture of the Green and the Yampa. The reservoir would have backed water over large sections of Dinosaur National Monument. In the view of Brower, the Sierra Club, and conservationists generally, the integrity of the National Park system was at stake. The Dinosaur Battle, as it is called, was a milestone in the conservation movement. It was, to begin with, the greatest conservation struggle in half a century—actually, since the controversies that involved the damming of Hetch Hetchy and led to the debates that resulted in the creation, in 1916, of the National Park Service. The Dinosaur Battle is noted as the first time that all the scattered interests of modern conservation—sportsmen, ecologists, wilderness preservers, park advocates, and so forth—were drawn together in a common cause. Brower, more than anyone else, drew them together, fashioning the coalition, assembling witnesses. With a passing wave at the aesthetic argument, he went after the Bureau of Reclamation with facts and figures. He challenged the word of its engineers and geologists that the damsite was a sound one, he suggested that cliffs would dissolve and there would be a tremendous and cataclysmic dam failure there, and he went after the basic mathematics underlying the Bureau's proposals and uncovered embarrassing errors. All this was accompanied by flanking movements of intense publicity—paid advertisements, a film, a book—envisioning a National Monument of great scenic, scientific, and cultural value being covered with water. The Bureau protested that the conservationists were exaggerating—honing and bending the truth—but the Bureau protested without effect. Conservationists say that the Dinosaur victory was the birth of the modern conservation movement—the turning point at which conservation became something more than contour plowing. There is no dam at the confluence of the Green and the Yampa. Had it not been for David Brower, a dam would be there. A man in the public-relations office of the Bureau of Reclamation one day summed up the telling of the story by saying, “Dave won, hands down.”

There are no victories in conservation, however. Brower feels that he can win nothing. There is no dam at the Green and the Yampa now, but in 2020 there may be. “The Bureau of Reclamation engineers are like beavers,” he says. “They can't stand the sight of running water.” Below the Utah-Arizona border, in Marble Gorge, a part of the Grand Canyon, there is likewise no dam. The story is much the same. The Bureau of Reclamation had the dam built on paper, ready to go. A battle followed, and Brower won, hands down. In the Lower Granite Gorge, another part of the Grand Canyon, there is also no dam, and for the same reason. These Grand Canyon battles were the bitterest battles of all. The Bureau felt that Brower capitalized on literary hyperbole and the mystic name of the canyon. He implied, they said, that the dams were going to fill the Grand Canyon like an enormous bathtub, and that the view from the north rim to the south rim would soon consist of a flat expanse of water. Brower's famous advertising campaigns reached their most notable moment at this time. He placed full-page ads in the New York *Times* and the San Francisco *Chronicle*, among other places, under the huge headline “SHOULD WE ALSO FLOOD THE SISTINE CHAPEL SO TOURISTS CAN GET NEARER THE CEILING?” Telegrams flooded Congress, where the battle was decided. The Bureau cried foul, saying that it was intending to inundate only a fraction of one per cent of what Brower was suggesting. The Internal Revenue Service moved in and took away from the Sierra Club the tax-deductibility of funds contributed to it. Contributions to lobbying organizations are not tax-deductible, and the ads were construed as lobbying. The Sierra Club has never recovered its contributions-deductible status, but within the organization it is felt—by Brower's enemies as well as his friends—that the Grand Canyon was worth it. There are no dams in the Grand Canyon, and in the Bureau of Reclamation it is conceded that there will not be for at least two generations. The defeat of the high dams is frankly credited, within the Bureau, to David Brower. “He licked us.” “He had all the emotions on his side.” “He did it singlehanded.”

Popular assumptions to the contrary, no federal bureau is completely faceless—and, eyeball to eyeball with David Brower, there was a central and predominant figure on the other side of these fights, marshalling his own forces, battling in the rooms of Congress and in the canyon lands of the West for his profound and lifelong belief in the storage of water. This was the Bureau's leader—Floyd E. Dominy, United States Commissioner of Reclamation.

IN the District of Columbia, in the labyrinthine fastnesses of the Department of the Interior, somewhere above Sport Fisheries and Wildlife and beyond the Office of Saline Water, there is a complex of corridors lined with murals of enormous dams. This is Reclamation, and these are its monuments: Flaming Gorge Dam, Hungry Horse Dam, Hoover Dam, Glen Canyon Dam, Friant Dam, Shasta Dam, Vallecito Dam, Grand Coulee Dam. I remember the day that I first saw these murals. In the moist and thermoelectric East, they seemed exotic, but hardly more so than the figure to whom the corridors led, the man in the innermost chamber of the maze. The white Stetson was on a table near the door. Behind a magisterial desk sat the Commissioner, smoking a big cigar. “Dominy,” he said, shaking hands. “Sit down. I'm a public servant. I don't have any secrets from anybody.”

He wore an ordinary Washington suit, but capital pallor was not in his face—a hawk's face, tanned and leathery. He had dark hair and broad shoulders, and he seemed a big man—bigger than his height and weight would indicate—and powerful but not forbidding. “Many people have said of me that I never meet a stranger,” he said. “I like people. I like taxi-drivers and pimps. They have their purpose. I like Dave Brower, but I don't think he's the sanctified conservationist that so many people think he is. I think he's a selfish preservationist, for the few. Dave Brower hates my guts. Why? Because I've *got* guts. I've tangled with Dave Brower for many years.”

On a shelf behind Dominy's desk, in the sort of central and eye-catching position that might be reserved for a shining trophy, was a scale model of a bulldozer. Facing each other from opposite walls were portraits of Richard M. Nixon and Hoover Dam. Nixon's jowls, in this milieu, seemed even more trapeziform than they usually do. They looked as if they, too, could stop a river. Seeing that my attention had been caught by these pictures, Dominy got up, crossed the room, and stood with reverence and devotion before the picture of Hoover Dam. He said, “When we built that, we—Americans—were the only people who had ever tried to put a high dam in a big river.” He said he remembered as if it were his birth-

You'll love the exciting Dutch/Caribbean flavor of Curaçao's Holiday Inn. We've created a totally international resort on this enchanting island. Fact is, our Inn is so much of a resort that it's a Holiday Island in itself.

Our international management staff has brought refreshing ideas to Curaçao. They combine Holiday Inn hospitality with the famous Dutch warmth . . . to assure you a fun-filled Holiday Island vacation.

You'll relax on your own balcony . . . overlooking a lush tropical garden. You'll luxuriate in our huge freshwater pool under our warm, tropical sun. You'll play island sports. And you'll shop in our in-the-inn arcade.

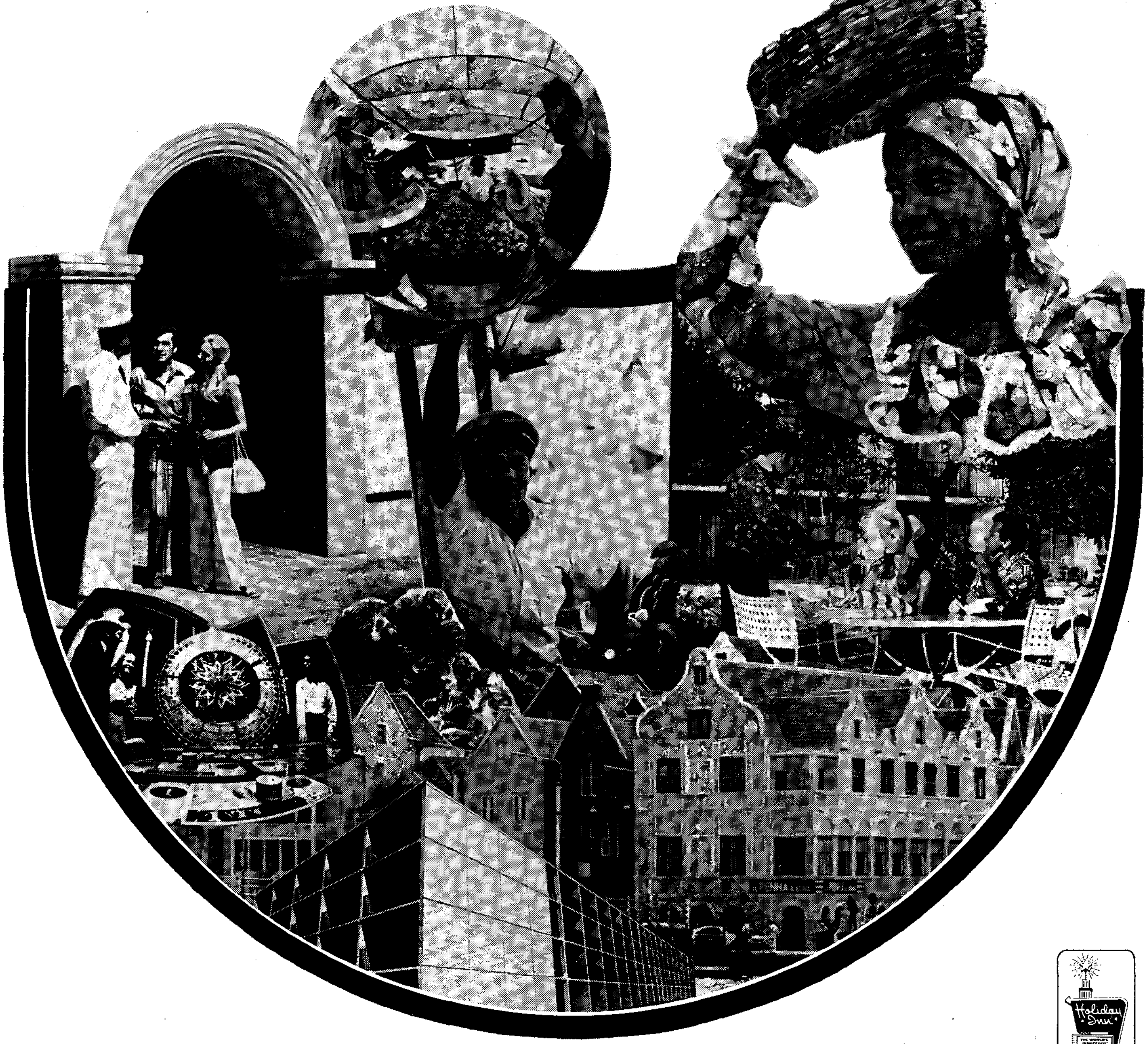
Your island evenings will find you feasting on international and tropical cuisine in elegant surroundings. Or on prime beef in our Kunuku Steak House – the only one in Curaçao. We've even got poolside luau facilities. Later, you'll drop in to our own lively nightclub for an evening of dancing and international entertainment. And for the games people play, there's always our elegant Casino Royale.

All this makes your Holiday Island vacation totally enjoyable in the Dutch tradition. And in the Holiday Inn tradition.

Ask about our Midi-Curacaon Tambu 4 day–3 night holiday for as little as $68.25 per person.*
This is only one of the almost 70 special holiday packages available in the Resort Travel Directory at your travel agent.

For reservations, contact any Holiday Inn, any Holiday Inn reservations office, or your travel agent.

Curaçao. A "Holiday Island" in the Dutch tradition.



*dbl. occ./air fare not included.

Curaçao. A "Holiday Island."

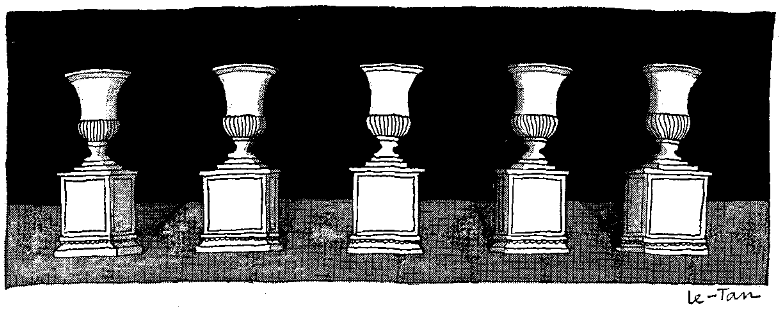
day the exact date when he had first seen—as it was then called—Boulder Dam. He had taken a vacation from Campbell County, Wyoming, and driven, with his wife, into the Southwest, and on January 2, 1937, reached the Arizona-Nevada border and got his first view of the dam as he rounded a curve in the road descending toward the gorge of the Colorado. "There she was," he said, looking at the picture in his office. "The first major river plug in the world. Joseph of Egypt learned to store food against famine. So we in the West had learned to store water." He went on to say that he felt sure that—subconsciously, at least—the outline of his career had been formed at that moment. He had begun by building dams seven feet high, and he would one day build dams seven hundred feet high.

The rancher Fred Oedekoven, on whose place Dominy built his first dam, is nearly eighty years old. A tall man, bent slightly forward, he lives in a peeled-log house on the land he homesteaded when he was twenty. I met him once, when I was in the county, and talked with him in the sitting room of his house. Two pictures hung on the walls. One was of Jesus Christ. The other was the familiar calendar scene of the beautiful lake in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, with the Grand Tetons rising in the background. Jackson Lake, as it is called, was built by the Bureau of Reclamation. "When Dominy come here, he took aholt," Oedekoven said. "I hated to see him go. They wanted him to go to Washington, D.C., to go on this water-facilities program, and I advised him to do it, for the advancement. He really clumb up in life."

Dominy had stayed up there as well, becoming the longest-running commissioner in the Department of the Interior. Appointed by Eisenhower, he adapted so well to the indoor range that he was able to keep his position—always "at the pleasure of the President, without term of office"—through two Democratic Administrations, and now he was, in his words, "carrying the Nixon hod." He winked, sat down on the edge of his desk, and pronounced his absorbing code: "Never once have I made a decision against my will if it was mine to make." He had learned to plant creative ideas in senators' and congressmen's minds ("Based on your record, sir, we assume . . ."), when to be a possum, and when to spring like a panther (" 'You get out of my office,' I said. The average bureaucrat would have been shaking, but I wasn't the least bit scared. No member of Congress is going to make me jump through hoops. I've never lost my cool in government work unless I thought it was to my advantage"). He had given crucial testimony against the proposed Rampart Dam, on the Yukon River, arguing that it was too much for Alaska's foreseeable needs; Rampart Dam would have flooded an area the size of Lake Erie, and Dominy's testimony defeated it. He had argued for federal—as opposed to private—power lines leading away from his big dams, thus irritating the special interests of senators and congressmen from several states. "I have been a controversial bastard for many years," he explained, lighting another cigar. Dominy knew his business, though, and he could run a budget of two hundred and forty-five million dollars as if he were driving a fast bus. He had cut down the Bureau's personnel from seventeen thousand to ten thousand. And he had built his stupendous dams. On the wall of his office there was also a picture of Dominy—a bold sketch depicting his head inside a mighty drop of water. It seemed more than coincidence that in an age of acronyms his very initials were FED.

Dominy switched on a projector and screened the rough cut of a movie he had had prepared as an antidote to the Sierra Club's filmed elegy to the inundated canyons under Lake Powell. Dominy's film was called "Lake Powell, Jewel of the Colorado," and over an aerial shot of its blue fjords reaching into the red desert a narrator said, "Through rock and sand, canyon and cliff, through the towering formations of the sun-drenched desert, the waters of the Colorado River pause on their way to the sea." Water skiers cut wakes across the water.

"Too many people think of environment simply as untrammelled nature," Dominy commented. "Preservation groups claim we destroyed this area because we made it accessible to man. Six hundred thousand people a year use that lake now."



The film showed a Navajo on horseback in a blazing-red silk shirt. "Into his land came Lake Powell, which he has woven into his ancient ways," said the narrator.

"Right," said Dominy. "Now people can fish, swim, water-ski, sunbathe. Can't you imagine going in there with your family for a weekend, getting away from everybody? But Mr. Brower says we destroyed it."

"The canyon lay isolated, remote, and almost unknown to the outside world," said the narrator, "until"—and at that moment a shot of the red walls of Glen Canyon came on the screen, and suddenly there was a great blast and the walls crumbled in nimbuses of dust. Ike had pressed a button. Bulldozers followed, and new roads, and fifty thousand trucks. Cut to dedication of dam, ten years later. "I am proud to dedicate such a significant and beautiful man-made resource," said Lady Bird Johnson. "I am proud that man is here."

Dominy blew smoke into the scene as Lady Bird dissolved. "The need for films of this kind, for public information, is great, because of those who would have all forests and rivers remain pristine," he said. "People ignore facts and play on emotions."

There were more scenes of the blue, still water, lapping at high sandstone cliffs—panoramic vistas of the reservoir. An airplane now appeared over the lake—twin-engine, cargo. "Watch this," Dominy said. "Just watch this." What appeared to be a contrail paid out behind the plane—a long, cloudy sleeve that widened in the air. "Trout!" Dominy said. "Trout! Those are fingerling trout. That's how we put them in the lake."

Montages of shots showed the half-filled lateral canyons—Forgotten Canyon, Cascade Canyon, Reflection Canyon, Mystery Canyon—with people swimming in them, camping beside them, and singing around fires. "In this land, each man must find his own meanings," said the narrator. "Lake Powell, Jewel of the Colorado, offers the opportunity."

"Reclamation is the father of putting water to work for man—irrigation, hydropower, flood control, recreation," Dominy said as he turned on the lights. "Let's *use* our environment. Nature changes the environment every day of our lives—why shouldn't *we* change it? We're part of nature. Just to give you a

This is the Marchant for Central Billing, Banks and Wall Street Back Offices.

If you have a dozen girls doing full time billing, running mortgages through estimates, or keeping up with a changing market, then *this* is the calculator for you.

And for anybody who needs to think in terms of buying a fleet of calculators.

Marchant® model 414 is a small American made display electronic calculator that's quick and quiet.

It features automatic accumulation, 14 digit display and a built-in constant.

Its compact good looks are the result of Super MOS technology, the entire brain of the machine is reduced to 8 tiny chips.

Marchant model 414 (and 412 with 12 digit display) are just two of our 25 different calculators. Each calculator fits a particular set of requirements.

Find out which Marchant is for you. Call your local Marchant man.

His job is to help you. Where it counts.

SCM® **SMITH-CORONA MARCHANT**
DIVISION OF SCM CORPORATION

00024569887301
SCM MARCHANT
COGITO 414
CLEAR
DECIMAL SET
TOTAL
SUB TOTAL
Marchant. The First.

for-instance, we're cloud-seeding the Rockies to increase the snowpack. We've built a tunnel under the Continental Divide to send water toward the Pacific that would have gone to the Atlantic. The challenge to man is to do and save what is good but to permit man to progress in civilization. Hydroelectric power doesn't pollute water and it doesn't pollute air. You don't get any pollution out of my dams. The unregulated Colorado was a son of a bitch. It wasn't any good. It was either in flood or in trickle. In addition to creating economic benefits with our dams, we regulate the river, and we have created the sort of river Dave Brower dreams about. Who are the best conservationists—doers or *preservationists?* I can't talk to preservationists. I can't talk to Brower, because he's so God-damned ridiculous. I can't even reason with the man. I once debated with him in Chicago, and he was shaking with fear. Once, after a hearing on the Hill, I accused him of garbling facts, and he said, 'Anything is fair in love and war.' For Christ's sake. After another hearing one time, I told him he didn't know what he was talking about, and said I wished I could show him, I wished he would come with me to the Grand Canyon someday, and he said, 'Well, save some of it, and maybe I will.' I had a steer out on my farm in the Shenandoah reminded me of Dave Brower. Two years running, we couldn't get him into the truck to go to market. He was an independent bastard that nobody could corral. That son of a bitch got into that truck, busted that chute, and away he went. So I just fattened him up and butchered him right there on the farm. I shot him right in the head and butchered him myself. That's the only way I could get rid of the bastard."

"Commissioner," I said, "if Dave Brower gets into a rubber raft going down the Colorado River, will you get in it, too?"

"Hell, yes," he said. "Hell, yes."

MILE 130. The water is smooth here, and will be smooth for three hundred yards, and then we are going through another rapid. The temperature is a little over ninety, and the air is so dry that the rapid will feel good. Dominy and Brower are drinking beer. They have settled into a kind of routine: once a day they tear each other in half and the rest of the time they are pals.

Dominy is wearing a blue yachting cap with gold braid, and above its visor in gold letters are the words "LAKE POWELL." His skin is rouge brown. His nose is peeling. He wears moccasins, and a frayed cotton shirt in dark, indeterminate tartan, and long trousers secured by half a pound of silver buckle. He has with him a couple of small bags and a big leather briefcase on which is painted the great seal of the Bureau of Reclamation—snow-capped mountains, a reservoir, a dam, and irrigated fields, all within the framing shape of a big drop of water. Dominy has been discoursing on the multiple advantages of hydroelectric power, its immediacy ("When you want it, you just throw a switch") and its innocence of pollution.

"Come on now, Dave, be honest," he said. "From a conservationist's point of view, what is the best source of electric power?"

"Flashlight batteries," Brower said.

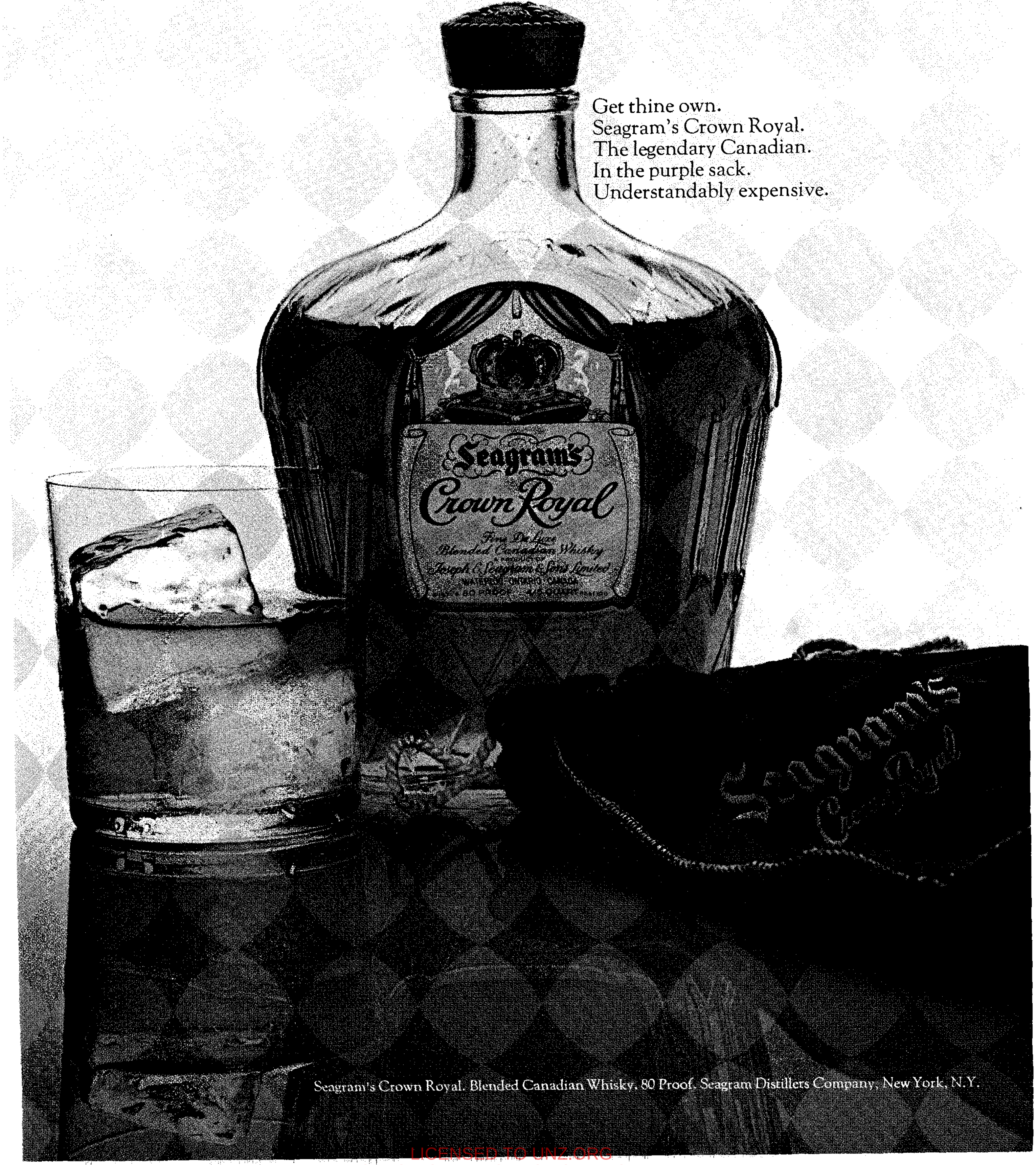
Brower is also wearing an old tartan shirt, basically orange, and faded. He wears shorts and sneakers. The skin of his legs and face is bright red. Working indoors and all but around the clock, he has been too long away from the sun. He protects his head with a handkerchief knotted at the corners and soaked in the river, but his King Lear billowing white hair is probably protection enough. He travels light. A miniature duffelbag, eight inches in diameter and a foot long—standard gear for the river—contains all that he has with him, most notably his Sierra Club cup, without which he would be incomplete.

Dominy and Brower are both showing off a little. These organized expeditions carry about a dozen people per raft, and by now the others are thoroughly aware of the biases of the conservationist and the Commissioner. The people are mainly from Arizona and Nevada—schoolteachers, a few students, others from the U.S. Public Health Service. On the whole, I would say that Dominy so far has the edge with them. Brower is shy and quiet. Dominy is full of Irish pub chatter and has a grin as wide as the river.

Cans of beer are known as sandwiches in this red, dry, wilderness world. No one questions this, or asks the reason. They just call out "Sandwich, please!" and a can of Coors comes flying through the air. They catch the beer and drink it, and they put the aluminum tongues inside the cans. I threw a tongue in the river and was booed by everyone. No detritus whatever is left in the canyon. Used cans, bottles—all such things—are put in sacks and go with the raft all the way. The beer hangs in the water in a burlap bag from the rear of the raft, with Cokes and Frescas. The bag is hauled onto the raft before a heavy rapid but rides through the lighter ones.

The raft consists of, among other things, two neoprene bananas ten yards long. These pontoons, lashed to a central rubber barge, give the over-all rig both lateral and longitudinal flexibility. The river sometimes leaps straight up through the raft, but that is a mark of stability rather than imminent disaster. The raft is informal and

Stop loving thy neighbor's.


Seagram's
Crown Royal
Fine De Luxe
Blended Canadian Whisky
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Limited
Waterloo, Ontario, Canada
80 Proof
Seagram's
Crown Royal

Get thine own.
Seagram's Crown Royal.
The legendary Canadian.
In the purple sack.
Understandably expensive.

Seagram's Crown Royal. Blended Canadian Whisky. 80 Proof. Seagram Distillers Company, New York, N.Y.

Holland, 800 years ago.

A flat, quiet land. Vast pastures, grass grown rich in the black-brown earth reclaimed from the sea.

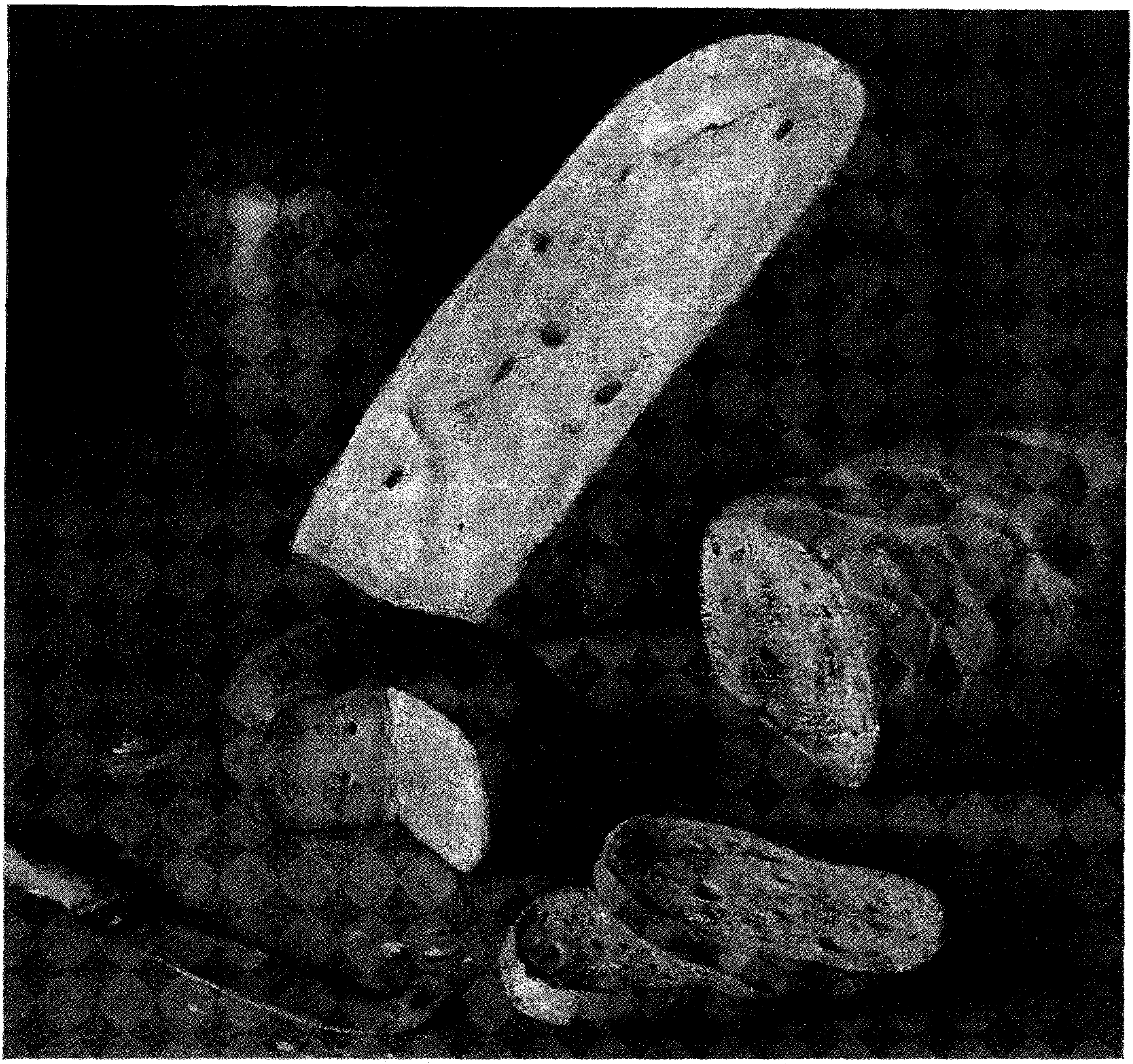
People here and there. But mostly cows, fat black-and-white Friesians, milk cattle. Grazing, sleeping, little more.

Their milk, in deep tubs, quickly forms curds. Curds pressed round in wooden molds, then taken out and set on shelves. To age. To become cheese.

Months later, the cheese, rubbed with oil and colored cloths. Glistening, bright with trademark coat of red or yellow, off they go to market.

Holland, today.

Edam and Gouda cheese. Made with that same rich milk, from the same dark-earth fodder, with the same Dutch care. Because there is no other way.



"Holland Edam, Gouda, and Baby Gouda" by Burton Silverman

HOLLAND
IMPORTED CHEESE

extremely plastic. Its lack of rigidity makes it safe.

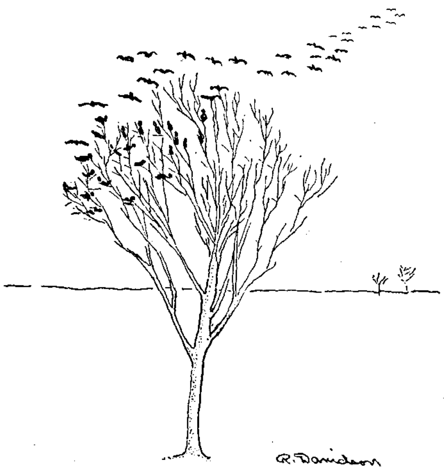
This is isolation wilderness: two or three trails in two hundred miles, otherwise no way out but down the river with the raft. Having seen the canyon from this perspective, I would not much want to experience it another way. Once in a rare while, we glimpse the rims. They are a mile above us and, in places, twelve miles apart. All the flat shelves of color beneath them return the eye by steps to the earliest beginnings of the world—from the high white limestones and maroon Hermit Shales of Permian time to the red sandstones that formed when the first reptiles lived and the vermillion cliffs that stood contemporary with the earliest trees. This Redwall Limestone, five hundred feet thick, is so vulnerable to the infiltrations of groundwater that it has been shaped, in the seas of air between the canyon rims, into red towers and red buttes, pillars, caverns, arches, and caves. The groundwater runs for hundreds of miles between the layers of that apparently bone-dry desert rock and bursts out into the canyon in stepped cascades or ribbon falls. We are looking at such a waterfall right now, veiling away from the Redwall, high above us. There is green limestone behind the waterfall, and pink limestone that was pressed into being by the crushing weight of the ocean at the exact time the ocean itself was first giving up life—amphibious life—to dry land. Beneath the pink and green limestones are green-gray shales and dark-brown sandstones—Bright Angel Shale, Tapeats Sandstone—that formed under the fathoms that held the first general abundance of marine life. Tapeats Sea was the sea that compressed the rock that was cut by the river to create the canyon. The Tapeats Sandstone is the earliest rock from the Paleozoic Era, and beneath it the mind is drawn back to the center of things, the center of the canyon, the cutting plane, the Colorado. Flanked by its Bass Limestones, its Hotauta Conglomerates, its Vishnu Schists and Zoroaster Granites, it races in white water through a pre-Cambrian here and now. The river has worked its way down into the stillness of original time.

Brower braces his legs and grips one of the safety ropes that run along the pontoons. He says, "How good it is to hear a living river! You can almost hear it cutting."

Dominy pulls his Lake Powell hat down firmly around his ears. He has heard this sort of thing before. Brower is suggesting that the Colorado is even now making an ever deeper and grander Grand Canyon, and what sacrilege it would be to dam the river and stop that hallowed process. Dominy says, "I think most people agree, Dave, that it wasn't a river of this magnitude that cut the Grand Canyon."

Brower is too interested in the coming rapid to respond. In this corridor of calm, we can hear the rapid ahead. Rapids and waterfalls ordinarily take shape when rivers cut against resistant rock and then come to a kind of rock that gives way more easily. This is not the case in the Grand Canyon, where rapids occur beside the mouths of tributary creeks. Although these little streams may be dry much of the year, they are so steep that when they run they are able to fling considerable debris into the Colorado—sand, gravel, stones, rocks, boulders. The debris forms dams, and water rises upstream. The river is unusually quiet there—a lakelike quiet—and then it flows over the debris, falling suddenly, pounding and crashing through the boulders. These are the rapids of the Grand Canyon, and there are a hundred and sixty-one of them. Some have appeared quite suddenly. In 1966, an extraordinarily heavy rain fell in a small area of the north rim, and a flash flood went down Crystal Creek, dumping hundreds of tons of rock into the river at Mile 99. This instantly created the Crystal Rapids, one of the major drops in the Colorado. In rare instances—such as the rapid we are now approaching—the river has exposed resistant pre-Cambrian rock that contributes something to the precipitousness of the flow of white water. The roar is quite close now. The standing waves look like blocks of cement. Dominy emits a cowboy's yell. My notes go into a rubber bag that is tied with a string. This is the Bedrock Rapid.

We went through it with a slow dive and climb and a lot of splattering water. We undulated. The raft assumed the form of the rapid. We got very wet. And now, five minutes later, we are as dry and warm as if we were wearing fresh clothes straight out of a dryer. And we are drinking sandwiches.



We have a map that is seven inches high and fifty feet long. It is rolled in a scroll and is a meticulously hand-done contemporary and historical portrait of the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon. River miles are measured from the point, just south of the Utah line, where the Paria River flows into the Colorado—the place geologists regard as the beginning of the Grand Canyon. As the map rolls by, it records who died where. "Peter Hansbrough, one of two men drowned, Mile 24, Tanner Wash Rapids, 1889. . . . Bert Loper upset, not seen again, Mile 24, 1949. . . . Scout found and buried in talus, Mile 43, 1951. . . . Roemer drowned in Mile 89, 1948." The first known run of the river was in 1869, and the second shortly thereafter—both the expeditions of Major John Wesley Powell—and even by 1946 only about a hundred people had ever been through the canyon by river. With the introduction of neoprene rafts—surplus from the Second World War—the figure expanded. Five hundred a year were going through by the middle nineteen-sixties, and the number is now in the low thousands.

"As long as people keep on taking out everything that they bring in, they're not going to hurt the Grand Canyon," Brower says. "Rule No. 1 is 'Leave nothing—not even a dam.' "

Dominy does not hear that. He is busy telling a pretty young gym teacher from Phoenix that he played sixty minutes a game as captain of the ice-hockey team at the University of Wyoming. "I liked the speed. I liked the body contact. I developed shots the defense couldn't fathom."

Dominy is in his sixtieth year and is planning an early retirement, but he looks fifty, and it is not at all difficult to imagine him on a solo dash down the ice, slamming the Denver Maroons into pulp against the boards and breaking free to slap the winning shot into the nets. He once did exactly that. He has the guts he says he has, and I think he is proving it now, here on the Colorado. He may be an athlete, but he can't swim. He can't swim one stroke. He couldn't swim across a goldfish pond. And at this moment it is time for us to put things away and pull ourselves together, because although we are scarcely dry from the Bedrock Rapid, the crescendoing noise we hear is Deubendorff, an officially designated "heavy rapid," one of the thirteen roughest in the canyon. Brower goes quiet before a rapid, and he is silent now. He says he is not much of a swimmer, either. We all have life vests on, but they feel as if they would be about as effective against these rapids as they would be against bullets. That is not true, though. Once in a great while, these rafts turn over, and when they do the people all end up bobbing in the calmer water at the foot of the rapid like a hatful of spilled corks. Riding a rigid boat, Seymour Deubendorff was claimed by this rapid on the Galloway-Stone expedition, in 1909. This we learn from our map. Looking ahead, we see two steep grooves, a hundred and fifty yards apart, that have been cut into the south wall of the river gorge. They are called Galloway Canyon and Stone Canyon, and the streams in them are not running now, but each has thrown enough debris into the river to make a major rapid, and together they have produced Deubendorff. Directly in front of us, a mile ahead and high against the sky, is a broad and beautiful Redwall mesa. The river disappears around a corner to the left of it. Meanwhile, the big, uncompromising mesa seems to suggest a full and absolute stop, as if we were about to crash into it in flight, for spread below it in the immediate foreground is a prairie of white water.

There is a sense of acceleration in the last fifty yards. The water is like glass right up to where the tumult begins. Everything is lashed down. People even take hats and handkerchiefs off their heads and tie them to the raft. Everyone has both hands on safety ropes—everyone but Dominy. He giggles. He gives a rodeo yell. With ten smooth yards remaining, he lights a cigar.

There is something quite deceptive in the sense of acceleration that comes just before a rapid. The word "rapid" itself is, in a way, a misnomer. It refers only to the speed of the white water relative to the speed of the smooth water that leads into and away from the rapid. The white water is faster, but it is hardly "rapid." The Colorado, smooth, flows about seven miles per hour, and, white, it goes perhaps fifteen or, at its whitest and wildest, twenty miles per hour—not very rapid by the standards of the twentieth century. Force of suggestion creates a false expectation. The mere appearance of the river going over those boulders—the smoky spray, the scissoring waves—is enough to imply a rush to fatality, and this endorses the word used to describe it. You feel as if you were about to be sucked into some sort of invisible pneumatic tube and shot like a bullet into the dim beyond. But the white water, though faster than the rest of the river, is categorically slow. Running the rapids in the Colorado is a series of brief experiences, because the rapids themselves are short. In them, with the raft folding and bending—sudden hills of water filling the immediate skyline—things happen in slow motion. The projector of your own existence slows way down, and you dive as in a dream, and gradually rise, and fall again. The raft shudders across the ridgelines of water cordilleras to crash softly into the valleys beyond. Space and time in there are something other than they are out here. Tents of water form overhead, to break apart in rags. Elapsed stopwatch time has no meaning at all.

Dominy emerged from Deubendorff the hero of the expedition to date. Deubendorff, with two creeks spitting boulders into it, is a long rapid for a Grand Canyon rapid—about three hundred yards. From top to bottom, through it all, Dominy kept his cigar aglow. This feat was something like, say, a bumblebee's flying through a field of waving wheat at shock level and never once being touched. Dominy's shirt was soaked. His trousers were soaked. But all the way down the rapid the red glow of that cigar picked its way through the flying water from pocket to pocket of air. Actually, he was lucky, and he knew it. "Lucky Dominy," he said when we moved into quiet water. "That's why they call me Lucky Dominy." The whole raftload of people gave him an organized cheer. And he veiled his face in fresh smoke.

We have now moved under and by the big mesa. Brower watched it silently for a long time, and then softly, almost to himself, he quoted Edith Warner: " 'This is a day when life and the world seem to be standing still—only time and the river flowing past the mesas.' "

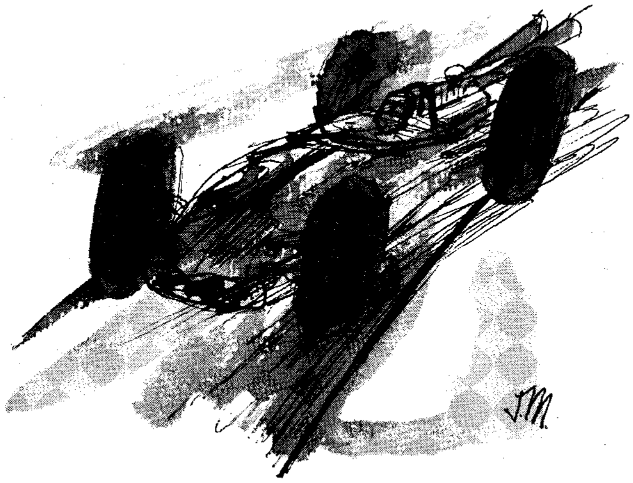
Wild burros stand on a ledge and look at us from above, right. All burros are on the right, all bighorns on the left. Who knows why? We have entered the beauty of afternoon light. It sharpens the colors and polishes the air.

Brower says, "Notice that light up the line now, Floyd. Look how nice it is on the barrel cactus."

"Gorgeous," says Dominy.

The river is in shadow, and we have stopped for the night where a waterfall arcs out from a sandstone cliff. This is Deer Creek Falls, and it is so high that its shafts of plunging water are wrapped in mist where they strike a deep pool near the edge of the river. The campsite is on the opposite bank. Brower has half filled his Sierra Club cup with water and is using it as a level with which to gauge the height of the falls. His measuring rod is his own height at eye level. Sighting across the cup, he has painstakingly climbed a talus slope behind us, adding numbers as he climbed, and he is now a small figure among the talus boulders at the level of the lip of the waterfall across the river. He calls down that the waterfall is a hundred and sixty feet high. With the raft as a ferry, we crossed the river an hour or so ago and stood in the cool mist where the waterfall whips the air into wind. We went on to climb to the top of the fall and to walk above the stream through the gorge of Deer Creek. The creek had cut a deep, crenellated groove in the sandstone, and for several hundred yards, within this groove, we moved along a serpentine ledge high above the water, which made a great deal of sound below, within the narrow walls of the cut. Brower walked along the ledge—it was sometimes only a foot wide—as if he were hurrying along a sidewalk. At the beginning, the ledge was perhaps fifty feet above the foaming creek, and gradually, up the gorge, the ledge and the creek bed came closer together. Brower just strode along, oblivious of the giddy height. In that strange world between walls of rock, a butterfly flickered by, and he watched it with interest while his feet moved surely forward, never slowing. "Viceroy," he said.

I am afraid of places like



FOR EVERY VOLKSWAGEN SOLD IN ITALY, 8 FIATS ARE SOLD IN GERMANY.

FOR EVERY RENAULT SOLD IN ITALY, 3 FIATS ARE SOLD IN FRANCE.

FOR EVERY VOLVO SOLD IN ITALY, 9 FIATS ARE SOLD IN SWEDEN.

Of the fifty different kinds of small cars sold in Europe, Fiat sells more than anybody.

This becomes even more meaningful when you consider that their choice is based on three generations of driving these various cars.

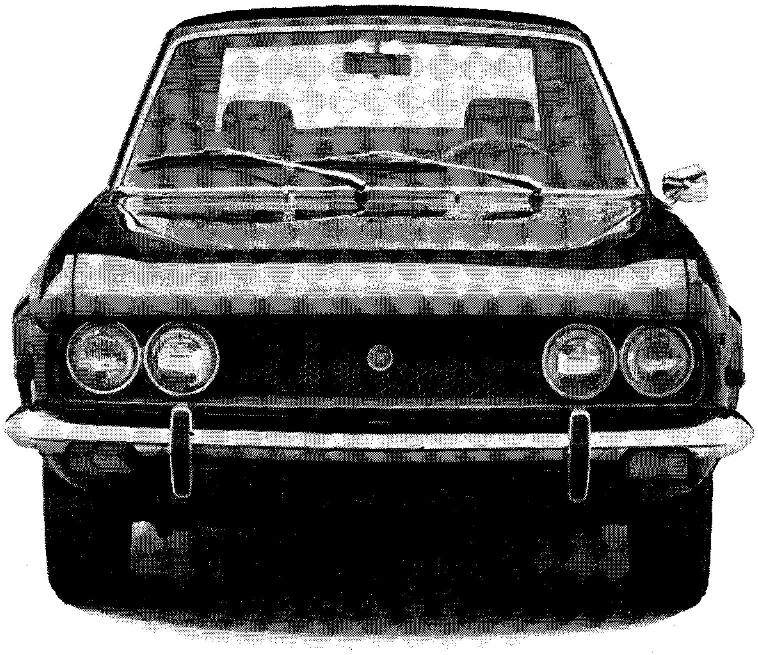
And driving them under conditions that run all the way from the sub-zero winters of Sweden to the Alpine roads of northern Italy to the traffic jams of Paris to the no speed limit, free-for-all driving of the German autobahn.

For those of you who are about to buy your first small car, the above information should prove invaluable.

After all, when it comes to small cars, you can't fool a European.

FIAT

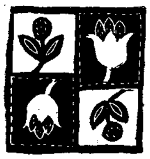
The biggest selling car in Europe.



Ask the golf course superintendents at Makaha, Greenbrier, and Firestone, which reel mower they use.

JACOBSEN®
A member Company of Allegheny Ludlum Industries

that, and my legs were so frozen that I couldn't feel the ledge underfoot. I suggested that we stop and wait for Dominy, who had started later and had said he would catch up. This would obviously provide a good rest, because where Dominy comes from the narrowest ledge is at least three hundred miles wide, and I thought if he was still coming along this one he was probably on his hands and knees. Just then, he came walking around a shoulder of the rock face, balanced above the gorge, whistling. We moved on. Where the ledge met the creek bed, the walls of the gorge widened out and the creek flowed in clear, cascading pools among cactus flowers and mariposa lilies under stands of cottonwood. A scene like that in a context of unending dry red rock is unbelievable, a palpable mirage. Brower walked in the stream and, after a while, stopped to absorb his surroundings. Dominy, some yards behind, had an enamelled cup with him, and he dipped it into the stream. Lifting it to his lips, he said, "Now I'll have a drink of water that has washed Dave Brower's feet."



The water was cold and very clear. Brower scooped some for himself, in his Sierra Club cup. "Any kind of water in country like this is good, but especially when man isn't hogging it for his own use," he said.

Watercress grew around the plunge pools of the short cascades—watercress, growing in cool water, surrounded by thousands of square miles of baking desert rock. Brower took a small bunch in his hand. Bugs were crawling all over it, and he carefully selected leaves and ate them, leaving the bugs behind. "I don't mind sharing my cress with them," he said. "I hope they don't mind sharing it with me."

Brower's snack appealed to Dominy. He waded into the same pool, picked two handfuls of cress, and ate them happily, bugs and all. "Paradise," he said, looking around. "Paradise."

Half obscured in the stream under a bed of cress was the distinctive shimmer of a Budweiser can. Brower picked it up, poured the water out of it, and put it in his pocket.

"When people come in, you can't win," Dominy said, and Brower looked at him with both approval and perplexity.

Inside Dominy's big leather briefcase is a bottle of Jim Beam, and now, at the campsite, in the twilight, with the sun far gone over the rimrocks, we are going to have our quotidian ration—and Dominy is a generous man. After dinner, if patterns hold, he and Brower will square off for battle, but they are at this moment united in anticipation of the bourbon. Big steaks are ready for broiling over the coals of a driftwood fire. There is calm in the canyon. The Commissioner steps to the river's edge and dips a half cup of water, over which he pours his whiskey. "I'm the nation's waterboy," he says. "I need water with my bourbon."

Over the drinks, he tells us that he once taught a German shepherd to climb a ladder. We believe him. He further reminisces about early camping trips with his wife, Alice. They were in their teens when they married. He was state Master Counsellor for the Order of DeMolay, and she was the Queen of Job's Daughters. They had married secretly, and she went with him to the University of Wyoming. "We lived on beans and love," he said. "Our recreation was camping. We went up into the Snowy Range and into the Laramie Peak country, where there was nothing but rattlesnakes, ticks, and us. We used to haul wood down from the mountains to burn for heat in the winter."

Jerry Sanderson, the river guide who has organized this expedition, calls out that dinner is ready. He has cooked an entire sirloin steak for each person. We eat from large plastic trays—the property of Sanderson. Brower regularly ignores the stack of trays, and now, when his turn comes, he steps forward to receive his food in his Sierra Club cup. Sanderson, a lean, trim, weathered man, handsome and steady, has seen a lot on this river. And now a man with wild white hair and pink legs is holding out a four-inch cup to receive a three-pound steak. Very well. There is no rapid that can make Sanderson's eyes bat, so why should this? He drapes the steak over the cup. The steak covers the cup like a sun hat. Brower begins to hack at the edges with a knife. Brower in wilderness eats from nothing but his Sierra Club cup.

10 P.M. The moon has moved out in brilliance over the canyon rim. Brower and Dominy are asleep. Dominy snores. Just before he began to snore, he looked at the moon and said, "What's the point of going there? If it were made of gold, we couldn't afford to go get it. Twenty-three billion dollars for landings on the moon. I can't justify or understand that. One, yes. Half a dozen, no. Every time they light a roman candle at Cape Canaveral, they knock four hundred million off other projects, like water storage."

Tonight's fight was about siltation. When Brower finished his steak, he

An audio engineer talks about the new VM professionals.

Murray Allen owns one of the world's keenest ears. He played sax and clarinet with big name bands like Skitch Henderson's and Bobby Sherwood's before becoming an engineer. And has done sessions for Bobby Melton, The Hi-Lo's, Julie London and many other famous names. Murray was one of the first to experiment in multi-track recording and recently pioneered in the use of 16-track. He is now with Universal Recording Studios where he engineers records and commercials, including the Schlitz and United Air Lines television campaigns which are currently on the air. He was also Audio Consultant to Science Research Associates.

"The VM professionals are really worthy of the name. I've never seen so much professional control in home-type equipment.

"The VM 1521 receiver, for example, does a lot of things even more expensive units I've played with can't.

"The bass and treble controls really give you a lot of room. And it's got a high and low filter you can switch in and out. The separation is terrific, too.

"I mean you can take something like a bass and clarinet duo and completely isolate the bass on one channel, then completely isolate the clarinet on the other.

"Another thing, I live in an area where FM is very RFy. The VM 1521 has a new filter that handles it better than anything I've heard.

"The speakers are something else, too. Good things like air suspension woofer and infinite baffle enclosure. And the variables balanced out with a computer. Really clean sound. Especially the percussions. Even the transients don't get distorted. It even gets those low guitar sounds.

"And I really like the VM 1555 automatic turntable. The cueing. The belt-driven platter. The extra length on the tone arm. The photo-electric tripping mechanism. All of them are terrific.

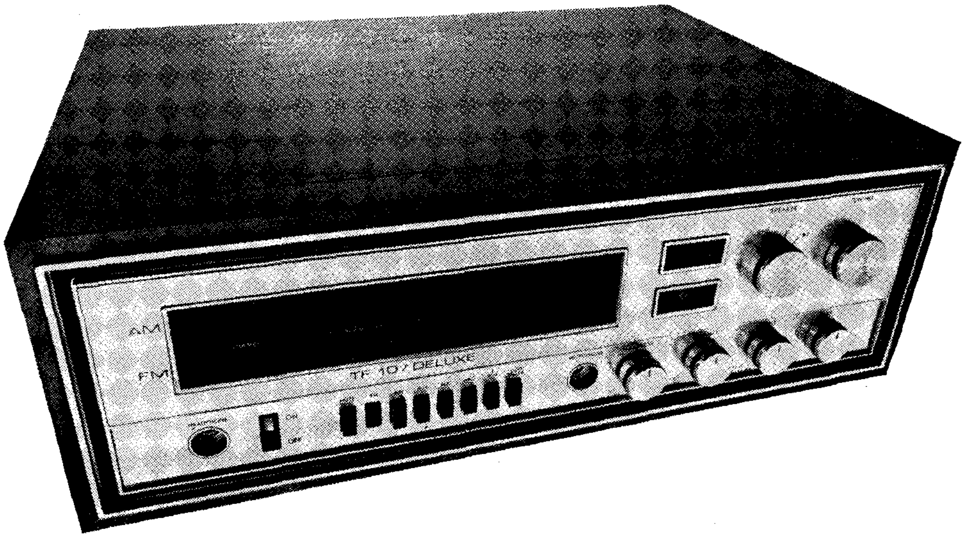
"And the spindle gently lowers records all the way down to the stopped platter. Really takes good care of them.

"You know how hard it is to reproduce a clean piano or harp. Well, the 1555 does a beautiful job. Absolutely no wow.

"I listened to an album I engineered on a VM professional rig, and I can honestly say it was closer to the master tape than I'd ever heard. I could even hear tape noise which is really rare.

"I've decided to take my VM professional outfit to my office. Every day I deal with people who really know a good sound when they hear it.

"And it always pays to make a good impression."

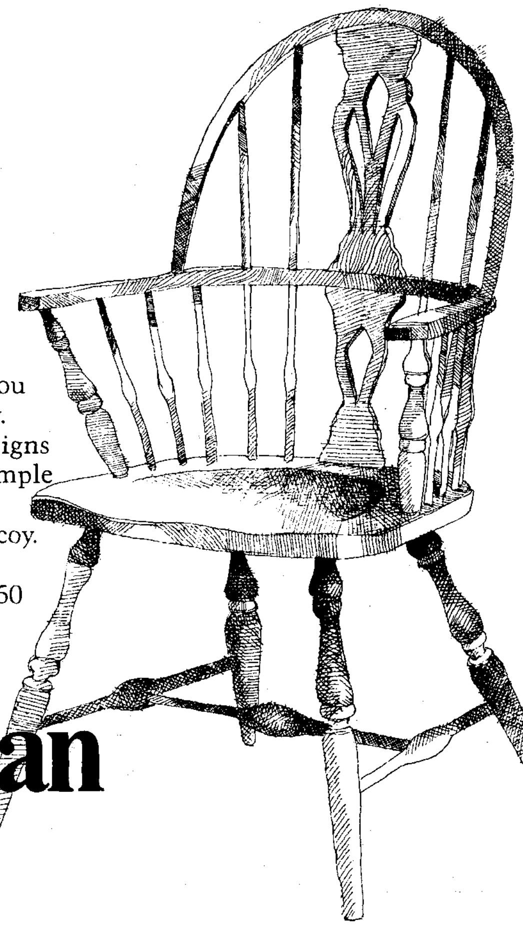


The VM PROFESSIONAL 1521 Semiconductor complement: *49* transistors, *30* diodes, *3* ICs, *2* MOSFETs • FM circuit: four ganged front end with 2 dual gate MOSFETs for lower cross modulation, greater sensitivity and overload; two 5 pole phase linear toroidal filters and 2 ICs for selectivity, sensitivity and limiting that surpasses all previous standards in this price range • AMPLIFIER: Power output/bandwidth: *40* watts RMS/channel power at less than *0.5%* distortion; bandwidth *9-30* KHz • IM distortion: less than *0.5%* • Frequency response: ± *1* db *20* Hz–*20* KHz • TUNER: Sensitivity: *1.9* uv for *30* db quieting • Signal to noise ratio: –*75* db • Capture ratio: *1.8* db • Selectivity: –*75* db • SM *100%* MOD distortion: less than *0.5%* • Stereo separation: *40* db at *1* Hz • Image rejection: –*90* db • IF rejection: –*100* db • Spurious response rejection: –*100* db • Comes complete with cabinet of oiled walnut veneer hardwood at no extra cost. (Model *1520* same as above except 25 watts RMS/channel power.)

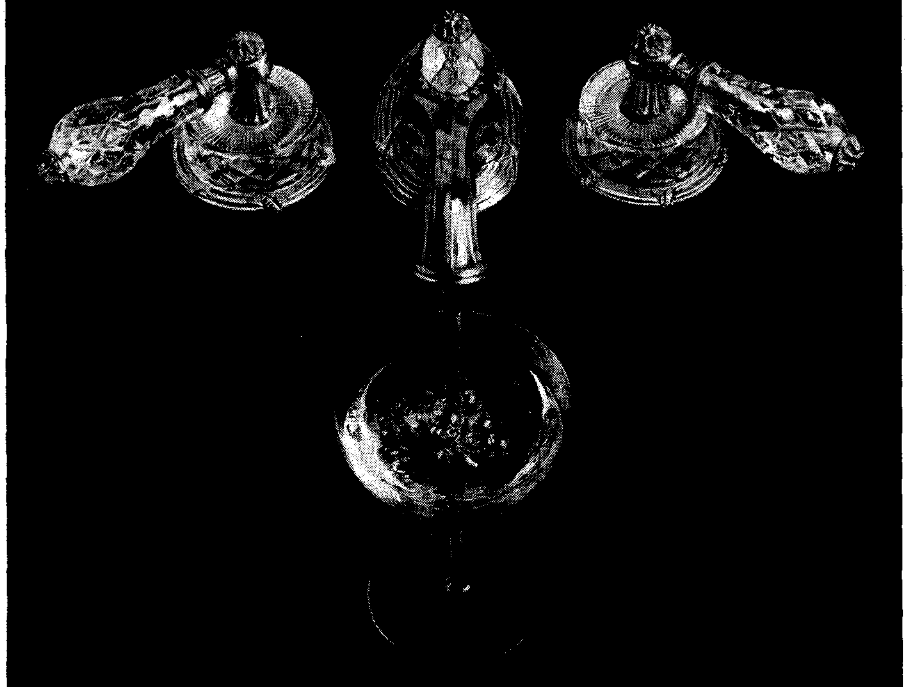
For all the facts and figures on the complete VM Professional Series write:

VM CORPORATION

Dept. 74, P.O. Box 1247, Benton Harbor, Michigan 49022 or call direct, Area Code 616-925-8841. (Ask for Dept. 74.)



Oak.
Solid-looking.
And honest. The way you want it...the Cushman way. Cushman's Stone House designs are classic. As strong and simple and straight-forward as oak itself. No put-ons. Nothing coy. Beautiful...naturally. Our portfolio of designs, just $1.50 to Cushman Furniture,
Dept. NYC471,
205 Lexington Avenue,
New York, N.Y.
Cushman &you



makes water flow like champagne
125 East 57th St., New York, Sherle Wagner New York 10022. Plaza 8-3300
For illustrated catalogue send $1.00 to Dept. ANY

looked across the river at the flying plume of Deer Creek Falls and announced to all in earshot that Commissioner Dominy wished to fill that scene with mud, covering the riverbed and the banks where we sat, and filling the inner gorge of the Colorado right up to within fifty feet of the top of the waterfall.

"That's God-damned nonsense," Dominy said.

Brower explained quietly that rivers carry silt, and that silt has to go somewhere if men build dams. Silt first drops and settles where the river flows into still water at the heads of reservoirs, he said. Gradually, it not only fills the reservoir but also accumulates upstream from the headwaters, and that might one day be the story here at Deer Creek Falls, for Dominy wanted to create a reservoir that would begin only seven miles downstream from our campsite.

"They said Hoover Dam was going to silt up Lake Mead in thirty years," Dominy said. "For thirty years, Lake Mead caught all the God-damned silt in the Colorado River, and Hoover has not been impaired."

"No, but when Mead is low there are forty miles of silt flats at its upper end, and they're getting bigger."

"Not appreciably. Not with Lake Powell three hundred miles upstream."

"Yes, Lake Powell will fill up first."

"When? Tell me *when*?" Dominy was now shouting.

"In a hundred to two hundred years," Brower said quietly.

"That's crap! The figures you work with aren't reliable."

"They come from reliable people."

"Nonsense."

"Oh."

The Colorado, Brower reminded us, used to be known as Old Red. This was because the river was full of red mud. It would never have been possible for Dominy to dip his cup in it in order to get water to go with his bourbon unless he wished to drink mud as well. On arriving at a campsite, rivermen used to fill their boats with water, so that the mud would settle to the bottom of the boats and they would have water for drinking and cooking. Except after flash floods, the Colorado in the Grand Canyon is now green and almost clear, because Lake Powell is catching the silt, and Glen Canyon Dam—fifteen miles upstream from the beginning of the Grand Canyon—is releasing clean water. "Emotionally, people are able to look only two generations back and two generations forward," Brower said. "We need to see farther than that. It is absolutely inevitable, for example, that Lake Powell and Lake Mead will someday be completely filled with silt."

"Nonsense, nonsense, complete nonsense. First of all, we will build silt-detention dams in the tributaries—in the Paria, in the Little Colorado. And, if necessary, we will build more."

"Someday the reservoirs have to fill up, Floyd."

"I wouldn't admit that. I wouldn't admit one inch!"

"Someday."

"*Some*day! Yes, in geologic time, maybe. Lake Powell *will* fill up with silt. I don't know how many thousands of years from now. By then, people will have figured out alternative sources of water and power. That's what I say when you start talking about the geologic ages."

Brower then began to deliver a brief lecture on the phenomenon of aggradation—the term for the final insult that follows when a reservoir is full of silt. Aggradation is what happens to the silt that keeps on coming down the river. The silt piles up and, in a kind of reverse ooze, reaches back upstream many miles, following an inclined plane that rises about eighteen inches per mile—a figure reckoned from the site of the now mud-packed and obsolete dam.

Brower was scarcely halfway through sketching that picture when Dominy ended his contributions with a monosyllabic remark, walked away, put on his pajamas, delivered to the unlistening moon his attack on the space program, and, forgetting Brower and all the silt of years to come, fell asleep. He sleeps on his back, his feet apart, under the mesas.

5 A.M. The sky is light. The air temperature is eighty degrees. Brower sleeps on his side, his knees drawn up.

7 A.M. Eighty-eight degrees. We will soon be on the river. Dominy is brushing his teeth in the green Colorado. Sam Beach, a big, bearded man from White Plains, New York, just walked up to Dominy and said, "I see God has given us good water here this morning."

"Thank you," Dominy said.

And Brower said to Beach, "I imagine that's the first time you ever heard Him speak."

And Beach said, "God giveth, and God taketh away."

WHAT seemed unimaginable beside the river in the canyon was that all that wild water had been processed, like pork slurry in a hot-dog plant, upstream in the lightless penstocks of a big dam. Perspective is

Aquascutum
OF LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

The English don't wait for the rain.

Rain or shine choose from Aquascutum's new Spring collection. Some in showerproofed cottons. Some in lightweight Spring cloths. But all beautiful, with the perfect cut and styling only Aquascutum give. Shown here – Tilford, in permanently proofed canvas. About $105.

At Aquascutum, 100 Regent Street, London and clever stores throughout the States. For the name of your nearest, write or 'phone

AQUASCUTUM, 2 East 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-9570.

where you find it, though, and with this in mind Dominy had taken Brower and me, some days earlier, down into the interior of his indisputable masterpiece, the ten-million-ton plug in Glen Canyon. We had seen it first from the air and then from the rim of Glen Canyon, and the dam had appeared from on high to be frail and surprisingly small, a gracefully curving wafer wedged flippantly into the river gorge, with a boulevard of blue water on one side of it and a trail of green river on the other. No national frontier that I can think of separates two worlds more dissimilar than the reservoir and the river. This frontier has a kind of *douane* as well, administered by men who work in a perfectly circular room deep inside the dam. They wear slim ties and white short-sleeved shirts. They make notes on clipboards. They sit at desks, and all around them, emplaced in the walls of the room, are gauges and dials, and more gauges and dials. To get to this control room, we rode about five hundred feet down into the dam in an elevator, and as we descended Dominy said, "People talk about environment. We're doing something about it." His eyes gleamed with humor. He led us down a long passageway and through a steel door. The men inside stood up. From the devotional look in their eyes, one might have thought that Bull Halsey had just walked into the engine room of the battleship New Jersey on the night after the Battle of the Philippine Sea. This was, after all, the man they called the Kmish. Throughout Reclamation, Dominy was known as the Kmish. Standing there, he introduced each man by name. He asked the elevation of Lake Powell.

"Three thousand five hundred and seventy-seven point two zero feet, sir."

Dominy nodded. He was pleased. When the level of the surface is lowered, a distinct band, known to conservationists as "the bathtub ring," appears along the cliff faces that hold the reservoir. Three thousand five hundred and seventy-seven point two zero would eliminate that, and a good thing, too, for on this day—one hundred years to the sunrise since the day Major Powell reached Glen Canyon on his first expedition—Lake Powell was to be dedicated.

"What are we releasing?" Dominy asked.

"Four thousand three hundred and fifty-six point zero cubic feet per second, sir."

"That's about normal," Dominy said. "Just a little low."

At their consoles, turning knobs, flicking switches, the men in the control room continually create the river below the dam. At that moment, they were releasing something like fourteen hundred tons of water every ten seconds—or, in their terminology, one acre-foot.

"We have eight generating units," Dominy went on. "When we want to make peaking power, we turn them up full and send a wall of water downstream. The rubber rafts operate with licenses, and the guides know the schedule of releases."

Dominy then took us all the way down—down in another elevator, down concrete and spiral stairways, along ever-deeper passageways and down more stairways—until we were under the original bed of the Colorado and at the absolute bottom of the dam, seven hundred and ten feet below the crest. "I don't want Dave Brower to be able to say he didn't see everything," Dominy said—and I could not help admiring him for it, because the milieu he had taken us into could easily be misunderstood. Water was everywhere. Water poured down the spiral staircases. It streamed through the passageways. It fell from the ceilings. It ran from the walls. In some places, sheets of polyethylene had been taped to the concrete. At the bottom, Glen Canyon Dam is three hundred feet thick, but nearly two hundred miles of reservoir was pressing against it, and it had cracked. The Colorado was pouring through. "We may have to get some Dutch boys in here with their thumbs," Dominy said. "The dam is still curing. It hasn't matured yet. So we aren't doing much of anything about this now. We will soon. We have a reinjectionable grouting system; it's an idea I picked up in Switzerland. The crack water is declining anyway. The crack may be sealing itself. It's not serious. You just cannot completely stop the Colorado River."

Brower seemed unable to decide whether he should be shocked by the crack in the dam or impressed by the unvanquishable river. Stalactites had formed on the ceilings of the passageways. I reached up and broke one off. "Don't let Dave Brower see you do that," Dominy said. "You're interrupting nature." Obviously in love with his dam, he scrambled all over it. "When a dam is being built, the concrete is *placed*, not poured," he said, rubbing a hand over a smooth interior wall. "The concrete is barely wet—too dry for pouring. It's put in place with vibrators. We regularly take core samples and

Gentlemen's Clothing by CORBIN, LTD.

Available at these, and other, fine stores.
Akron, Ohio: Alan Richard
Albany, New York: Stulmaker's, Ltd.
Allentown, Pennsylvania: Gentry
Atlus, Oklahoma: Surrey Shop
Amarillo, Texas: Brent's
Ashville, North Carolina: J. Presley, Ltd.
Ashland, Kentucky: Mark Matthews
Auburn, Alabama: Son's & Harwell
Bayshore, L.I., New York: Robert Matthew Clothiers
Bethlehem, Pennsylvania: Tom Bass
Birmingham, Alabama: Shaia's of Homewood
Bloomington, Indiana: Wible-Adams
Buffalo, New York: Peller & Mure
Chagrin Falls, Ohio: Havre's
Charlestown, West Virginia: Latimer's Ltd.
Cincinnati, Ohio: Pound Sterling
Cleveland, Ohio: The Captain's Quarters
Cleveland, Ohio: "He"
Cleveland, Ohio: Peer Gordon, Ltd.
College Park, Maryland: Powers & Goode
Colorado Springs, Colorado: Regiment, Ltd. of Colorado
Columbia, Missouri: Puckett's 'of course'
Columbia, South Carolina: Berry's on Main
Corinth, Mississippi: Reid Bros.
Corpus Christi, Texas: Jack English
Dayton, Ohio: D. H. Peer, Ltd.
Deal, New Jersey: Off the Cuff, Inc.
Decatur, Alabama: Adams Village Squire
Delray Beach, Florida: Del Hurd & Co.
Delray Beach, Florida: Mark, Fore & Strike
Denver, Colorado: Regiment, Ltd. of Colorado
District of Columbia: Georgetown University Shop
Easley, South Carolina: Barron's, Ltd.
Englewood, Colorado: Regiment, Ltd. of Colorado
Evansville, Indiana: Druckers
Far Hills, New Jersey: Joseph D'Apolito & Son
Fayetteville, North Carolina: Ed Fleishman & Bros.
Fort Lauderdale, Florida: Robert Drake
Grand Rapids, Michigan: The Bagpiper
Greenville, South Carolina: Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Grosse Pointe, Michigan: E. J. Hickey
Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan: Carl Sterr
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: C. J. Crego & Son
Hartford, Connecticut: G. Fox & Co.
High Point, North Carolina: Collier Ellis
Hinsdale, Illinois: The Squire Shop of Hinsdale, Ltd.
Hopkinsville, Kentucky: Tom Wade
Houston, Texas: D-R's Clothiers
Houston, Texas: J. Wayne, Ltd.
Huntington, L.I., New York: Marsh's
Huntington, West Virginia: Amsbary & Johnson
Huntington, West Virginia: Ralsten, Ltd.
Iowa City, Iowa: Bremers
Jackson, Mississippi: Owens, Ltd.
Jamestown, New York: Edwards
Kalamazoo, Michigan: Lew Hubbard
Knoxville, Tennessee: The Hansom House
Lafayette, Louisiana: Wormser's Man's Store
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin: Witherspoons'
Lexington, Kentucky: Dawahare's
Long Beach, California: Kenady's
Louisville, Kentucky: The Fashion Post
Louisville, Kentucky: Schupp & Snyder
Lubbock, Texas: Malouf's
Madison, Wisconsin: MacNeil and Moore
Madisonville, Kentucky: The Stag Shop
Manatee, Florida: Montgomery Roberts
McKeesport, Pennsylvania: Henry B. Klein Co.
Memphis, Tennessee: James Davis, Inc.
Memphis, Tennessee: Oak Hall
Milwaukee, Wisconsin: MacNeil and Moore
Montclair, New Jersey: Bragg & Son
Mountainbrook, Alabama: Piper's, Ltd.
Muncie, Indiana: Steck's
Murray, Kentucky: Buckingham-Ray
Muskegon, Michigan: The Village Square
Naples, Florida: Mark, Fore & Strike
Newark, Ohio: Alten's Southgate
Ocala, Florida: Rheinauers
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma: Orbach's Varsity Shop
Paducah, Kentucky: Trad Shop, Ltd.
Palm Beach, Florida: Mark, Fore & Strike
Passaic, New Jersey: Geismar-Kaplan
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Coventry, Ltd.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Joseph Horne Co.
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Kountz & Rider
Portland, Oregon: Aden & Josi
Raleigh, North Carolina: Nowells
Reading, Pennsylvania: John Mazzo
Riverside, California: Mark Stevens
Rochester, New York: Red Barn Gentlemen's Apparel
Rockford, Illinois: D. J. Stewart and Co.
St. Armands, Florida: Montgomery Roberts
St. Louis, Missouri: Boyd's
St. Louis, Missouri: Harvey, Ltd.
St. Petersburg, Florida: Phil Fairchild Ltd.
Salt Lake City, Utah: The Company
Salt Lake City, Utah: Village Brownstone
Salt Lake City, Utah: Village, Ltd.
Sarasota, Florida: Mark, Fore & Strike
Sarasota, Florida: Montgomery Roberts
Savannah, Georgia: John B. Rourke, Inc.
Savannah, Georgia: Lesser's Men's Quality Shop
Scarsdale, New York: A. M. Burns
Spring Lake, New Jersey: The Hutch, Inc.
Springfield, Ohio: The Harvard
Tallahassee, Florida: Rheinauer's
Tarrytown, New York: John Charles, Ltd.
Toledo, Ohio: Neil's of Ottawa Hills
Tulsa, Oklahoma: Brenners
Tulsa, Oklahoma: Orbach's Varsity Shop
Tupelo, Mississippi: McCullar-Long & McCullough, Inc.
Tuscaloosa, Alabama: Black, Friedman & Winston
Upper Montclair, New Jersey: Geismar-Kaplan
Waco, Texas: Ruffin's
Weatherford, Oklahoma: Surrey Shop
West Springfield, Massachusetts: Yale-Genton
Wilmington, Delaware: J. T. Mullin & Sons
Winston-Salem, North Carolina: Bocock Stroud

"A blazer doesn't have to be blue. Or made of a woven fabric. Or have brass buttons. It doesn't even have to stop at a jacket."

HOWARD CORBIN

Gentleman's
Clothing
by
LTD

100% Encron® polyester double knit also available in a host of other colors and patterns. Corbin Ltd., 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10019.
Encron is a reg. T.M. of American Enka Co., Enka, N.C., a part of Akzona, Inc., for its polyester fiber.

The courtyard of Mont La Salle Monastery and Winery.
The Christian Brothers, Napa Valley, California

"There's a rich Napa Valley heritage in our fine red wines. Pedigreed grapes. Leisurely years in our cellars. A noble quality to add pleasure to your finest fare."

Brother Timothy F.S.C.
Cellarmaster

the
Christian Brothers
SELECT NAPA VALLEY
CABERNET SAUVIGNON

Worldwide Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., San Francisco, California.

send them to Denver for testing—to see if the contractor is meeting specifications. Dave, just to cement our friendship, I'm going to have a pair of bookends made from some of those old core samples for you. Nothing could support a set of Sierra Club books better than a couple of pieces of Glen Canyon Dam. Would you accept that?"

"I'll accept the bookends," Brower said. "Thank you very much, Floyd."

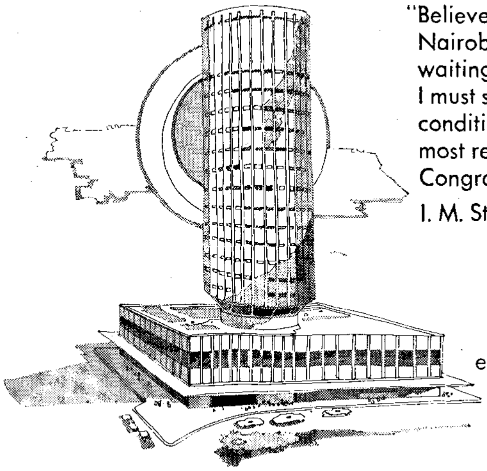
Under the generator room, Dominy led us onto a steel platform inches away from a huge, shining steel generator shaft. The shaft was spinning at who knows how many revolutions per minute, yet the platform around it was scarcely trembling. "Balance," he said proudly. "The secret is balance. In Russia, these platforms vibrate so much they practically knock you down. I know. I've stood on them there." He pointed out sections of giant pipe—penstocks—that contained the Colorado in its passage from reservoir to riverbed. The mighty rapids of the Grand Canyon were now inside that pipe.

Dominy opened a door that led to a strange exterior space—a wide, flat area at the base of the main wall of the dam. Six hundred feet of acutely angled concrete—white and dazzling in the sun—soared up from this level, where Dominy, for purely aesthetic reasons, had somehow imported tons of soil and had planted a smooth and elegant lawn. He called it "the football field," and it was more than large enough to hold one. When visitors peer over the crest of the dam, they look far down its white face to this incongruous lawn, unique in the cosmetics of high dams. From the lawn itself, the thought of the great wall of water on the other side of the dam is unnerving, but no more so than the ten acres of concave concrete up which the eye is led to fragments of red cliff where power-line towers claw at off-plumb angles into a blue swatch of sky. "You don't really appreciate this dam unless you're down on the transformer deck looking up," Dominy said. "Looking down is no way to look at life. You've got to be looking up. Suicides come down that wall sometimes. They don't realize how unvertical it is. When they're found at the bottom, there isn't a God-damned bit of flesh left on them."

Brower said, "My advice to suicides is 'If you've got to go, take Glen Canyon Dam with you.' "

"Read 'Desert Solitaire,' " Dominy said. "Page 165. The guy who wrote it is way ahead of you."

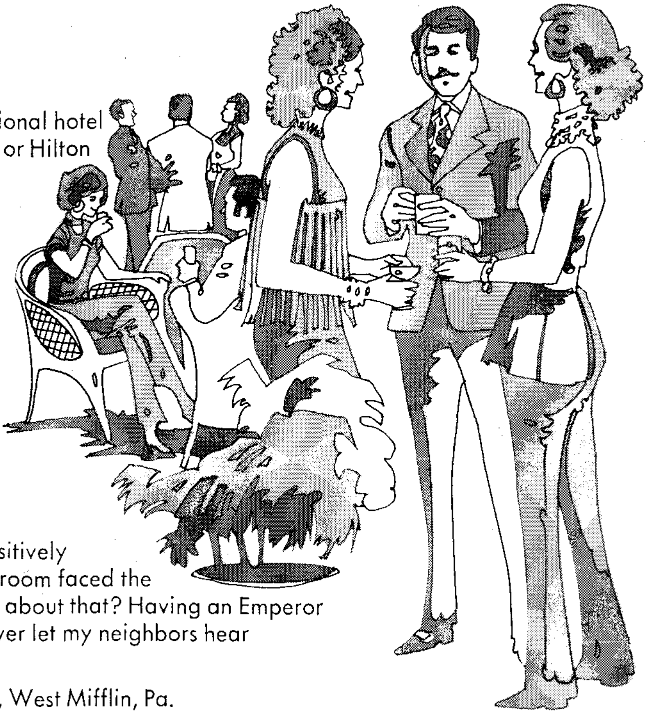
I eventually bought a copy of "Desert Solitaire," and found that on page



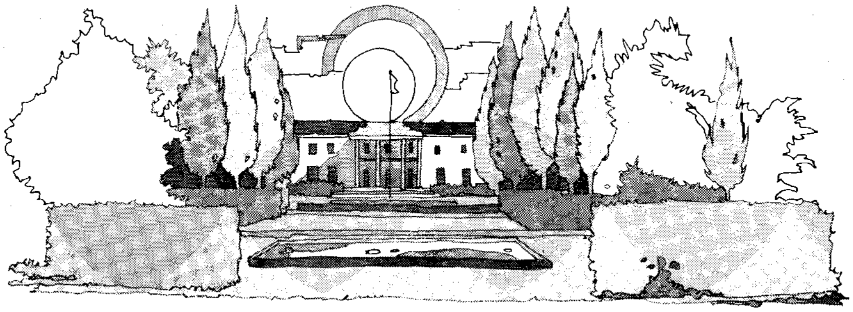
NAIROBI HILTON
"Believe it or not, my travels take me to Nairobi rather frequently and I've been waiting for the Hilton to be finished. Well, I must say, it was worth the wait. Fine air conditioning, the highest view and the most refreshing gin and tonics in Nairobi. Congratulations are in order."
I. M. Stobart, Middlesex, England

MADAGASCAR HILTON
"I read up on Madagascar, so I was expecting open markets, the jungle, the savannah. But nothing prepared me for the new Hilton. Boy, you fellows really get around, don't you!"
B. G. Southworth, Chicago, Ill.

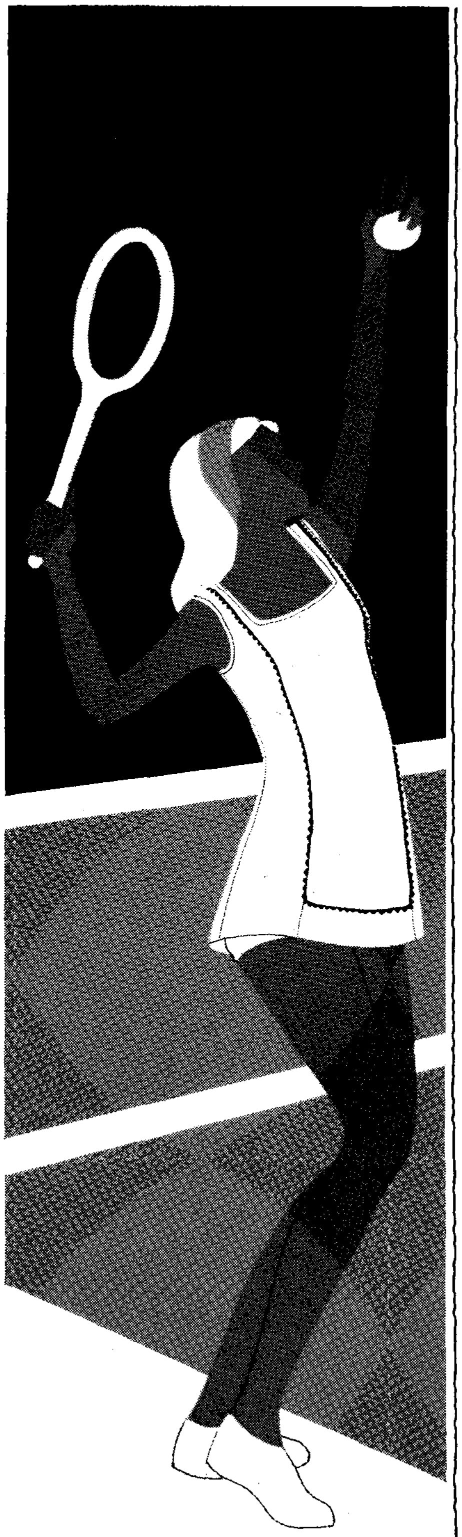
For reservations at any Hilton International hotel call your travel agent or Hilton Reservation Service.



ADDIS ABABA HILTON
"You made me feel positively regal! Why, even my room faced the Imperial Palace. How about that? Having an Emperor for a neighbor. I'll never let my neighbors hear the end of it!"
Miss Christina Derian, West Mifflin, Pa.



Once you stay at a Hilton International you'll find your own reasons for coming back.

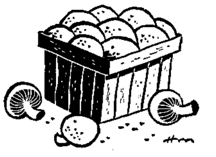


COURT 1®

A ROBUST BLEND OF TRADITION WITH A DASH OF MAVERICK..... Dacron® polyester knit with green braid. Wash and serve. 6 to 16, 5 to 15. About $26.
At J. MAGNIN, LORD & TAYLOR, NEIMAN MARCUS and fine stores and pro shops everywhere.
COURT 1, 1407 Broadway, N.Y., N.Y. 10018

165 its angry author—Edward Abbey—imagines "the loveliest explosion ever seen by man, reducing the great dam to a heap of rubble in the path of the river. The splendid new rapids thus created we will name Floyd E. Dominy Falls. . . ."

On an overlook not far from the dam, Lake Powell was dedicated by men, white and red, who addressed much of what they said to an unseen enemy, assuming that he was a thousand miles away; he happened to be standing right there. "The Sierra Club to the contrary, I *like* dams," said Governor John Williams of Arizona. When the dam was begun, Williams was a radio announcer, and it was he who broadcast the play-by-play of the original blasting ceremony.



"The Sierra Club notwithstanding, this is a beautiful lake," said Governor Calvin Rampton of Utah, sweeping an arm toward the reservoir. Red cliff walls met the dark-blue water, big buttes stood high in the background, and above it all—immense and alone in the distance—was sacred Navajo Mountain. Far below the overlook, boats wove patterns on the water. Skiers cut crescent wakes. Bunting hung from the speakers' platform in symbolic blue and brown—blue for Lake Powell and brown for the old Colorado.

"A conservationist is one who is content to stand still forever," said Raymond Nakai, of Window Rock, the head of the Navajo Tribal Council. "Major Powell would have approved of this lake. May it ever be brimmin' full." Brower remained silent, but was having difficulty doing so. It was not hard to guess his thoughts. Major Powell—explorer, surveyor, geographer—was not alive to say how he might feel, in English or Navajo.

Then Dominy spoke. "Dave Brower is here today," he said, and the entire ceremony almost fell into the reservoir. "Brower is not here in an official capacity but as my guest," Dominy went on. "We're going to spend several days on Lake Powell, so I can convert him a little. Then we're going down the river, so he can convert me."

SEVEN years earlier, we could have flown north through Glen Canyon at an altitude of four hundred feet over the riverbed, and that, in a way, is what we did now. We got into a nineteen-foot gray boat—its hull molded for speed, a Buick V-6 engine packed away somewhere, a two-way radio, and the black-lettered words "United States Government" across the stern—and up the lake we went at twenty knots, for three days spraying arches of clear water toward red-and-black-streaked tapestry walls, pinnacle spires, and monument buttes. The Utah canyonland had been severed halfway up by a blue geometric plane, creating a waterscape of interrupted shapes, spectacularly unnatural, spectacularly beautiful. If we stopped for lunch, nudging up to a cool shadowing wall, we were in fact four hundred feet up the sheer side of what had been an immense cliff above the river, and was still an immense cliff—Wingate, Kayenta, Navajo Sandstones—above the lake. The boat sped on among hemispherical islands that had once been mountainous domes. It wheeled into Caprian bays. Arched overhangs formed grottoes in what had once been the lofty ceilings of natural amphitheatres.

Above the sound of the engine, Dominy shouted, "Who but Dominy would build a lake in the desert? Look at the country around here! No vegetation. No precipitation. It's just not the setting for a lake under any natural circumstances. Yet it is the most beautiful lake in the world."

"A thousand people a year times ten thousand years times ten thousand years will never see what was there," Brower said. He pointed straight down into the water. Then he opened a can of beer. The beer was in a big container full of ice. The ice had been made from water of the reservoir—reclaimed pellets of the Colorado. The container held dozens of cans of beer and soft drinks, enough for ten men anywhere else, but even on the lake the air was as dry as paper and the sun was a desert sun, and we held those cans in the air like plasma, one after another, all day long. Brower, the aesthetician, likes beer cans. Not for him are the simple biases of his throng. He really appreciates the cans themselves—their cylindrical simplicity, their beautifully crafted lithography. Brower's love of beauty is so powerful it leaps. It sometimes lands in unexpected places. Looking out over the lake at canyon walls flashing in reflected light, he slowly turned his Budweiser in his hand, sipped a little, and then said, "Lake Powell does not exist. I have never seen anything like it before. It's an incredibly beautiful reservoir. It must be the most beautiful reservoir in the world. I just wish you could hold the water level where it is now, Floyd."

Dominy smiled. The lake would become more and more beautiful as it continued to fill, he said. It would go up another hundred and twenty feet, revising vistas as it rose, and the last thirty-five feet would be the most dramatic, because the water at that elevation would reach far into the canyonland.

"You can't duplicate this experience—this lake—anywhere else," Brower said. "But neither can you enjoy the original experience. That's the trouble. I camped under here once. It was a beautiful campsite. The river was one unending campsite. The ibis, the egrets, the wild blue herons are gone. Their habitat is gone—the mudbanks along the river."

"We've covered up a lot of nice stuff, there's no question about that, but you've got to admit that as far as views are concerned we've opened up a lot. Look. You can see mountains."

"The Henry Mountains," Brower said. "They were the last mountain range discovered in the lower forty-eight."

For my part, I kept waiting to see the lake. "Lake," as I sensed the word, called to mind a fairly compact water-filled depression in high terrain, with bends and bays perhaps obscuring some parts from others, but with a discernible center, a middle, a place that was farther from shore than any other, and from which a sweeping view of shoreline could be had in all directions. This was a provincialism, based on a Saranac, a Sunapee, a Mooselookmeguntic, and it had left me unprepared for Lake Powell, a map of which looks like a diagram of the human nervous system. The deep spinal channel of Glen Canyon, which was once the path of the Colorado, is now the least interesting part of Lake Powell. The long, narrow bays that reach far into hundreds of tributary canyons are the absorbing places to enter—the boat rounding bends between ever-narrowing walls among reflections of extraordinary beauty on wind-slickened rock. These were the places—these unimaginably deep clefts in the sandstone—that most stirred and most saddened Brower, who remembered wading through clear pools under cottonwood trees four hundred feet below the arbitrary level on which we floated.

In Face Canyon, the boat idled slowly and moved almost silently through still water along bending corridors of rock. "There used to be pools and trees in this little canyon," Brower said. "Cottonwoods, willows."

"Poison ivy, jimsonweed," Dominy said.

"Little parks with grasses. Water always running," Brower went on.

The rock, dark with the oxidation

THE FRAGRANT WORLD OF CASWELL-MASSEY

By demand of Women's Lib.

MANIDAMA
The Velvety Hand Cream!
Tried and true throughout Europe. Compounded of pure Italian lemon juice in a superior vanishing base.
2½ ounce tube $3.75

From the C-M. Cologne Collection
RED JASMIN
Featured on all American Airlines International flights.
AURA PATCHOULI
The original underground coup de Grass!
3 ounce $4.00, 8 ounce $8.75, 16 ounce $16.00
also available in TOILET WATER, 4 ounce $10.00

Swiss WOLO Cream Bath
A foaming gelée for shower or bath—based on wheat germ oil. Subtly scented with Rosemary.
18 baths $7.50, 65 baths $25.00

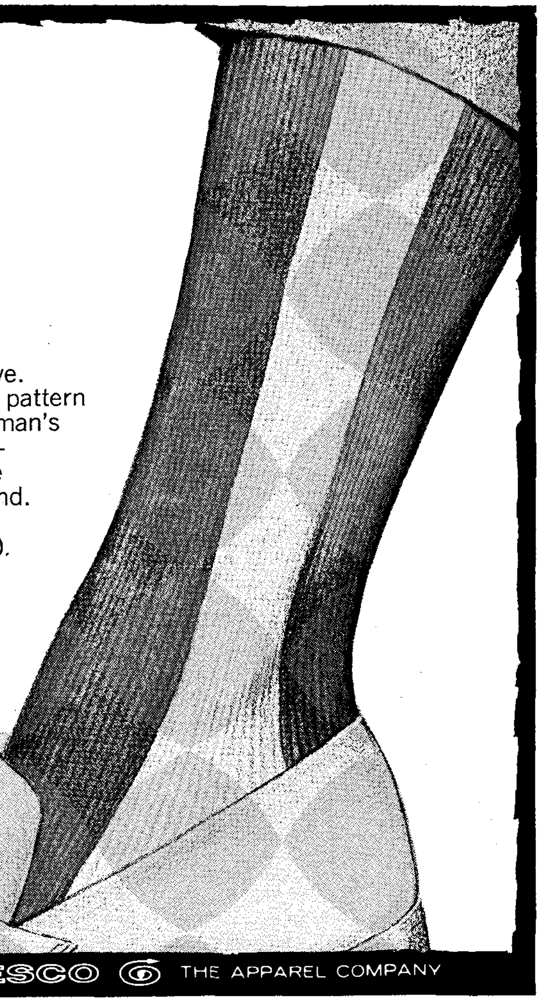
All major charge cards accepted. Kindly include charge number. Visit our historic pharmacy at 518 Lexington Ave. (48th St.) or send $1.00 for two issues of our unique catalog. Sorry, no C.O.D.

CASWELL-MASSEY CO. LTD. ★ EST. 1752
★ AMERICA'S OLDEST ★ NEW YORK, N.Y. 10014
Item #______ Size:______ Qty:____
Name:__________
Address:__________
City:__________
State:______ Zip:______
NY431
CHEMISTS & PERFUMERS ★ 320 W. 13th ST.

THE SNEAKY SHOE

1st name afoot afloat comes ashore. **Sperry Top-Sider.** Cup race or rat race. The sneaky shoe that outcomforts bare feet. The sole that outgrips floor or deck. No skidding! Shown, the sailor's, student's favorite. Moccasin comfort. Barefoot flexibility. Men's, women's $24. Among several other styles; real sneaky oxfords — old salt canvas, fast dry nylon, new racy lace-to-toe nylon; and Leather Campus Casuals. $8. to $26. Catalog from Sperry Top-Sider, 18 Rubber Avenue, Naugatuck, Connecticut 06770.

SPERRY TOP-SIDER®



John Weitz gave dreary, dark socks a "hotfoot"

. . . and fashion came alive. Camp's VARSITY STRIPE pattern adds dash and dare to a man's wardrobe. Carefully coordinated colors. Easy-care Orlon® acrylic/Nylon blend. One size fits 10 to 13. Extra-long anklets: $2.00. For nearest store, write Camp and McInnes, Inc., 40 East 34th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

EXCLUSIVE WITH
Camp®
HOSIERY

A DIVISION OF GENESCO THE APPAREL COMPANY

known as desert varnish, appeared to be a rich blue. Desert varnish somehow picks up color from the sky. The notes of a canyon wren descended the pentatonic scale. "That's the music here—the best there is," Brower said. "There used to be paper shells of surface mud on the floor of this canyon, cracking, peeling. Damn it, that was handsome."

"On balance, I can't lament what's been covered up," Dominy said.

In Cascade Canyon, on a ledge that had once been hundreds of feet high, grew a colony of mosses and ferns. "Now there's a hanging garden that's going to get water beyond its wildest dreams," Dominy said. "But unfortunately, like welfare, the water is going to drown it."

In Brower's memory, the most beautiful place in all the region of Glen Canyon was a cavernous space, under vaulting rock walls, that had been named the Cathedral in the Desert. The great walls arched toward one another, forming high and almost symmetrical overlapping parabolas. They enclosed about an acre of ground, in which had grown willows, grasses, columbine, and maidenhair fern. The center of this scene was a slim waterfall, no more than a foot in diameter, that fell sixty feet into a deep and foaming pool. From it a clear stream had flowed through the nave and out to the Colorado. The government boat now entered the Cathedral. Dominy switched off the engine. Water was halfway to the ceiling, and the waterfall was about ten feet high. It was cool in there, and truly beautiful—the vaulted ceiling, the sound of the falling water, the dancing and prismatic reflections, the echo of whispers. It had been beautiful in there before the reservoir came, and it would continue to be so, in successive stages, until water closed the room altogether.

A cabin cruiser came into the Cathedral. In it were a middle-aged couple and an older man. They asked what branch of the government we represented.

"I'm the Commissioner of Reclamation," Dominy said.

"Holy mackerel!" said the younger man.

"This lake is beautiful," the woman said.

"Thank you," Dominy said.

Back in the sunlight, Dominy worried about Brower's lobstering skin. "It would be a terrible thing to get this wildlife enthusiast out here and burn him up," he said.

"I'm red-faced not from the sun but from anger," Brower said.

"Red-faced with anger at my destructive tactics," said Dominy. "See that buoy? That's the Colorado River under water. The buoy is exactly over the original riverbed. Fabulous. Fabulous." The buoy floated on fifty or sixty fathoms of water.

The boat's radio crackled with heavy static as Park Service rangers made contact with one another. One ranger commented on "the unusual companionship" that was loose on the lake.

Dominy gave his cowboy yell, and said, "Hell, if those rangers could see us now! Dave, in spite of your bad judgment, you're a hell of a nice guy."

"I have nothing but bias," Brower said.

Skiers whipped by, going south. "Some of these bastards come up here and ski for fifty miles," Dominy said.

We cruised into the vicinity of a large natural rock span called Gregory Arch, which was now thirty-five feet beneath us. "If I could swim, I would want to go down and lay a wreath on Gregory Arch, because we've covered it up," Dominy said. "Dave, now that we've cemented our friendship, let me ask you: Why didn't you make a fuss about Gregory Arch?"

"We didn't know about it."

"No one else did, either. No one could have helped you."

"The public's evaluation of a place they may not have ever seen is what will save a place—it is what saved Grand Canyon. It's what might have saved Glen Canyon."

"Saved? For every person who could ever have gotten in here when this place was in its natural state, God damn it, there will be hundreds of thousands who will get in here, into all these side canyons—on the water highways. It's your few against the hundreds. Kids can see this place. Eighty-year-olds. People who can't walk."

"Ninety-nine per cent of the population can walk."

"Before I built this lake, not six hundred people had been in here in recorded history."

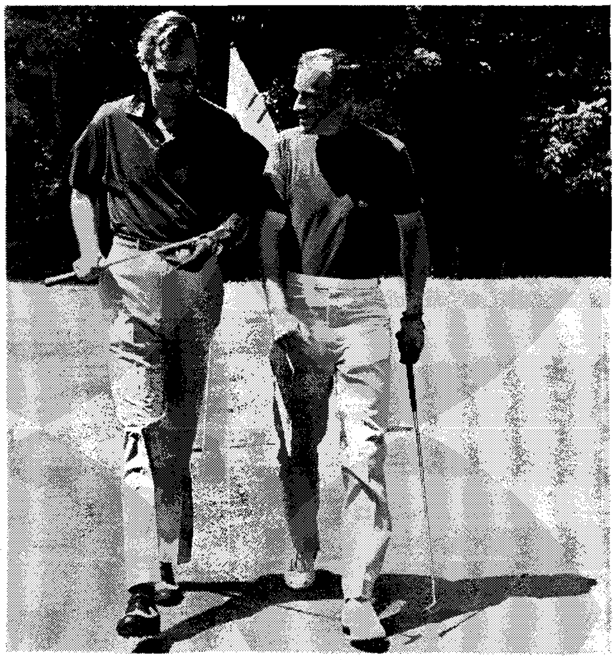
"By building this lake," Brower said, "mankind has preëmpted a hundred and eighty-six thousand acres of habitat for its own exclusive use."

"I'm a fair man," said Dominy. "Just to show you how fair I am, I'll say this: When we destroyed Glen Canyon, we destroyed something really beautiful. But we brought in something else."

"Water."

"You can lament all you want what

The Peaceful Pleasures of The Homestead



A walk in the woods, a million miles from routine. A friendly foursome on any of three championship golf courses. If you wish, the new slim you that emerges from our Spa. The unpretentiously elegant Homestead way of dining, dancing and entertainment. The cheerful choice of letting your youngsters join your game, or play around on their own.*

THE HOMESTEAD
HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA 24445
America's Favorite Mountain Resort

*Tennis, buckboard and surrey driving, trout fishing, horseback riding, mineral spa, swimming pools, ten-pin and lawn bowling, woodland walking trails, three championship 18-hole golf courses, skeet & trap shooting, children's playground, seventeen thousand acres for loafing. Write for color folder or call (703) 839-5500. The Homestead is easily reached via U.S. Route 220, Piedmont Airlines, or Chesapeake & Ohio Railway.

Follow the footsteps of Genghis Khan, Alexander the Great and Marco Polo.

Giant steps that straddled empires from the Red Sea to the China Seas.

Steps that walked among the storytellers in the bazaars of Peshawar. That journeyed through the Khyber Pass. Steps that rested in the palaces and temples of Bangkok.

These are among the journeys offered in PIA's "16 Adventure Tours to Ancient Lands in Modern Comfort." Journeys to lands that still vibrate from the footsteps of Genghis Khan, Alexander, Marco Polo and Omar Khayyam.

PIA's all inclusive Adventure Tours start as low as $995 for 17 days. See your travel agent and ask to see the beautifully descriptive 120-page book "The Other Side of the World". Or mail the coupon for free brochures.

Pakistan International Airlines
Box 505
Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

I would like to see more information on PIA's 16 Adventure Tours to Ancient Lands in Modern Comfort. Please send me free brochures.

Name

Street

City State Zip

Telephone

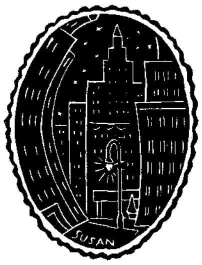
The Airline to
The Other Side of the World.

PAKISTAN INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES PIA

NY-403

we covered up. What we got is beautiful, and it's accessible."

The boat, in Labyrinth Canyon, drifted in a film of tamarisk needles, driftwood, bits of Styrofoam, bobbing beer cans, plastic lids. "We conservationists call this Dominy soup," Brower said.



On ledges above the soup were dozens of potholes, some of them very large, and Brower silently drew circles in the air to indicate how, over centuries, these enormous holes in the sandstone had been made by small rocks in swirling water. He and Dominy climbed out of the boat onto a ledge and lowered themselves into a pothole that was eleven feet in diameter and fifteen feet deep. There they began to argue about evaporation—through which, inevitably, a percentage of water in storage will be lost. Six hundred thousand acre-feet of water would annually evaporate from the surface of Lake Powell when full, Brower asserted, and Dominy did not like being baited on his own ground. Something spiralled in his mind like the stones that had cut the hole he was standing in, and eventually he burst out, "Don't give me that evaporation crap! If we didn't store the water, it wouldn't be here."

Brower danced away, came back, and jabbed lightly. "The water is stored only to produce kilowatts anyway," he said.

"We don't release one God-damned acre-foot of water from Lake Powell just to produce kilowatts," Dominy said.

Brower nodded solemnly in disbelief. He moved in again, shifting his grounds of complaint, and mentioned the huge aeolian sand deposits—millions of tons of fine sand clinging to hollows in the cliffsides—that regularly plop into Lake Powell as the rising water gets to them. Conservationists had suggested that Lake Powell was all but filling with these sands and that the very shores of the lake were crumbling into the water.

"The stuff melts on contact!" Dominy shouted. "You know you're exaggerating! Stretch the truth, that's all you conservationists do. When water hits it, that stuff melts like powder. The unstable material goes, but the walls of Jericho won't come down. The cliffs aren't coming down." He climbed out of the pothole.

Brower pointed to strange striations in jagged shapes on the opposite canyon wall. "That is hieroglyphic, written centuries ago by God Himself," he said.

"Yeah? What does it say?" said Dominy.

"It says, 'Don't flood it.' "

INEVITABLY, the buoys and the floating directional signs of Lake Powell lead to the Rainbow Bridge Marina, the only source of food or fuel within a radius of fifty miles—a floating hamlet where merchants and Park Service rangers live in structures built on pontoons and drums. No other design solution was possible in a place where the lake surface keeps rising, and sometimes temporarily falling, between shores of sheer stone wall. On the decks of this marina, the people of Lake Powell congregate—campers, skiers, rangers, Reclamation men—and it was here that the sway of Dominy, if it had not been altogether evident before, was displayed in full. From cabin cruiser to cabin cruiser, his name spread everywhere within moments of his arrival, and as he moved along the nonskid marina decks he was regarded as a kind of god, creator of the unending blue waters. A child asked for his autograph. People thanked him repeatedly for the lake. The Kmish winked, and told them they were welcome. He also handed me his camera, put his arm around Brower, and said he wanted a visual record that such a moment had actually happened.

Brower captioned the picture, "Brower gives up."

Moving on from the marina, we tied up the boat at a small wooden dock where the water of Lake Powell met the dry bed of Aztec Creek, and we walked a mile or so uphill among the boulders of the arroyo. Now Brower and Dominy stood under Rainbow Bridge, and there they reopened a running battle they had fought for ten years.

Rainbow Bridge was formed—in an era when the land was uplifting—by waters that raced off Navajo Mountain and punched through a sandstone wall. Pushing gravel and boulders through the opening, cutting down and cutting wide, the creek, in centuries, made the gigantic stone span that crosses it now. Thick and red, immense against the sky, it would fit over the national Capitol dome. It is the largest known natural bridge on earth. When Lake Powell is full, still water will reach into the deep groove of the creek bed below Rainbow Bridge and will fill it to a level twenty-two feet below the base of the span. To Brower, this is simple sacrilege. To Dominy, it is a curious and agreeable coincidence that the water will stop just there.

There have been fly-ins, hike-ins, Congressional hearings. Brower wants a cutoff dam to keep the lake out of the creek bed under the bridge, a diversion dam above the bridge to make the creek—when it runs—run elsewhere, and a diesel pumping station to move the diverted water. Dominy and Brower were standing like two cinch bugs under the enormous stone arch. In a curious reversal of roles, Dominy told Brower that he was "a pyramid builder," that his cutoff dam and diversion dam would cost twenty-five million dollars, and that a little still water beneath the bridge would do far less damage to the natural setting that Brower was trying to preserve than would a pair of flanking dams. Brower said that water under the bridge would undermine its foundations. Dominy said geologists had told him that still water would do far less damage over the years than the flash floods that now go through there. Brower said he did not believe Dominy's geologists. Moreover, he said, Dominy had not taken into account the eventual problem of aggraded silt, which would one day pack the pillars of the bridge in mud.

If there was one concept Dominy had had enough of for a lifetime, it was aggraded silt—all these conservationists telling him about the high-piling ooze that was inescapably going to rise above his clotted reservoirs.

"It won't build back into here, God damn it!" he shouted.

"Yes, it will," Brower said, in a low, firm voice.

"What are you talking about—two hundred years from now?"

"No. About three hundred and fifty. Luna Leopold says that silt aggradation will be eighty feet here."

"That's what he says. I say it's crap. You conservationists say we are destroying Rainbow Bridge simply because we are making it available to people."

The two men walked around for a while, not saying anything, looking up in awe at the bridge. The spanning rock is forty feet thick. It could support a highway. Curiously, it is in more danger from sonic booms than from water. It shakes when booms hit it.

Two hikers appeared from up the creek bed. They had on backpacks, and had come to the bridge overland from Navajo Mountain, an extremely rugged journey. They were college age. One was from Bethesda, the other

A way of life. GGG

GGG
CLOTHES

Write for colorful new style booklet. GGG Clothes, 12 East 14th Street, Dept. D, New York 10003.

YOU CAN GET ANYWHERE FROM HERE

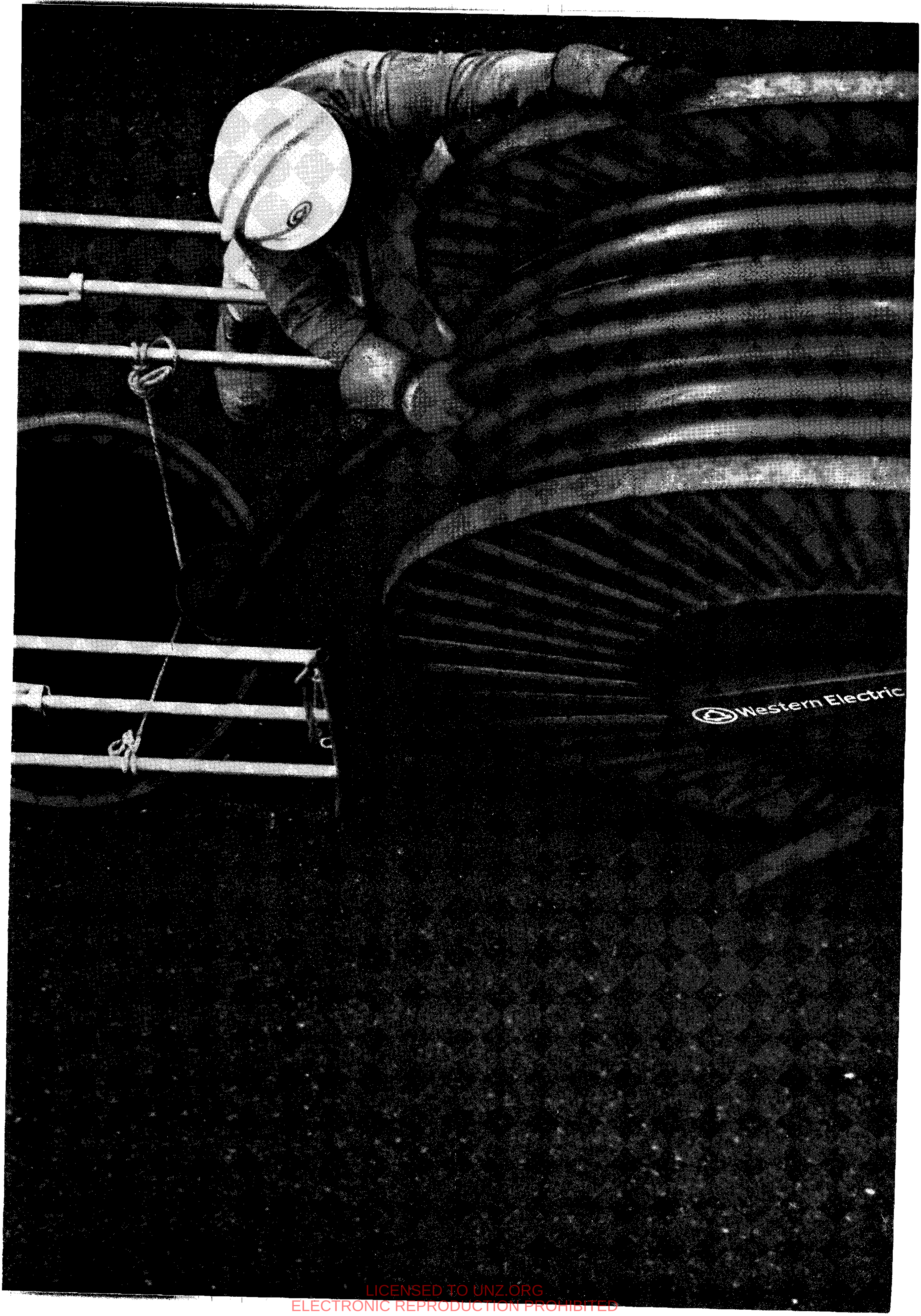
This is telephone cable from Western Electric. It connects your telephone or data set with your local Bell telephone company office — your link with 115 million phones all over the country.

The cable Western Electric made last year contained enough wire to reach more than two-thirds of the way to the sun. Why was so much needed?

For one thing, Bell telephone companies installed nearly 4 million new phones during the year. And you're probably using your phone more often. All of which requires more cable to get you where you want to go. All over the country.

Western Electric. The people who make Bell telephones and the communications equipment of the future.

Western Electric


Western Electric

Tingle to
The PERSONAL TOUCH
of the world's
most unique hair brush

Touch the uncommon *MP* to *your* top-ography . . . and you'll discover the "beautiful hair" secret of leading models and hair stylists.

Floating bristles—bobbing up and down in a patented *pneumatic rubber cushion*—adjust automatically to every curvy contour and beautiful bump of your personal head shape. Designed by Britain's brushmasters-without-peer to roll with your waves gently, yet firmly . . . with total brushing action that doesn't miss a stroke.

What a nice feeling to stimulate your normally sensitive scalp without the usual scratching . . . as you style and condition your delicate hair without the crushing, splitting or upending static electricity ordinary brushes generate!

Conventional rigid brushes play it straight . . . don't adjust to the curves of your scalp—so they hit the highs, miss the lows.

THE MASON PEARSON LINE follows your top-ography to a "t" . . . dips into the valleys, climbs every mountain—for total brushing without irritation!

In a variety of styles for women and men: natural boar, boar and nylon, or nylon bristle, with ruby handles. At better cosmetics counters, $5 to $30. Or write for store nearest you to Harry D. Koenig & Co., East Rockaway, N.Y. 11518.

The MP
MORE PERSONAL
by
MASON PEARSON
London England

from St. Louis. We all shook hands, each person giving his name. One of the hikers said, "Did you say 'Dave *Brower*'?"

"Yes," said Brower.

"Dave *Brower*?" the boy repeated. Then, almost to himself, he said it again. "Dave Brower."

I wondered if the hiker was going to bend over and draw a picture of a fish in the sand.

Dominy said, "You're happy to meet *him*? How would you like to meet the Commissioner of Reclamation?"

Perhaps because they were from Missouri and Maryland, neither of the young men had any idea what the term meant, or where the commissioner of whatever it was might be, nor did they ask.

"Dave *Brower*."

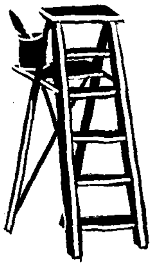
They went with us all the way down the trail to the waterhead and the government boat. They stood there, watching Brower, as we pulled away. Without moving, they watched him until we passed out of sight around a bend. Briefly, we came into their view again. They were still watching.

"HIS supporters believe that the prophet can do no wrong."

"Conservation is a religious movement. So you get sects. And then you have the art of exposition of the individual creed. Each sectarian knows that he is right. Dave Brower has been the prophet leading the faithful."

"The Sierra Club itself is a religious movement."

"If the prophet goes off the straight and narrow course, he becomes more of an adversary than the adversary in the distance."



"He has been bitten by the worm of power."

"He has jumped in front of a moving car, which he was driving."

"Dave *had* to violate orders of the board, in order to get done what he had to do."

"He once said he had thousands of volunteers working with him and that if he ever tried to do things himself there would be one person instead of thousands. And that, tragically, is what has happened in recent years."

"The power structure broke down, or there was insubordination, depending on how you want to look at it."

"He has become, over the years, increasingly less tolerant of the conservation opposition. He used to be far more flexible in his attitude toward the conservation problem."

"This is why the Sierra Club membership has grown, however. He has built it from seven thousand to seventy-seven thousand. People, particularly younger people, flock to the cause. They are fed up with traditional attitudes. Brower once had a willingness to see the other point of view, but now he is a flaming firebrand, and he has split the Sierra Club right down the middle."

"He wasn't arrogant once, but he is now."

"I think that's a fair statement."

"I don't think 'arrogant' is really the right word. You wouldn't associate arrogance with Jesus Christ, for example. I don't mean to make a comparison there."

"With tact, he could have avoided his present trouble. He is stubborn. He's just God-damned stubborn."

"His concern is wilderness. He doesn't really care what happens to people."

"There is a pre-Eden strain in Dave—no question."

"I will say this: I prefer Dave's vices to the virtues of his enemies."

"They are crucifying him, and they are self-congratulating bourgeoisie."

The people who said these things eddied in the Empire Room of the Hotel Sir Francis Drake, in San Francisco, where—four or five hundred in all—they awaited the gavel that would begin the most momentous meeting of the directors of the Sierra Club in the fifty-five years since the defeat of John Muir. There were bearded men in open shirts who appeared to have walked directly in from the trail. There were good-looking women with hairbands, an advertising writer with a Beethoven haircut, at least twenty members of the press, a television-news crew, no black people. There were a preponderant number of old people, very local, very San Franciscan people—old bankers in vested suits, with fine memories of Sierra Club high trips in the nineteen-twenties, old men on canes who had reached into low reserves of energy just to be there, because they felt that Brower had expanded their club beyond recognition and had therefore, in a sense, usurped it. They had come in for the kill.

"He is financially reckless."

"He has impugned the motives of the opposition."

"He has disobeyed the directives of the board."

"There has been a growth in ecological sophistication in the United

States over the past twenty years, and Dave has in part caused it."

"He is a high-risk politician, that's all. He risked his neck and he lost."

"He has a death wish."

"He's been edging toward it all the time."

"He loved his job, and was always pushing things to the point where he might lose it."

"He is a great practitioner of brinkmanship, and this time he went much too far."

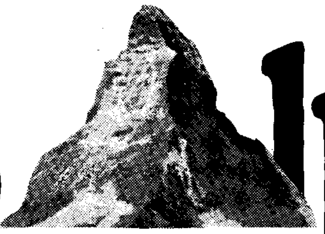
"He is a shy man who thrusts himself forward—onstage. He is a freewheeling, farseeing visionary when he is not trapped, and he is a rigid personality when he is trapped."

"Sometimes he seems paranoid. He believes that the Park Service, the Forest Service, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company are out to get him. We always told him, 'No one outside the Sierra Club is going to get you. The only person who'll get you is you.' "

"What will he do? Do you think he would ever go into private industry?"

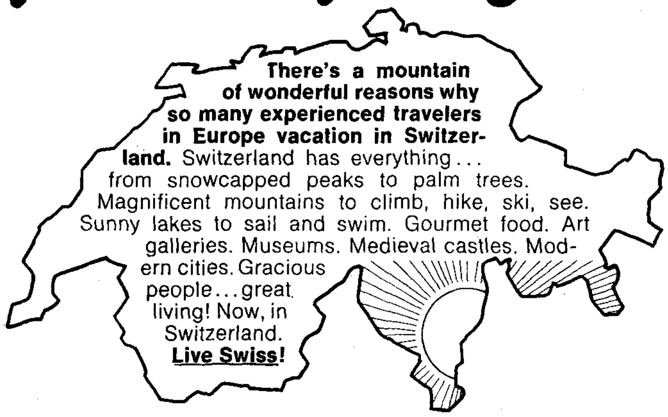
"He would open his own waffle shop first."

There was a U-shaped table at one end of the room, faced by hundreds of funeral chairs. People read the *Chronicle* while they waited. A celebrated tree in the Sierra Nevada—a giant sequoia with a roadway running through it—had crashed to the ground. The paper reprinted on the front page Ansel Adams' famous old photograph of the tree—the Wawona Tunnel Tree, as it was called—with a Pierce-Arrow nosing into it and a couple of figures standing beside the Pierce-Arrow. No one seemed to be getting much past the front page. Although the outcome of the meeting was a foregone conclusion, the atmosphere was tense. David Brower was going to be ejected as executive director of the Sierra Club. A last-minute resignation notwithstanding, "ejected" was the word. The executive director was an employee of the board of directors, and the board of directors was going to throw him out. The actual showdown had come in a mail-ballot election of new members of the board. Brower himself and a slate of his allies had been candidates, and they had lost, hands down. Supporters of Brower remained on the board, but the balance of power was now against him. Right to the end, Brower held on to the hope that somehow a majority of the fifteen directors would—all their expressed attitudes and commitments to the contrary—decide to keep him on, but he was the only person in the Sir Francis Drake Hotel who was that



The Swiss Alps are 68,000,000 years old. Switzerland is only 680.

Just one reason why everybody in our country feels so young.



There's a mountain of wonderful reasons why so many experienced travelers in Europe vacation in Switzerland. Switzerland has everything . . . from snowcapped peaks to palm trees. Magnificent mountains to climb, hike, ski, see. Sunny lakes to sail and swim. Gourmet food. Art galleries. Museums. Medieval castles. Modern cities. Gracious people . . . great living! Now, in Switzerland. **Live Swiss!**

The "Unique World of Switzerland" is an exciting brochure of dazzling travel ideas and suggestions that will meet all your needs perfectly. Your travel agent has your copy—or write the Swiss National Tourist Office. New York, N. Y. 10020, The Swiss Center, 608 Fifth Avenue, Tel. 757-5944, San Francisco, Cal. 94105, 661 Market Street, Tel. 362-2260.

Aquascutum
OF LONDON

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

Feels like Spring... looks like Fall.

Aquascutum's latest fashion entry is unique; it looks like a Fall coat and feels light as a feather. The secret is a bold herringbone cotton print, with styling and craftsmanship that discriminating men the world over have come to expect. Proofed with Aqua 5. The Sefton. About $95. At fine stores everywhere. For the name of your nearest, write or 'phone.

AQUASCUTUM, 2 East 37th Street, New York 10016, 685-9570.

naïve. Whatever the terms might be, today's event would be a rite of expurgation.

"As his success grew, he paid less and less attention to what people in the club were thinking and saying. I don't think the man changed so much as he developed. He began to think, I *am* the Sierra Club."

"He is a combination poet, naturalist, and politician, a generalist in the fight to save the environment. He is tough enough to get into the thick of back-alley fights. He thinks that to win fights you have to have uncompromising militancy. The tax-exemption thing illustrates the risks he has been willing to take."

"No one in the Sierra Club faults him for that."

"I think Dave is right in feeling that militancy is the stance the Sierra Club should take if it is to be true to the spirit of John Muir."

"He started on five-sevenths pay and he worked seven-fifths of the time. His trouble was that he could not take direction. He was unapproachable. He tried to claim all the rights of an individual while representing an organization."

"He was the most effective single force in the conservation effort in this country. And he still is."

The gavel rapped. The room fell silent. Seated at the U-shaped table was the high tribunal of the Sierra Club.

Martin Litton, writer. Portola Valley, California. Big, outspoken man, bitter for the cause. Courageous. He goes down the Colorado in rigid boats. Pro-Brower.

Patrick D. Goldsworthy, biochemist. University of Washington. Wilderness mountain man but not a rope-and-piton climber. Defender of the North Cascades. Pro-Brower.

Eliot Porter, one of the two great wilderness photographers in the world. Tusuque, New Mexico. Medical doctor. Never practiced. Pro-Brower.

Larry Moss, nuclear engineer. Tanzania, California. White House Fellow. No outdoor specialty. Pro-Brower.

Raymond Sherwin, Superior Court judge. Vallejo, California. No outdoor specialty. Anti-Brower.

August Frugé, director of the University of California Press, Berkeley. Brower's boss when Brower worked there. No outdoor specialty. Anti-Brower.

Will Siri, biophysicist. University of California, Berkeley. Mountaineer. Co-leader in 1954 of the Makalu expeditions in the Himalayas. Cordillera Blanca, Peru, 1952. Everest, 1963. Anti-Brower.

"Say what you will about financial irresponsibility or insubordination, what's really going on here is a deep death struggle between mountaineers. Siri and others. Mountaineers are individualists—loners. Brower is an individualist, a loner."

"Brower is a mountaineer."

"Not a single climber he grew up with is still a friend of his."

"They've all turned on him."

"There is no love-hate like the love-hate that exists among mountaineers."

Philip Berry, lawyer, climber, mountaineer. Age, thirty-one. Grew up in Berkeley. Frequent visitor, throughout his youth, in Brower's home. Brower taught him climbing techniques. Brower and Berry once attempted a new route up Mount Clarence King, in the Sierra. Brower loosened a rock that hit Berry. Duck hunter. Anti-Brower.

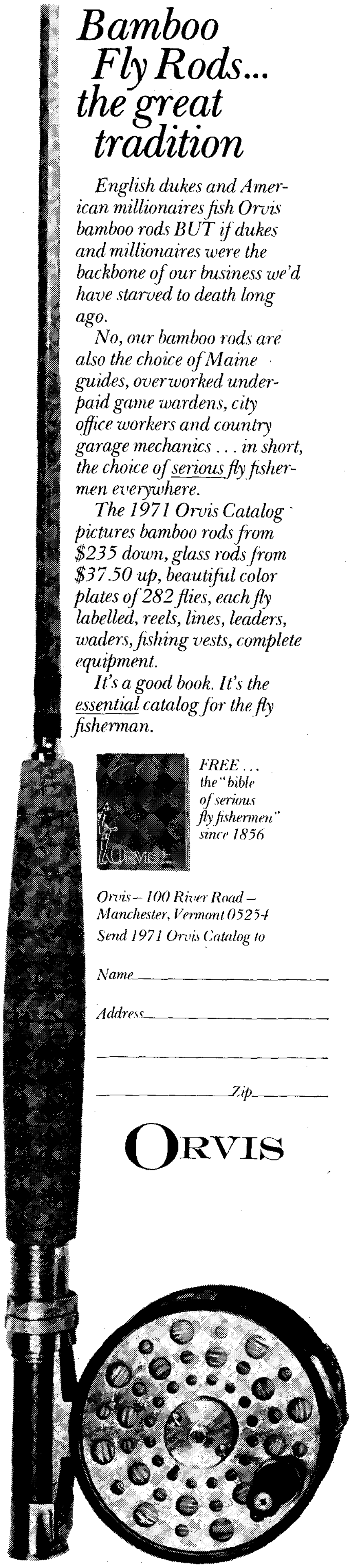
Richard Leonard. Former president of the Sierra Club. Four years older than Brower and long his closest friend. Neighbor of Brower in Berkeley, and in the Mills Tower office building, San Francisco. Original proposer of Brower for membership in the Sierra Club. Nominator of Brower as executive director. Anti-Brower. Said to be the mastermind of the anti-Brower forces. Lawyer, climber, mountaineer.

From the bottom of the U, Leonard looked out into the room without expression. He appeared to be a man who had never lost, or even mislaid, his composure. Leonard did not so much as turn his head when Martin Litton grabbed a microphone and shouted, "This election has been rife with perjury, calumny, and fraud!" Leonard, short and unprepossessing, cleared his throat at regular intervals. Nothing of his climbing past showed in his legal present. He and Brower—tied together—had climbed more mountains than either could remember. Among the people Leonard could see from his seat at the U-shaped table was Brower, standing at the edge of the crowd, his chin up, his white hair focal in the room. What Leonard was thinking then is anyone's guess, but it may have been something close to a commentary he had made in private only hours before.

"In the early years, Dave was absolutely magnificent as the leader of the club. He fought vigorously, aggressively, and—the point I want to emphasize—courteously. In later years, he started into his philosophy that Nice Nelly could never do the job. He impugned the motives of Forest Service people, Park Service people, congressmen. He seemed to feel that the end justified the means. The board passed resolutions insisting that he wage campaigns on demonstrable facts. Repeatedly, he has disregarded what the board has told him to do. He seems to think that it is he who knows what is best for the Sierra Club and for conservation in the long run, and that the board of directors is just standing in his way. The basis of his drive is that the earth is going to hell fast and something has to be done about it. Because of this, Dave will spend the resources of any organization he is with in unlimited fashion. 'We're not trying to save money, we're trying to save the world,' he will say, and then he will put thirty thousand dollars or so into another newspaper advertisement, without being authorized to do so by the board. I want you to know this, though: He has never taken one dime for himself. One look at his house shows that—how shabby it is, aluminum pans catching the rain. His ideals are good, but his naïveté would eventually destroy the organization. He believes that if he bankrupts the Sierra Club it is in a glorious cause. He was, incidentally, an excellent climber. We began to climb together when he was twenty-one and I was twenty-five. My life depended on his judgment and ability for weeks at a time. We once spent three weeks together on a glacier in British Columbia, sleeping on ice two thousand feet deep. Dave went snow-blind. He thought it was a weakness to use dark glasses. He was convinced that he could adjust his eyes to the sun. The sun's rays will congeal albumin, like cooking an egg. Dave's eyes were closed for two or three days. I think he feels the need to decide medical and optical questions for himself. He also believes, as you know, in self-fulfilling prophecies. The snowball theory of action. Things will work out. Providence has always looked after the Sierra Club and always will, Dave thinks. I have no personal animosity toward Dave. We just have to save the Sierra Club, that's all."

Richard Sill, physicist. University of Nevada. No outdoor specialty. Anti-Brower.

Paul Brooks, writer on conservation subjects. Lincoln, Massachusetts. Retired executive editor of Houghton



Bamboo Fly Rods... the great tradition

English dukes and American millionaires fish Orvis bamboo rods BUT if dukes and millionaires were the backbone of our business we'd have starved to death long ago.

No, our bamboo rods are also the choice of Maine guides, overworked underpaid game wardens, city office workers and country garage mechanics . . . in short, the choice of serious fly fishermen everywhere.

The 1971 Orvis Catalog pictures bamboo rods from $235 down, glass rods from $37.50 up, beautiful color plates of 282 flies, each fly labelled, reels, lines, leaders, waders, fishing vests, complete equipment.

It's a good book. It's the essential catalog for the fly fisherman.

FREE . . . the "bible of serious fly fishermen" since 1856

Orvis – 100 River Road – Manchester, Vermont 05254
Send 1971 Orvis Catalog to

Name________________

Address________________

____

__________Zip______

ORVIS

Mifflin. Canoeman. Refers to his wife as "the bow paddle." At home, she puts up the storm windows. Anti-Brower.

Edgar Wayburn, San Francisco physician, who grew up in Macon, Georgia. President of the Sierra Club, and long its principal voice of conciliating reason. Describes Brower as "a creative genius." Anti-Brower.

Maynard Munger, realtor. Lafayette, California. No outdoor specialty. Campaigned for the board of directors with a photograph of himself in a kayak. Feels that the Sierra Club enhances his image as a realtor. Anti-Brower.

Ansel Adams, the other great wilderness photographer in the world. Carmel, California. Met Brower on a knapsack trip in the High Sierra in 1933. Strong personal and professional relationship with Brower over the years. Anti-Brower.

Adams, a burly, black-bearded man, knew a detail of which only one other person in the room was in all likelihood aware. Under the big tree, beside the Pierce-Arrow, in the Ansel Adams photograph that was on the front page of that day's *Chronicle* stood David Brower—indistinguishable, unidentified, but present, in a picture that was captioned "A Fallen Giant."

Luna Leopold, hydrologist. Washington, D.C. Sharp mind, sharp tongue. Expert on the Colorado. Expert on river sedimentation. Snowshoe hunter. Son of Aldo Leopold, who wrote "A Sand County Almanac" and "Round River," literary touchstones of modern conservation-ecology. Pro-Brower.

The event of the day occurred in less time than it would take to tack a notice to a wall. President Wayburn recognized Siri, and Siri said that David Brower was "the greatest spiritual conservation leader of this century." He added, "However, two giants are in conflict—the body of the Sierra Club and the embodiment of David Brower. I move that his resignation be accepted."

Richard Leonard seconded the motion and was hissed as he did so.

Perhaps incredibly, Brower, standing in the back of the room, still felt hopeful. There could be a change of heart.

All in favor? Ten. Opposed? Five. Carried.

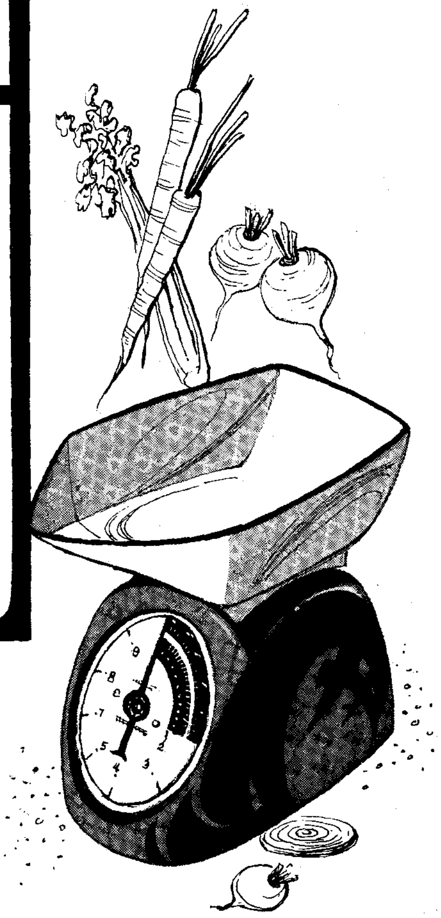
In a soft, emotional voice, Brower read a farewell speech that contained no pumice. From its tone, he might

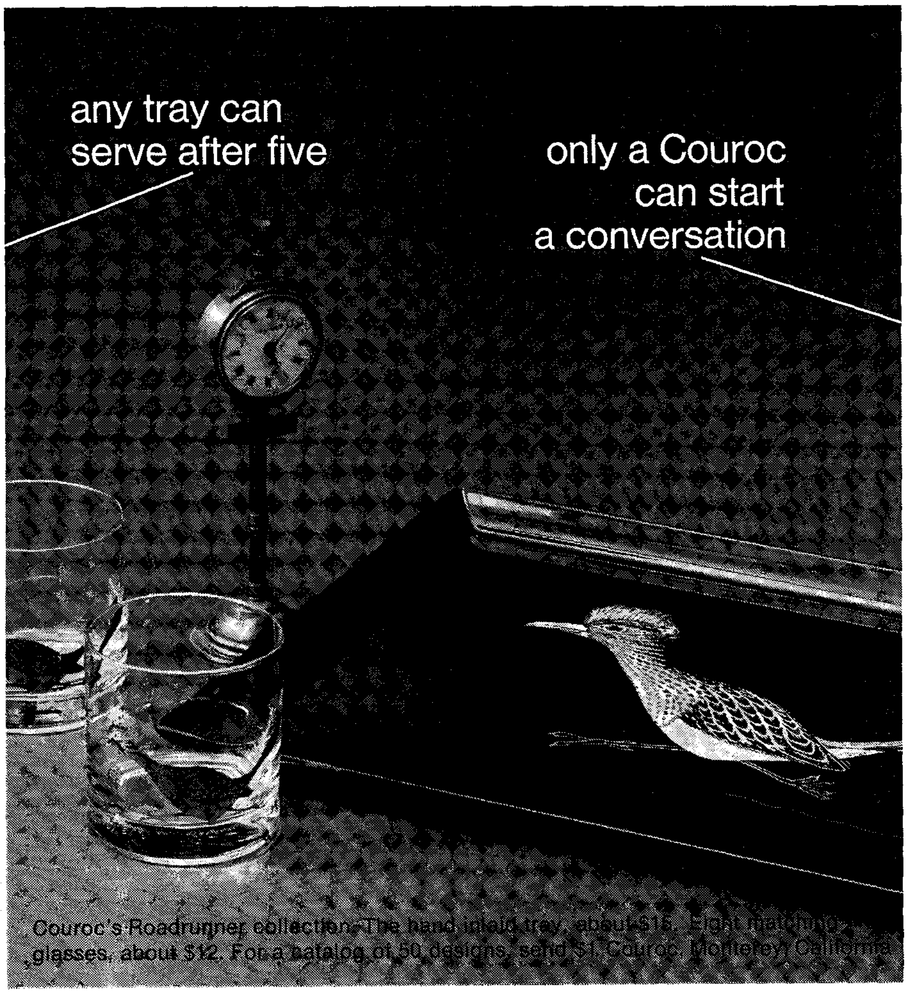
SBF introduces a wizard of oz. by the Galloping Gourmet

It weighs in ounces, in grams, and up to ten pounds. Made-to-measure for TV's Graham Kerr, our scale gives sensitive accuracy to the pinch . . . for international recipes, basic and dietetic cooking. Designed with unique dual spring. Avocado, yellow, orange or blueberry. $16.95. May we send you?

Add $1 shipping charge

Stix, Baer & Fuller
ST. LOUIS





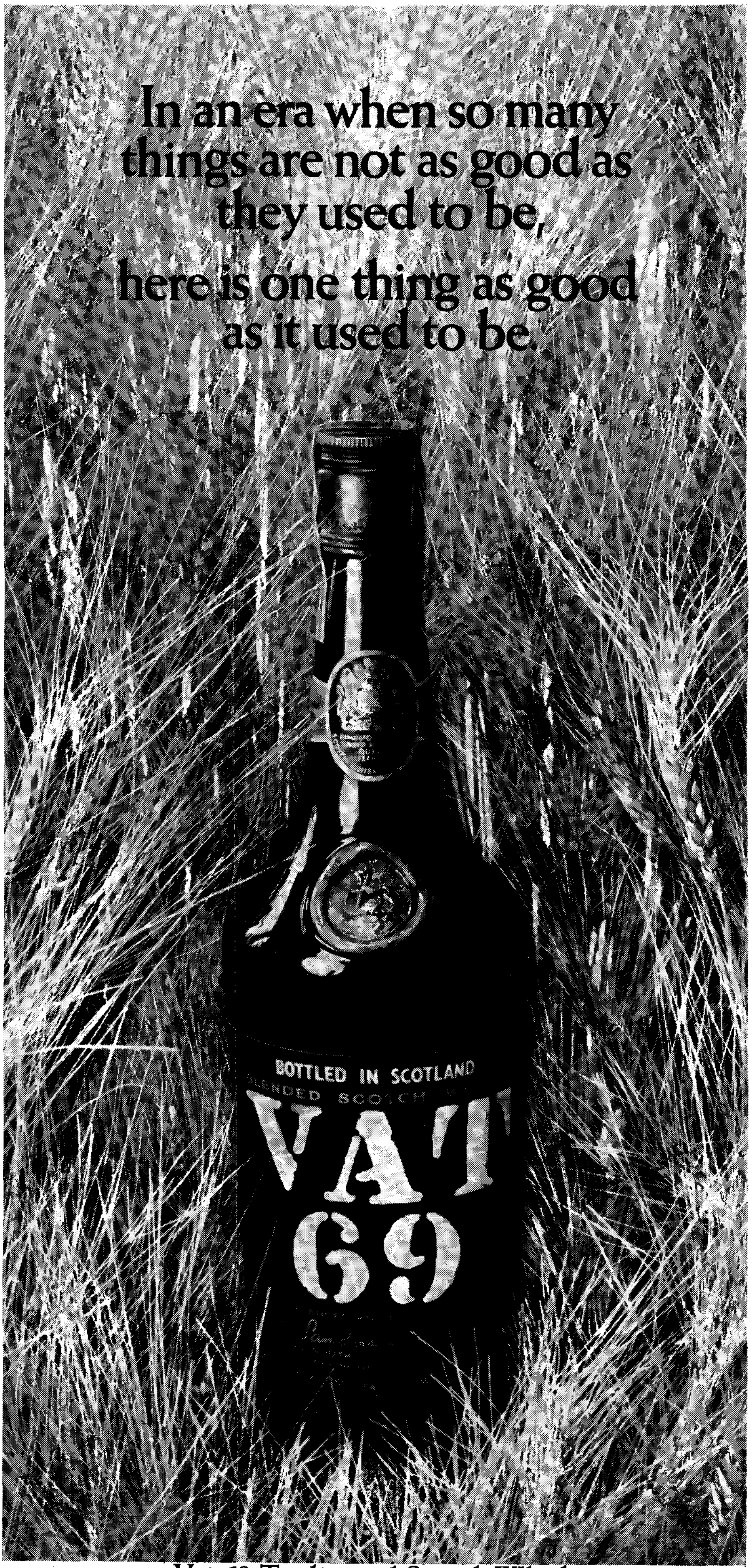
any tray can serve after five
only a Couroc can start a conversation
Couroc's Roadrunner collection. The hand inlaid tray, about $15. Eight matching glasses, about $12. For a catalog of 50 designs, send $1. Couroc, Monterey, California

have been reading a story to children around a campfire. Then he left the room.

"Expansion cracking" was his term for what had happened. A small, local organization had grown into a major national and international force in the conservation movement, and at each stage there had been people who had wanted to stop. Brower had come to see conservation as inescapably a global and supranational matter, with pollution control and population control its first concerns, *sine qua non* to the preservation of wilderness. The best of his opposition, not necessarily disagreeing, felt that the Sierra Club should have more limited objectives if it was to reach any objectives at all, but Brower, meanwhile, was reaching into the endangered stratosphere and beyond it for the sun and the stars. The money would come from somewhere. It always had.

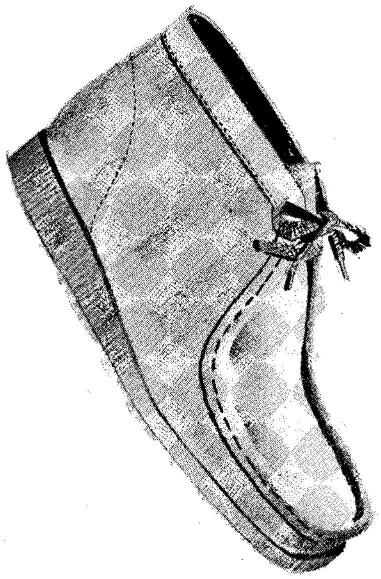
In the months that followed the meeting at the Sir Francis Drake, Brower went off whenever he could into wilderness areas where, in his words, he put himself back in touch with his purposes. On one of these trips, an aimless wandering through the Sierra Nevada, he found himself drawn, perhaps not so aimlessly, to the grove in the southern Yosemite where the giant sequoia had fallen.

The crash had been sudden and cataclysmic, the impact so great that the enormous tree had broken into pieces as if it were made of crockery. In several places, at intervals of about fifty feet, the trunk had broken clean through. The wood inside looked like red brick. Upper limbs had been driven deep into the ground. Sequoia cones were everywhere, and Brower picked some up. "I am forced to say it was a rough winter on both of us," Brower said to the tree. He climbed the side of the fallen trunk and stood on it, three stories off the ground. He shook a seed out of one of the cones. The cone was no larger than a walnut, and the tiny seed, encased in winglike fibre, was nothing but a sliver, three-sixteenths of an inch long. "This seed can grow fifty thousand cubic feet of wood that can live for thirty-five hundred years," Brower said, speaking down from the trunk. "This seed knows how to shape an arrowhead canopy, how to design a root system to combat siltation, how to pump water three hundred feet up. This seed has worked for ninety million years and has not been to forestry school." He looked around to see, if he could, why the big tree had fallen. The tunnel in its base had been cut through a burn scar in 1881, and was


In an era when so many things are not as good as they used to be,
here is one thing as good as it used to be.
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
BLENDED SCOTCH
VAT 69

Vat 69 Traditional Scotch Whisky
100% Blended Scotch Whiskies. 86.8 Proof. Sole Dist. U.S.A. Munson Shaw Co., N.Y.

Set your feet free in
WALLABEES®
...for both men and women



HIS Wallabees are the most comfortable shoes in his wardrobe . . . thanks to a unique, foot-fitting shape, genuine moccasin construction, crepe wedge soles and hand-lasting. Distinctive and good looking, too. In sand or brown suede, black or brown calf, $25. Or in sand suede boot at $26.

HER Wallabees come in identical styles, leathers and colors. Perfect for wear with slacks. Extremely comfortable for shopping, walking, traveling. $23. Boot style, $24.

Also available as a golf shoe for men and women at $30.

EXCLUSIVELY,
Clarks® OF ENGLAND

For address of your nearest
Clarks dealer write: 566-568 Main Ave.
Norwalk, Connecticut 06851.

® REG. TRADEMARK © CLARKS

wide enough for horse-drawn carriages and, until the middle of the twentieth century, for automobiles. But automobiles in recent years had grown too wide, so another roadway had been paved around the tree for cars that could not go through it, and this additional roadway was on the side away from the fall—on the side where the roots had broken. "Too much encroachment on the vitality of a living thing," Brower concluded. "It must have been a hell of a noise, a gorgeous crash. Detroit wins again."

MILE 141. We are in a long, placid reach of the river. The Upset Rapid is eight miles downstream, but its name, all morning, has been a refrain on the raft. People say it as if they were being wheeled toward it on a hospital cart. We have other rapids to go through first—the Kanab Rapid, the Matkatamiba Rapid—but everyone has been thinking beyond them to Upset.

"According to the *River Guide*, there hasn't been a death in the Upset Rapid for a little over two years," someone joked.

"The map says Upset is very bad when the water is low."

"How is the water, Jerry?"

"Low."

"Under today's controlled river, we're riding at the moment on last Sunday's releases," Dominy explained. "This is as low as the river will get under controlled conditions. Tomorrow, Monday's conditions will catch up with us, so things will improve."

"Thank you very much, Commissioner, but what good will Monday's releases do us today?"

"Let's camp here," someone put in.

"It's ten-thirty in the morning."

"I don't care."

"The river has its hands tied, but it's still running," said Brower. "If the Commissioner gets very wet today, it's his own fault."

Jerry Sanderson has cut the engine—a small, cocky outboard that gives the raft a little more speed than the river and is supposed to add some control in rapids. We drift silently.

Brower notices a driftwood log, bleached and dry, on a ledge forty feet above us. "See where the river was before you turned it off, Floyd?"

"I didn't turn it off, God damn it, I turned it on. Ten months of the year, there wasn't enough water in here to boil an egg. My dam put this river in business."

Dominy begins to talk dams. To him, the world is a tessellation of watersheds. When he looks at a globe, he does not see nations so much as he sees rivers, and his imagination runs down the rivers building dams. Of all the rivers in the world, the one that makes him salivate most is the Mekong. There are chances in the Mekong for freshwater Mediterraneans—huge bowls of topography that are pinched off by gunsight passages just crying to be plugged. "Fantastic. Fantastic river," he says, and he contrasts it with the Murrumbidgee River, in New South Wales, where the Australians have spent twenty-two years developing something called the Snowy Mountains Hydroelectric Scheme—"a whole lot of effort for a cup of water." Brower reminds Dominy that dams can break, and mentions the disaster that occurred in Italy in 1963. "That dam didn't break," Dominy tells him. "That dam did *not* break. It was nine hundred feet high. Above it was a granite mountain with crud on top. The crud fell into the reservoir, and water splashed *four hundred feet* over the top of the dam and rushed down the river and killed two thousand people. The dam is still there. It held. Four hundred feet of water over it and it held. Of course, it's useless now. The reservoir is full of crud."

"Just as all your reservoirs will be. Just as Lake Powell will be full of silt."

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Dave, be rational."

"Oh, for Christ's sake, Floyd, *you* be rational."

"Have you ever been *for* a dam, Dave? Once? Ever?"

"Yes. I testified in favor of Knowles Dam, on the Clark Fork River, in Montana. I saw it as a way to save Glacier National Park from an even greater threat. Tell me this, Floyd. Have you ever built a dam that didn't work?"

"Yes, if you want to know the truth. I'm not afraid to tell you the truth, Dave. On Owl Creek, near Thermopolis, Wyoming. Geologic tests were done at one point in the creek and they were O.K., and then the dam was built some distance upstream. We learned a lesson. Never build a dam except exactly where tests are conducted. Cavities developed under the dam, also under the reservoir. Every time we plug one hole, two more show up. Plugs keep coming out. The reservoir just won't fill. Someday I'll tell you another story, Dave. I'll tell you about the day one of our men opened the wrong valve and flooded

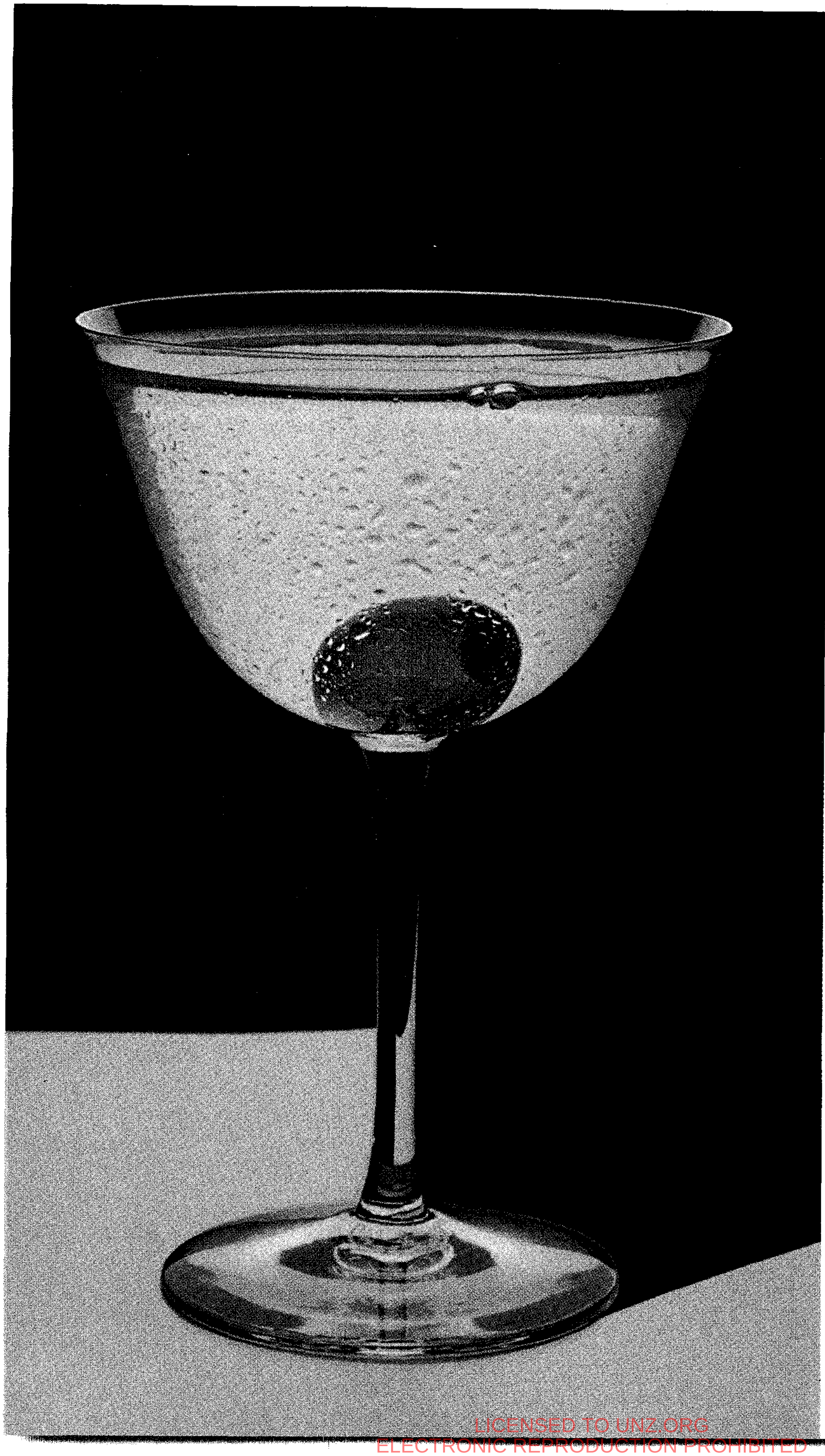
THIS SHIRT NOT ONLY HAS A LOOK, IT HAS A FEEL.

There are little twisting cords in this striped Keats® shirt that are raised. You can feel them, you can see them. They lend a dimension to the shirt that flat weaves could never achieve. No picture can do justice to this fact. But we tried. Tailored in a rich COTTON broadcloth. With a big bold collar that stays wrinkle free. $11. The coordinated Gant tie. $10.

GANT®
SHIRTMAKERS

COMFORTABLE · CAREFREE
COTTON
YOU CAN FEEL
HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

THE RUM MARTINI.
DON'T KNOCK IT TILL YOU'VE TRIED IT.



If you're a devoted martini drinker, you may find this a bit hard to swallow, but:

The difference between a gin martini and a Puerto Rican Rum Martini is a subtlety. The inherent quality of subtlety that gives Puerto Rican Rums the edge.

Our rums are light, clear and dry.

But they don't happen to get that way overnight.

To make certain there's no bite or strong aroma, every Puerto Rican Rum must be distilled at high proof and aged and filtered with charcoal for added smoothness.

But after all is said and done, reading about the Rum Martini is no substitute for sipping one.

So make one with White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum and dry vermouth (or try a few drops of dry cocktail type sherry).

The Rum Martini. Don't let what it sounds like prevent you from finding out what it tastes like.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

A free recipe book is yours for the asking.
Write Rums of Puerto Rico, 666 Fifth Ave., New York, 10019.

the *inside* of Grand Coulee Dam.”

“I’ve heard enough.”

Dominy and Brower call for sandwiches, open them, and dutifully drop the tongues inside. Brower now attacks Dominy because a dam project near Ventura, California, is threatening the existence of thirty-nine of the forty-five remaining condors in North America. “We’ve got to get upset about the condor,” Brower tells him. “No one likes to see something get extinct.”

“The condor was alive in the days of the mastodons,” Dominy says. “He is left over from prehistoric times. He can’t fly without dropping off something first. He is so huge a kid with a BB gun can hit him. He’s in trouble, dam or no dam. If you give him forty thousand acres, he’s still in trouble. He *is* in trouble. His chances of survival are slim. I think it would be nice if he survived, but I don’t think this God-damned project would have any real bearing on it.”

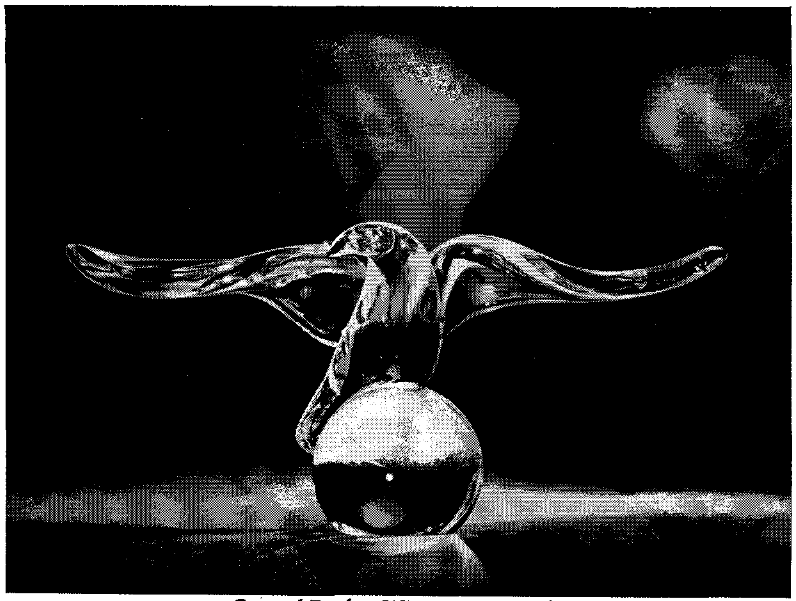
Dominy draws deeply on his beer. He takes off his Lake Powell hat, smooths his hair back, and replaces the hat. I wonder if he is thinking of the scale-model bulldozer in his office in Washington. The bulldozer happens to have a condor in it—a rubber scale-model condor, sitting in the operator’s seat.

Dominy’s thoughts have been elsewhere, though. “Who was that old man who tried to read poetry at Kennedy’s Inaugural? With the white hair blowing all over the place.”

“Robert Frost.”

“Right. He and I went to Russia together. I was going to visit Russian dams, and he was on some cultural exchange, and we sat beside each other on the plane all the way to Moscow. He talked and talked, and I smoked cigars. He said eventually, ‘So you’re the dam man. You’re the creator of the great concrete monoliths—turbines, generators, stored water.’ And then he started to talk poetically about me, right there in the plane. He said, ‘Turning, turning, turning . . . creating, creating . . . creating energy for the people . . . for the people. . . .’

“Most of the day, Frost reminisced about his childhood, and he asked about mine, and I told him I’d been born in a town so small that the entrance and exit signs were on the same post. Land as dry and rough as a cob. You’ll never see any land better than that for irrigating. God damn, she lays pretty. And he asked about my own family, and I told him about our farm in Virginia, and how my son and I put up nine hundred and sixty feet of fence



Crystal Eagle • Wingspan 12 inches

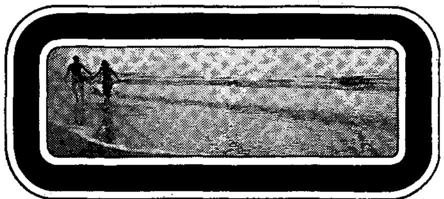
ANNOUNCING A SPECIAL SPRING CATALOGUE:
“THE ANIMAL FAIR”
A multitude of birds, beasts, and fish
will be illustrated. Publication date: April 15.
Reserve your free copy today. Write to

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET • NEW YORK • N.Y. 10022 • (212) PL 2-1441

Belgian crystal
with ogee edge, floating
on antiqued brass.
“One nice thing after
another” from
Knapp & Tubbs

DISTINGUISHED DISTRIBUTORS OF FINE FURNITURE THROUGH YOUR DESIGNER, FURNITURE RETAILER OR ARCHITECT. ASK TO BE INTRODUCED IN: ATLANTA, CHICAGO, CLEVELAND, GRAND RAPIDS, LOS ANGELES, MIAMI, NEW YORK, SAN FRANCISCO.



The gracious resort.

Come once to The Cloister and you'll come again and again. It's a way of life, a world itself, sunny, charming, casual — yet you'll enjoy the dressing occasions too. Food, accommodations, sports (27 holes of golf, 10 tennis courts and much more) come across in the inimitable Sea Island manner.

Write or call the Cloister Hotel, Sea Island, Ga. 31561 (912-638-3611).

Sea Island

Ask about our beautiful island homes available for rental.

in one day. I told my son, 'I'll teach you how to work. You teach yourself how to play.' "

We have been through the Kanab Rapid—standing waves six feet high, lots of splash—and we are still wet. It is cold in the canyon. A cloud—a phenomenon in this sky—covers the sun. We are shivering. The temperature plunges if the sun is obscured. The oven is off. Clothes do not quickly dry. Fortunately, the cloud seems to be alone up there.

Mile 144.8. "Here we are," Brower says. He has the map in his hand. Nothing in the Muav Limestone walls around us suggests that we are anywhere in particular, except in the middle of the Grand Canyon. "We are entering the reservoir," Brower announces. "We are now floating on Lake Dominy."

"Jesus," mutters Dominy.

"What reservoir?" someone asks. Brower explains. A dam that Dominy would like to build, ninety-three miles downstream, would back still water to this exact point in the river.

"Is that right, Commissioner?"

"That's right."

The cloud has left the sun, and almost at once we feel warm again. The other passengers are silent, absorbed by what Brower has told them.

"Do you mean the reservoir would cover the Upset Rapid? Havasu Creek? Lava Falls? All the places we are coming to?" one man asks Dominy.

Dominy reaches for the visor of his Lake Powell hat and pulls it down more firmly on his head. "Yes," he says.

"I'd have to think about that."

"So would I."

"I would, too."

Our fellow-passengers have become a somewhat bewildered—perhaps a somewhat divided—chorus. Dominy assures them that the lake would be beautiful, like Powell, and, moreover, that the Hualapai Indians, whose reservation is beside the damsite, would have a million-dollar windfall, comparable to the good deal that has come to the Navajos of Glen Canyon. The new dam would be called Hualapai Dam, and the reservoir—Brower's humor notwithstanding—would be called Hualapai Lake.

"I'm prepared to say, here and now, that we should touch nothing more in the lower forty-eight," Brower comments. "Whether it's an island, a river, a mountain wilderness—nothing more. What has been left alone until now should be left alone permanently. It's an extreme statement, but it should be said."

"That, my friend, is debatable."

The others look from Brower to Dominy without apparent decision. For the most part, their reactions do not seem to be automatic, either way. This might seem surprising among people who would be attracted, in the first place, to going down this river on a raft, but nearly all of them live in communities whose power and water come from the Colorado. They are, like everyone, caught in the middle, and so they say they'll have to think about it.

At home, in New Jersey, I go to my children's schoolrooms and ask, for example, a group of fourth graders to consider a large color photograph of a pristine beach in Georgia. "Do you think there should be houses by this beach, or that it should be left as it is?" Hands go up, waving madly. "Houses," some of the schoolchildren say. Others vote against the houses. The breakdown is fifty-fifty. "How about this? Here is a picture of a glorious mountain in a deep wilderness in the state of Washington. There is copper under the mountain." I list the uses of copper. The vote is close. A black child, who was for houses on the beach, says, "Take the copper." I hold up the Sierra Club's Exhibit-Format book "Time and the River Flowing" and show them pictures of the Colorado River in the Grand Canyon. Someone wants to build a dam in this river. A dam gives electricity and water—light and food. The vote is roughly fifty-fifty.

After Brower ran his ad about the flooding of the Sistine Chapel, Dominy counterattacked by flying down the Colorado in a helicopter, hanging by a strap from an open door with a camera in his hand. He had the pilot set the helicopter down on a sandbar at Mile 144.8, and he took a picture straight down the river. The elevation of the sandbar was eighteen hundred and seventy-five feet above sea level. Taking pictures all the way, Dominy had the pilot fly at that exact altitude down the river from the sandbar to the site of Hualapai Dam. ("That pilot had the God-damned props churning right around the edge of that inner-gorge wall, and he was *noivous*, but I made him stay there.") At the damsite, the helicopter was six hundred feet in the air. Dominy took his collection of pictures to Congress. "Brower says we want to ruin the canyon. Let's see whether we're going to ruin it," he said, and he demonstrated that Hualapai Lake, for all its length, would be a slender puddle hidden away in a segment of the Grand Canyon that was seven miles wide and four thousand feet deep. No part of the lake would be visible from any public observation point in Grand Canyon National Park, he told the congressmen. "Hell, I know more about this river than the Park Service, the Sierra Club, and everyone else," he says, finishing the story. "I took my pictures to Congress because I thought that this would put the ball in their court, and if they wanted to field it, all right, and if they wanted to drop it, that was all right, too."

We have gone through Matkatamiba and around a bend. Jerry Sanderson has cut the motor again, and we are resting in the long corridor of flat water that ends in the Upset Rapid. There is a lot of talk about "the last mile," the low water, "the end of the rainbow," and so on, but this is just fear chatter, dramatization of the unseen.

"Oh, come on, now. One of these rafts could go over Niagara Falls."

"Yes. With no survivors."

Brower hands Dominy a beer. "Here's your last beer," he says. It is 11 A.M., and cool in the canyon. Another cloud is over the sun, and the temperature is seventy-seven degrees. The cloud will be gone in moments, and the temperature will go back into the nineties.

"Here's to Upset," Brower says, lifting his beer. "May the best man win."

The dropoff is so precipitous where Upset begins that all we can see of it, from two hundred yards upstream, is what appears to be an agglomeration of snapping jaws—the leaping peaks of white water. Jerry cannot get the motor started. "It won't run on this gas," he explains. "I've tried river water, and it won't run on that, either." As we drift downstream, he works on the motor. A hundred and fifty yards. He pulls the cord. No sound. There is no sound in the raft, either, except for the *psss* of a can being opened. Dominy is having one more beer. A hundred yards. Jerry starts the motor. He directs the raft to shore. Upset, by rule, must be inspected before the running.

We all got off the raft and walked to the edge of the rapid with Sanderson. What we saw there tended to erase the thought that men in shirtsleeves were controlling the Colorado inside a dam that was a hundred and sixty-five river miles away. They were there, and this rapid was here, thun-

We made our first bottle of Brolio around the turn of the century. The tenth century.

Not only is Brolio nearly a thousand years old, but it's the world's original Chianti wine.

Chianti made now, as it was then, from the choicest grapes of the "classico" district. At Castle Brolio. In the very heart of the Chianti country.

And it's here that all the accumulated knowledge of ten centuries goes into our every bottle. To make the Chianti that is Brolio. Deep garnet in color. Velvety. Full-bodied.

Today, we no longer have the original Chianti bottle. But we can still give you the original Chianti.

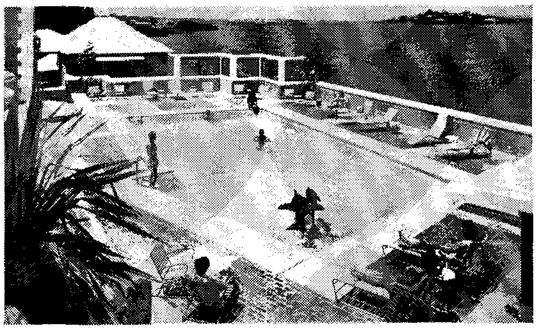
Brolio Chianti

IMPORTED BY GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

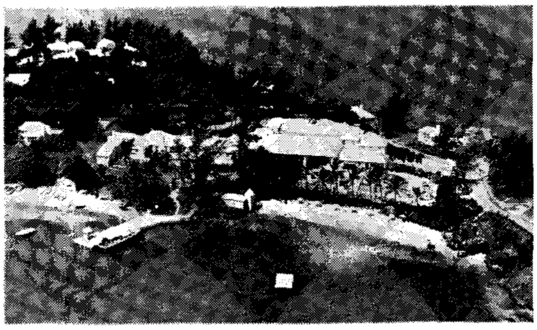
Bermuda gives you a little more when you stay at one of these special resorts.

Sometimes these specially Bermudian resorts are hard to get into, but they're worth the wait. They offer you the congenial atmosphere of a private club—small enough to make your welcome personal, large enough to give you the finest accommodations, cuisine, service and carefree fun. Have a little more Bermuda next time, at any one of them.

Newstead & Cottages. Everything's new—pool, sauna baths, barbecue terrace, balconied units on the harbour. Yet it's still the hospitable haven of the past 40 years. Representative: Robert F. Warner, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., New York, JU 6-4500.



Cambridge Beaches. Charming cottage colony with white beaches and pool. Excellent cuisine, calypso entertainment. Fishing, sailing, tennis. Representative: Hetland and Stevens, Inc., 211 East 43rd St., New York. TN 7-1450.



Lantana Colony Club. Beautiful cottages and clubhouse on the Great Sound. Choice cuisine. Private beach, pool, tennis, sailing, all water sports. Representative: Leonard P. Brickett, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Glencoe. Sailboats at the door, in lovely Salt Kettle inlet. Dine by the pool. Sail, swim, water ski, fish at this informal waterside inn. Representative: Hetland & Stevens, Inc., 211 East 43rd St., New York. TN 7-1450.

dering. The problem was elemental. On the near right was an enormous hole, fifteen feet deep and many yards wide, into which poured a scaled-down Canadian Niagara—tons upon tons of water per second. On the far left, just beyond the hole, a very large boulder was fixed in the white torrent. High water would clearly fill up the hole and reduce the boulder, but that was not the situation today.

"What are you going to do about this one, Jerry?"

Sanderson spoke slowly and in a voice louder than usual, trying to pitch his words above the roar of the water. "You have to try to take ten per cent of the hole. If you take any more of the hole, you go in it, and if you take any less you hit the rock."

"What's at the bottom of the hole, Jerry?"

"A rubber raft," someone said.

Sanderson smiled.

"What happened two years ago, Jerry?"

"Well, the man went through in a neoprene pontoon boat, and it was cut in half by the rock. His life jacket got tangled in a boat line, and he drowned."

"What can happen to the raft, Jerry?"

"Oh, parts of them sometimes get knocked flat. Then we have to stop below the rapid and sew them up. We have a pump to reinflate them. We use Dacron thread, and sew them with a leather punch and a three-inch curved needle. We also use contact adhesive cement."

"Wallace Stegner thinks this river is dead, because of Glen Canyon Dam, but I disagree," Brower said. "Just look at it. You've got to have a river alive. You've just got to. There's no alternative."

"I prefer to run this rapid with more water," Sanderson said, as if for the first time.

"If you want to sit here twenty-four hours, I'll get you whatever you need," said Dominy.

Sanderson said, "Let's go."

We got back on the raft and moved out into the river. The raft turned slightly and began to move toward the rapid. "Hey," Dominy said. "Where's Dave? Hey! We left behind one of our party. We're separated now. Isn't he going to ride?" Brower had stayed on shore. We were now forty feet out. "Well, I swear, I swear, I swear," Dominy continued, slowly. "He isn't coming with us." The Upset Rapid drew us in.

With a deep shudder, we dropped into a percentage of the hole—God only knows if it was ten—and the raft folded almost in two. The bow and the stern became the high points of a deep V. Water smashed down on us. And down it smashed again, all in that other world of slow and disparate motion. It was not speed but weight that we were experiencing: the great, almost imponderable, weight of water, enough to crush a thousand people, but not hurting us at all because we were part of it—part of the weight, the raft, the river. Then, surfacing over the far edge of the hole, we bobbed past the incisor rock and through the foaming outwash.

“The great outdoorsman!” Dominy said, in a low voice. “The great outdoorsman!” He shook water out of his Lake Powell hat. “The great outdoorsman standing safely on dry land wearing a God-damned life jacket!”

The raft, in quiet water, now moved close to shore, where Brower, who had walked around the rapid, stood waiting.

“For heaven’s sake, say nothing to him, Floyd.”

“Christ, I wouldn’t think of it. I wouldn’t dream of it. What did he do during the war?”

The raft nudged the riverbank. Dominy said, “Dave, why didn’t you ride through the rapid?”

Brower said, “Because I’m chicken.”

“A Climber’s Guide to the High Sierra” (Sierra Club, 1954) lists thirty-three peaks in the Sierra Nevada that were first ascended by David Brower. “*Arrowhead.* First ascent September 5, 1937, by David R. Brower and Richard M. Leonard. . . . *Glacier Point.* First ascent May 28, 1939, by Raffi Bedayan, David R. Brower, and Richard M. Leonard. . . . *Lost Brother.* First ascent July 27, 1941, by David R. Brower. . . .” Brower has climbed all the Sierra peaks that are higher than fourteen thousand feet. He once started out at midnight, scaled the summit of Mount Tyndall (14,025) by 3 A.M., reached the summit of Mount Williamson (14,384) by 7 A.M., and was on top of Mount Barnard (14,003) at noon. He ate his lunch—nuts, raisins, dried apricots—and he went to sleep. He often went to sleep on the high peaks. Or he hunted around for ice, removing it in wedges from cracks in the granite, sucking it to slake his thirst. If it was a nice day, he would stay put for as much as an hour and a half. “The summit is the anticlimax,” he says. “The way up is the thing. There is a moment when you know you have the mountain by the tail. You figure out how the various elements go together. You thread the route in your mind’s eye, after hunting and selecting, and hitting dead ends. Finally, God is good enough. He built the mountain right, after all. A pleasant surprise. If you don’t make it and have to go back, you play it over and over again in your mind. Maybe this would work, or that. Several months, a year, or two years later, you do it again.” When Brower first tried to climb the Vazquez Monolith, in Pinnacles National Monument, he was stopped cold, as had been every other climber ever, for the face of the monolith was so smooth that Brower couldn’t even get off the ground. Eventually, someone else figured out how to do that, but, as it happened, was stopped far shy of the summit. When Brower heard about this, he went to his typewriter, wrote a note identifying himself as the first man to ascend Vazquez Monolith, and slipped the note into a small brass tube. In his mind, he could see his route as if he were carrying a map. He went to Pinnacles National Monument, went up the Vazquez Monolith without an indecisive moment, and, on top, built a cairn around the brass tube. When Brower led a group to Shiprock in 1939, at least ten previous climbing parties had tried and failed there. Shiprock is a seven-thousand-foot monadnock that looks something like a schooner rising in isolation from the floor of the New Mexican desert. Brower studied photographs of Shiprock for many months, then planned an ornately complicated route—about three-quarters of the way up one side, then far down another side, then up a third and, he hoped, final side, to the top. That is how the climb went, without flaw, start to finish. Another brass tube. “I like mountains. I like granite. I particularly like the feel of the Sierra granite. When I climbed the Chamonix Aiguilles, the granite felt so much like the granite in the Yosemite that I felt right at home. Once, in the Sierra, when I was learning, I was going up the wall of a couloir and I put both hands and one knee on a rock. The rock moved, and fell. It crashed seventy-five feet below. One of my hands had shot upward, and with two fingers I caught a ledge. I pulled myself up, and I sat there on that ledge and thought for a long while. Why was I that stupid—to put that much faith in one rock? I have an urge to get up on

Elegantly Casual Coordinated in Dacron®

Designed with your leisure in mind. Coordinate contemporary good looks with carefree, comfortable wear.

The sports jacket, subtly shaped with high center vent. Wrinkle free Dacron* polyester doubleknit. Navy, red, white, cornflower blue and Dartmouth. Short, regular or long. About $75.00.

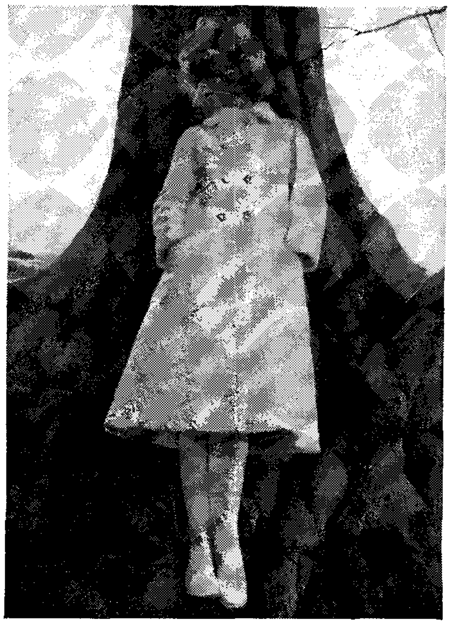
Seersucker slacks, doubleknit of wash 'n wear Dacron*. Hidden waist extension. Western pockets. Striped with white in red, light blue, navy, tan, green or melon. Sizes 30-44. About $35.00.
Prices slightly higher on the West Coast.

Bloomingdale's, New York and all branches
Burdine's, Miami • Rich's, Atlanta
Bullock's-Wilshire, Los Angeles

IZOD

498 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York

*Dupont Reg. T.M.


One of the world's best-kept secrets is said to be the recipe for pancakes served at Copenhagen's Town Hall. But what makes our furs the most tempting in the world is no secret. Our recipe...100% pure quality. Discover them at I. Magnin.

BIRGER CHRISTENSEN

38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark

By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

SALZBURG BAYREUTH

MUSIC FESTIVALS TOUR

For new folder, see your Travel Agent or Maupintour, 270 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017.

Maupintour

20th year of quality tour operation

Visit our gallery and find the artist of your choice

PORTRAITS, INC.

We represent 200 of today's leading portrait painters and sculptors

41 EAST 57th STREET NEW YORK 10022

top. I like to get up there and see around. A three-hundred-and-sixty-degree view is a nice thing to have. I like to recognize where I've been, and look for routes where I might go."

MILE 156. Already the talk is of Lava Falls, which lies twenty-four miles ahead but has acquired fresh prominence in the aftermath of Upset. On the table of rated rapids—copies of which nearly everyone is at the moment studying—categories run from "Riffle" through "Heavy" to "Not Recommended." Upset was a "Heavy" rapid, like Deubendorff. In the "Not Recommended" category there is only Lava Falls.

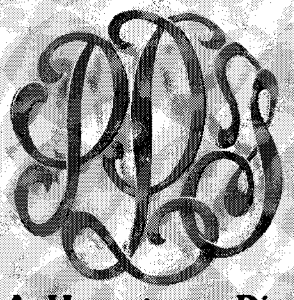
"Do you agree with that, Jerry?"

Sanderson grins with amusement, and speaks so slowly he seems wistful. "It's the granddaddy of them all," he says. "There's a big drop, and a lot of boulders, and several holes like the one at Upset. You have to look the rapid over carefully, because the holes move."

In the stillness of a big eddy, the raft pauses under an overhanging cliff. Lava Falls fades in the conversation. Twenty-four miles is a lot of country. Through a cleft that reaches all the way down through the overhanging cliff a clear green stream is flowing into the river. The cleft is so narrow that the stream appears to be coming straight out of the sandstone. Actually, it meanders within the cliff and is thus lost to view. The water is so clear that it sends a pale-green shaft into the darker Colorado. The big river may no longer be red with silt, but it carries enough to remain opaque. In the small stream, the pebbles on the bottom are visible, magnified, distinct. "Dive in," Brower suggests. "See where it goes."

Brower and I went into the stream and into the cliff. The current was not powerful, coming through the rock, and the water was only four feet deep. I swam, by choice—the water felt so good. It felt cool, but it must have been about seventy-five degrees. It was cooler than the air. Within the cliff was deep twilight, and the echoing sound of the moving water. A bend to the right, a bend to the left, right, left—this stone labyrinth with a crystal stream in it was moment enough, no matter where it ended, but there lay beyond it a world that humbled the mind's eye. The walls widened first into a cascaded gorge and then flared out to become the ovate sides of a deep valley, into which the stream rose in tiers of pools and waterfalls. Some of the falls were only two feet high, others four feet, six feet. There were hundreds of them.

Love Entwined


A Monogram Pin

14 Karat Gold

$45.00

Gold Filled or Sterling Silver

$13.50

Orders received by April 26 will be delivered by Mother's Day.

Underline last name initial.

Include 75¢ for handling.

N.J. residents add tax.

Write for free gift catalogue.

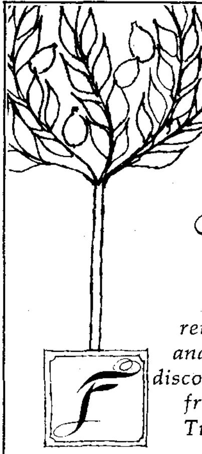
LaVake

Jewelers

Nassau Street

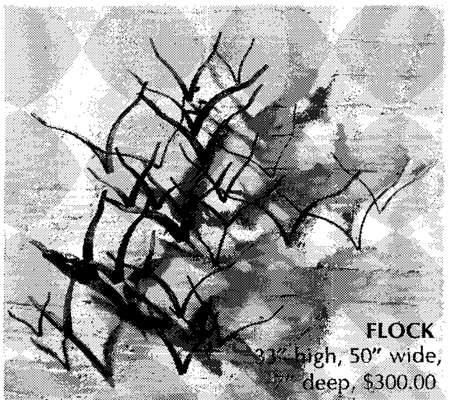
Princeton, New Jersey 08540

(609) 924-0624


La Forêt

An intimate new rendezvous for dinner and dancing . . . a lively discotheque and supper club from 12 midnight on, Tuesdays - Saturdays

AT THE PIERRE • 5TH AVE. & 61ST ST. • TE 8-8000


FLOCK

33" high, 50" wide, 27" deep, $300.00

WILLIAM Bowie THE SCULPTURE STUDIO

Write for color catalog

202 E. 77th ST. NEW YORK 10021

The pools were as much as fifteen feet deep, and the water in them was white where it plunged and foamed, then blue in a wide circle around the plunge point, and pale green in the outer peripheries. This was Havasu Canyon, the immemorial home of the Havasupai, whose tribal name means "the people of the blue-green waters." We climbed from one pool to another, and swam across the pools, and let the waterfalls beat down around our shoulders. Mile after mile, the pools and waterfalls continued. The high walls of the valley were bright red. Nothing grew on these dry and flaky slopes from the mesa rim down about two-thirds of the way; then life began to show in isolated barrel cactus and prickly pear. The cacti thickened farther down, and below them was riverine vegetation—green groves of oak and cottonwood, willows and tamarisk, stands of cattail, tall grasses, moss, watercress, and maidenhair fern. The Havasupai have lived in this place for hundreds, possibly thousands, of years, and their population has remained stable. There are something like two hundred of them. They gather nuts on the canyon rim in winter and grow vegetables in the canyon in summer. They live about twelve miles up Havasu Creek from the Colorado. Moss covered the rocks around the blue-and-green pools. The moss on dry rock was soft and dense, and felt like broadloom underfoot. Moss also grew below the water's surface, where it was coated with travertine, and resembled coral. The stream was loaded with calcium, and this was the physical explanation of the great beauty of Havasu Canyon, for it was the travertine—crystalline calcium carbonate—that had both fashioned and secured the all but unending stairway of falls and pools. At the downstream lip of each plunge pool, calcium deposits had built up into natural dams, and these travertine dams were what kept Havasu Creek from running freely downhill. The dams were whitish tan, and so smooth and symmetrical that they might have been finished by a mason. They were two or three feet high. They sloped. Their crests were flat and smooth and with astonishing uniformity were about four inches thick from bank to bank. Brower looked up at the red canyon walls. He was sitting on the travertine, with one foot in a waterfall, and I was treading the green water below him. He said, "If Hualapai Dam had been built, or were ever built, this place where you are swimming would be at the bottom of a hundred feet of water." It was time to go back to the

VERY Saks Fifth Avenue

Go city strolling in Salvatore Ferragamo's newest stride, banded with bits of gilt. From Italy just for us, in black patent and bone calf or navy-and-red calf, $37. Shoe Salon. Please add 75c handling charge for mail and phone orders sent outside our regular delivery area.

The Ricoh Singlex.
1/1000 shutter speed. 1/125 electronic flash synch.
And a price that really shines.

Now you don't have to plunk down $300 for an exciting SLR camera.

The Ricoh Singlex is an exciting SLR with a suggested retail price that starts under $175.

At its heart is a metal Copal Square Shutter. It has a shutter speed range of 1 to 1/1000th of a second. (Most other SLR's around this price stop at 1/500th of a second.) And you can obtain perfect electronic flash synch at speeds to 1/125th of a second. (Most of the competition stops at 1/60th of a second.)

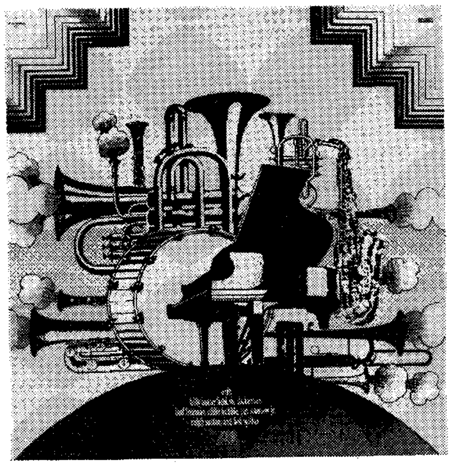
The advanced metering system combines through-the-lens light measurement with a wide range, highly reliable CdS meter. You can determine the proper exposure without ever taking the camera from your eye.

The Singlex is available with an f/1.4 Rikenon lens. Other standard Rikenon lenses include an f/1.7 and an f/2.8. A Pentax-type mount is standard, so the range of interchangeable lenses is virtually unlimited.

The Singlex is part of a total Ricoh/Rikenon system, which also includes a wide range of accessories. Drop us a card for a free lab report.

Ricoh
A new generation of cameras.
Braun North America, Dept.N-4, 55 Cambridge Parkway, Cambridge, Mass. 02142 A Div. of The Gillette Company

New Album by
THE
WORLD'S
GREATEST
JAZZBAND
of
Yank
Lawson
and
Bob
Haggart
with Billy Butterfield
Vic Dickenson
Bud Freeman
Gus Johnson, Jr.
Lou McGarity
Ralph Sutton
and Bob Wilber
What's New



On Atlantic Records & Tapes
(Tapes Distributed by Ampex)
ATLANTIC

Colorado. I swam to the travertine dam at the foot of the pool, climbed up on it and dived into the pool below it, and swam across and dived again, and swam and dived—and so on for nearly two miles. Dominy was waiting below. "It's fabulous," he said. "I know every river canyon in the country, and this is the prettiest in the West."

Mile 171. Beside the minor rapids at Gateway Canyon, we stop, unload the raft, and lay out our gear before settling down to drinks before dinner. Brower is just beyond earshot. Dominy asks me again, "What did Dave do during the war?"

I tell him all I happen to know—that Brower trained troops in climbing techniques in West Virginia and Colorado, and that he later went with the 10th Mountain Division to Italy, where he won the Bronze Star.

Dominy contemplates the river. Brower goes to the water's edge and dips his Sierra Club cup. He will add whiskey to the water. "Fast-moving water is a very satisfying sound," Dominy says to him. "There is nothing more soothing than the sound of running or falling water."

"The river talks to itself, Floyd. Those little whirls, the sucks and the boils—they say things."

"I love to see white water, Dave. In all my trips through the West over the years, I have found moving streams with steep drops to them the most scenic things of all."

Over the drinks, Brower tells him, "I will come out of this trip different from when I came in. I am not in favor of dams, but I am in favor of Dominy. I can see what you have meant to the Bureau, and I am worried about what is going to happen there someday without you."

"No one will ever say that Dominy did not tell anyone and everyone exactly what he thinks, Dave."

"I've never heard anything different, Floyd."

"And, I might say, I've never heard anything different about you."

"I needed this trip more than anyone else."

"You're God-damned right you did, with that white skin."

Dominy takes his next drink out of the Sierra Club cup. The bottle of whiskey is nearly empty. Dominy goes far down into his briefcase and brings out another. It is Jim Beam. Dominy is fantastically loyal to Jim Beam. At his farm in Virginia a few weeks ago, he revived a sick calf by shooting it with a hypodermic syringe full of penicillin, condensed milk, and Jim Beam. Brower says he does not believe in penicillin.

"As a matter of fact, Dave Brower, I'll make a trip with you any time, anywhere."

"Great," Brower mutters faintly.

"Up to this point, Dave, we've won a few and lost a few—each of us. Each of us. Each of us. God damn it, everything Dave Brower does is O.K.—tonight. Dave, now that we've buried the hatchet, you've got to come out to my farm in the Shenandoah."

"Great."

To have a look at the map of the river, Dominy puts on Brower's glasses. Brower's glasses are No. 22s off the counter of F. W. Woolworth in San Francisco. Dominy rolls the scroll back to the Upset Rapid.

"How come you didn't go through there, Dave?"

"I'm chicken."

"Are you going to go through Lava Falls?"

"No."

"No?"

"No, thank you. I'll walk."

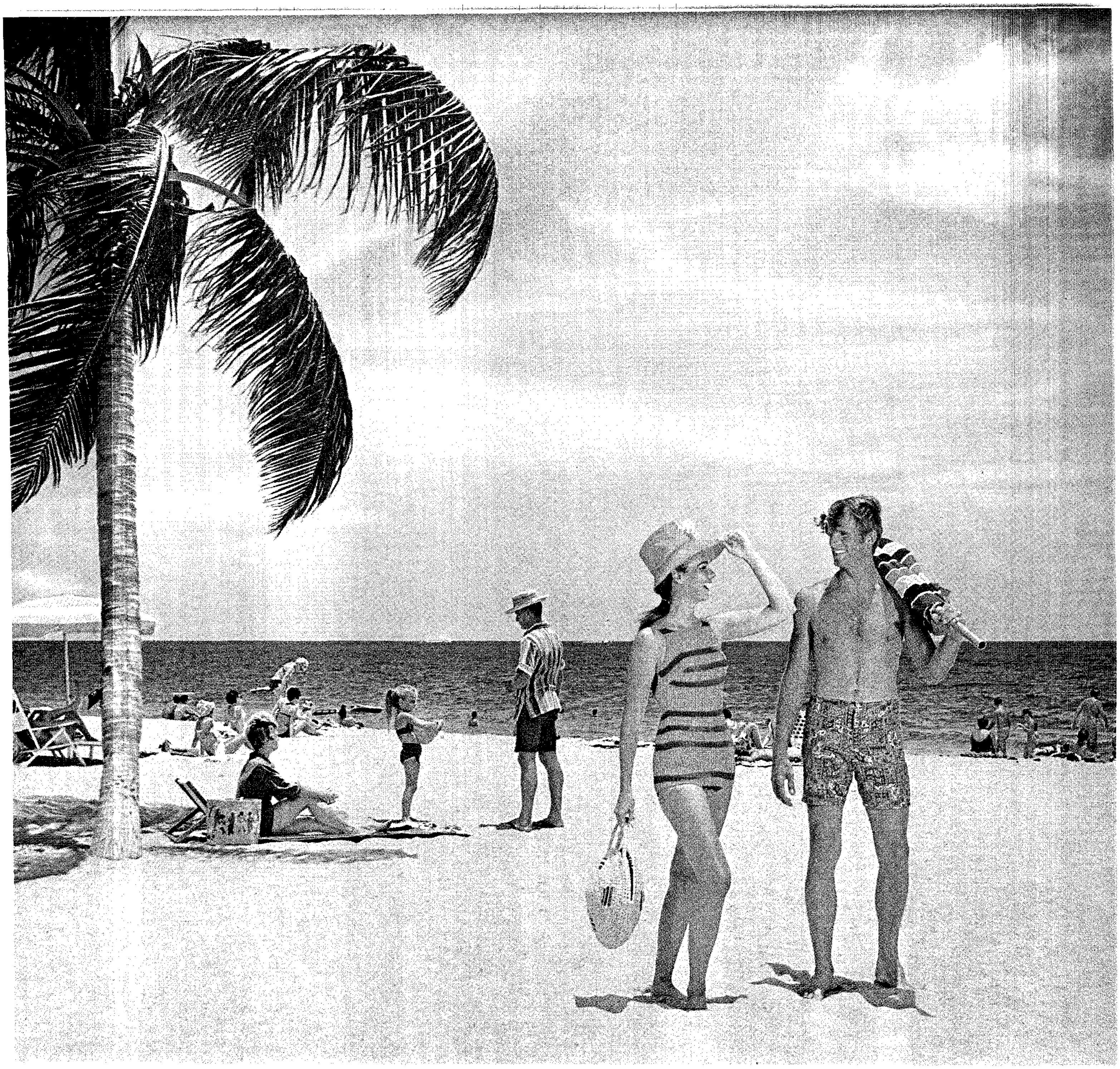
Upstream from where we sit, we can see about a mile of straight river between the high walls of the inner gorge, and downstream this corridor leads on to a bold stone portal. Dominy contemplates the scene. He says, "With Hualapai Dam, you'd really have a lake of water down this far."

"Yes. A hundred and sixty feet deep," notes Brower.

"It would be beautiful, and, like Lake Powell, it would be better for *all* elements of society."

"There's another view, and I have it, and I suppose I'll die with it, Floyd. Lake Powell is a drag strip for power boats. It's for people who won't do things except the easy way. The magic of Glen Canyon is dead. It has been vulgarized. Putting water in the Cathedral in the Desert was like urinating in the crypt of St. Peter's. I hope it never happens here."

"Look, Dave. I don't live in a God-damned apartment. I didn't grow up in a God-damned city. Don't give me the crap that you're the only man that understands these things. I'm a greater conservationist than you are, by far. I do things. I make things available to man. Unregulated, the Colorado River wouldn't be worth a good God damn to anybody. You conservationists are phony outdoorsmen. I'm sick and tired of a democracy that's run by a noisy minority. I'm fed up clear to my God-damned gullet. I had the guts to come out and fight you bastards. You're just a bunch of



Why Fort Lauderdale and its never-winter beach are never out of season

No doubt, our sunny strand beckons most compellingly during the deep-freeze months up north. That's why mid-winter is premium season here.

But after that, only the premium is off. Superb vacation weather and the season go on merrily as ever. Which means you can save a bundle and not miss any of its pleasures by visiting Fort Lauderdale this spring or summer.

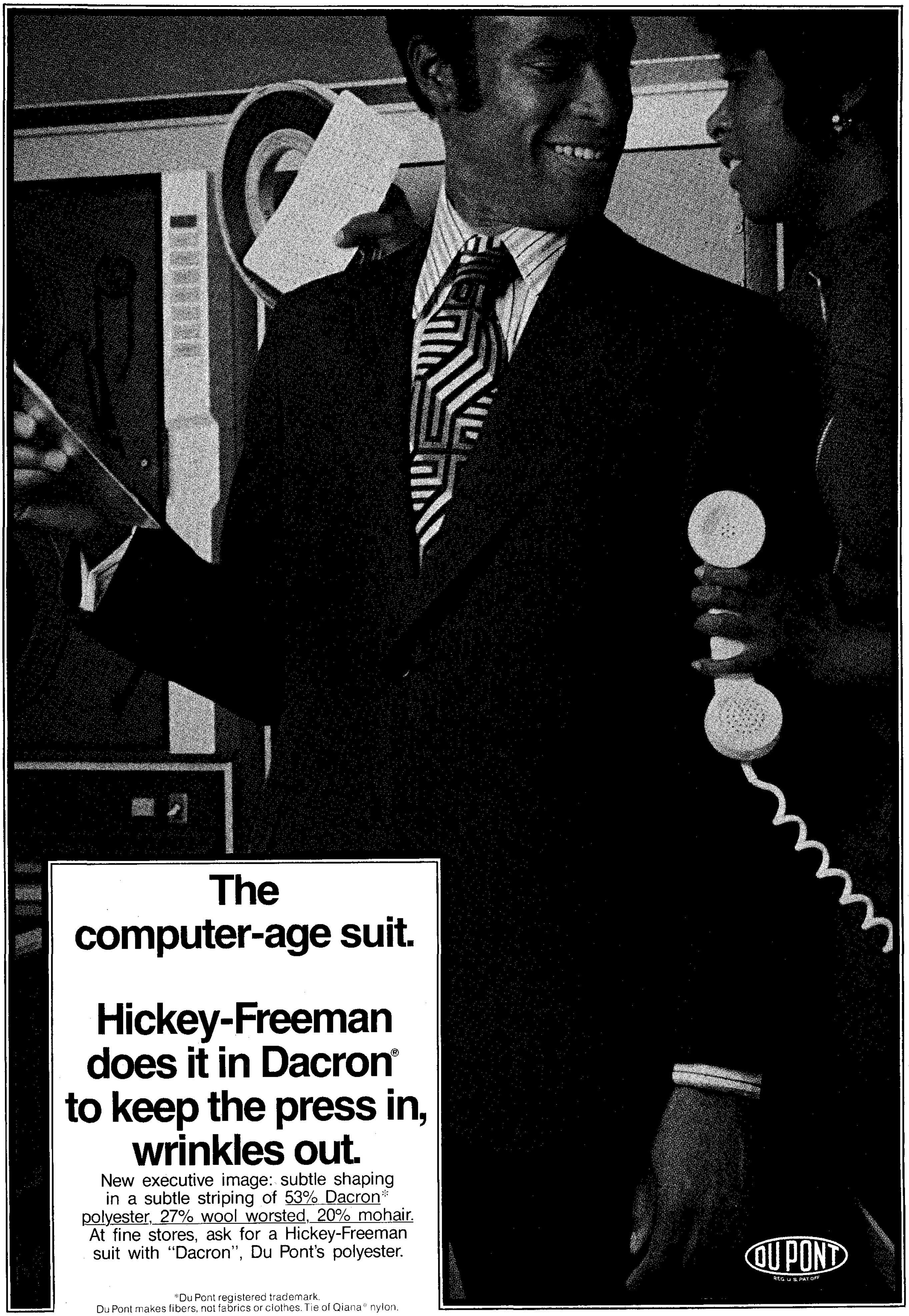
By mid-April, lodgings rates are down as much as one-half and remain at bargain levels well into December. The reduction applies to all of the many luxurious places to stay. Yet, there is no letdown in their excellent appointments or services.

You have the same variety of recreations; deep-sea fishing, golf, boating, all the water sports and more. The same fine-food restaurants. The same attractions and unique sights to see as the premium-season guest enjoys.

As for that never-winter beach and gentle bather's surf, they are always irresistible. In fact, the scene above was photographed in August, just to prove the point. For more proof that Fort Lauderdale fun is never out of season, write for our brand new free color brochure today.

FORT LAUDERDALE
the Place to go in Florida

For FREE color brochure and lodgings guide books, write City Information Department N-58,
P.O. Box 1181, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302



The computer-age suit.

Hickey-Freeman does it in Dacron® to keep the press in, wrinkles out.

New executive image: subtle shaping in a subtle striping of 53% Dacron* polyester, 27% wool worsted, 20% mohair. At fine stores, ask for a Hickey-Freeman suit with "Dacron", Du Pont's polyester.

*Du Pont registered trademark.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes. Tie of Qiana* nylon.

phonies and you'll stoop to any kind of God-damned argument. That's why I took my pictures. You were misleading the public about what would happen here. You gave the impression that the whole canyon was going to be inundated by the reservoir. Your weapon is emotion. You guys are just not very God-damned honorable in your fights."

"I had hoped things would not take this turn, Floyd, but you're wrong."

"Do you want to keep this country the way it is for a handful of people?"

"Yes, I do. Hualapai Dam is not a necessity. You don't even want the water."

"We mainly want the power head, but the dam would be part of the over-all storage project under the Colorado Compact."

"The Colorado Compact was not found on a tablet written on Mount Sinai. Hualapai Dam is not necessary, and neither was Glen Canyon. Glen Canyon Dam was built for the greater good of Los Angeles."

"You're too intelligent to believe that."

"You're too intelligent not to believe that."

"For Christ's sake, be objective, Dave. Be reasonable."

"Some of my colleagues make the error of trying to be reasonable, Floyd. Objectivity is the greatest threat to the United States today."

MILE 177, 9:45 A.M. The water is quite deep and serene here, backed up from the rapid. Lava Falls is two miles downstream, but we have long since entered its chamber of quiet.

"The calm before the storm," Brower says.

The walls of the canyon are black with lava—flows, cascades, and dikes of lava. Lava once poured into the canyon in this segment of the river. The river was here, much in its present form. It had long since excavated the canyon, for the volcanism occurred in relatively recent time. Lava came up through the riverbed, out from the canyon walls, and even down over the rims. It sent the Colorado up in clouds. It hardened, and it formed a dam and backed water two hundred miles.

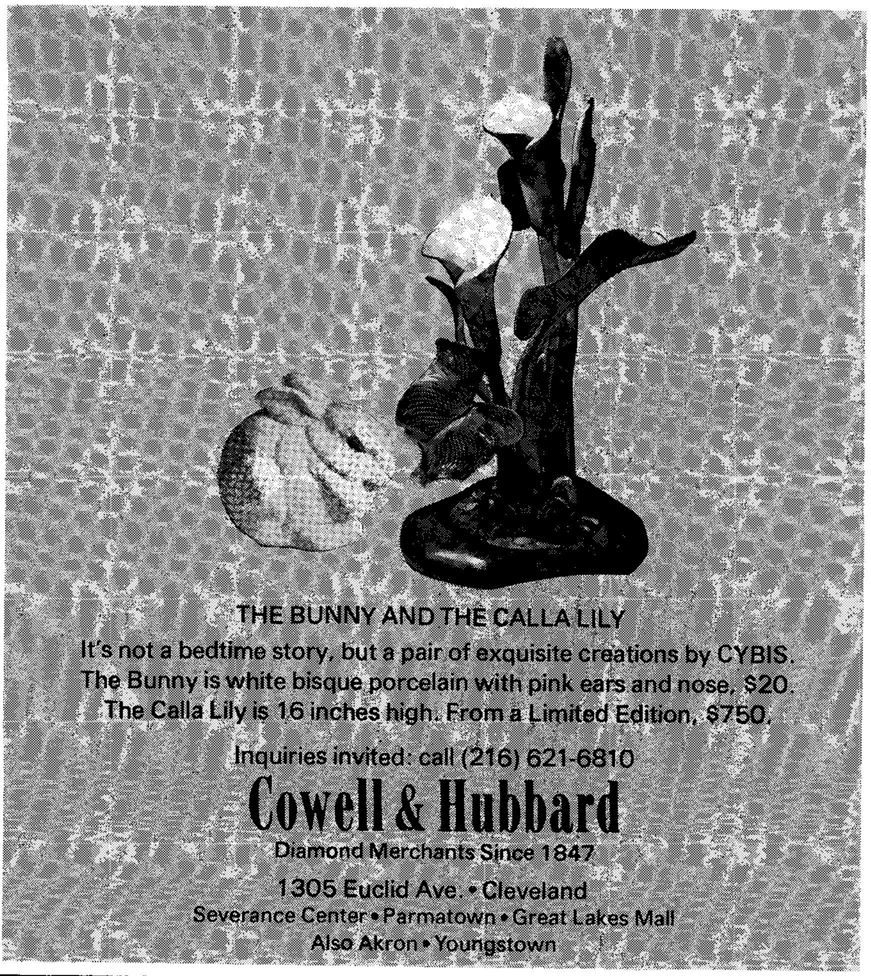
"If a lava flow were to occur in the Grand Canyon today, Brower and the nature lovers would shout to high heaven that a great thing had happened," Dominy said, addressing everyone in the raft. "But if a man builds a dam to bring water and power to other men, it is called desecration. Am I right or wrong, Dave? Be honest."

"The lava dam of Quaternary time was eventually broken down by the

Our single dressers double space.

Our bow-fronted dressers from our 18th Century English Portfolio are both practical and beautiful. Because they're built to look and feel like yesterday yet fill the extra space needs of today. Use them singly or in pairs... in house or apartment. To see more of our 18th Century designs for 20th Century living, send $1.00 for brochure, to Henredon, Dept. NY 4-371, Morganton, North Carolina 28655.

Henredon



THE BUNNY AND THE CALLA LILY

It's not a bedtime story, but a pair of exquisite creations by CYBIS. The Bunny is white bisque porcelain with pink ears and nose, $20. The Calla Lily is 16 inches high. From a Limited Edition, $750.

Inquiries invited: call (216) 621-6810

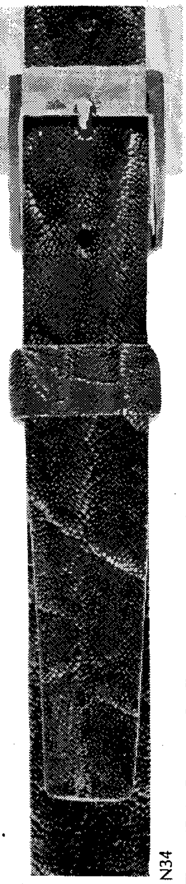
Cowell & Hubbard

Diamond Merchants Since 1847

1305 Euclid Ave. • Cleveland

Severance Center • Parmatown • Great Lakes Mall

Also Akron • Youngstown



ELEPHANT IS THE NAME OF OUR GAME!

ELEGANT ELEPHANT BELTS

"You'll probably outgrow them before you wear them out!" Our famous luxuriously supple Genuine Elephant Leather. Solid Brass buckles. 1" Dress Belt, French feathered edge, $14.95. Fashion's favorite 1¼" width, $16.95. Newest 1½" width, $21.00. Money Belt, concealed zippered compartment, 1¼", $18.95. All priced in Midnight Black. Sizes 28-42. Add $1 shipping

N.Y. Residents Add Tax

CONSERVATION IS OUR BUSINESS!

Our Elephant Leather is collected through Government-sponsored Habitat-Preservation projects under Conservation Agency control.

Write For Our Conservation Bulletins

N34

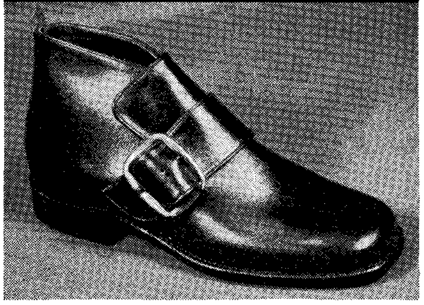
SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG

HUNTING WORLD

Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. New York 10022

GERBERICH

FOR YOUNG MEN AT ALERT STORES EVERYWHERE



Gerberich-Payne Shoe Company, Mount Joy, Penna.

George Feyer at the piano

His low-pressure piano subtleties are our secret ingredient for dinner, supper or drinks after 8:30 pm to 1:30 am except Sundays. No minimum. Cover $1.00.

For reservations please call "Gunnar" at BU 8-5800.

THE Stanhope

FIFTH AVENUE AT 81ST

river. This is what the Colorado will do to the Dominy dams that are in it now or are ever built. It will wipe them out, recover its grade, and go on about its business. But by then our civilization and several others will be long gone."

We drift past an enormous black megalith standing in the river. For eighty years, it was called the Niggerhead. It is the neck of a volcano, and it is now called Vulcan's Forge. We have a mile to go. Brower talks about the amazing size of the crystals on the canyon walls, the morning light in the canyon, the high palisades of columnar basalt. No one else says much of anything. All jokes have been cracked twice. We are just waiting, and the first thing we hear is the sound. It is a big, tympanic sound that increasingly fills the canyon. The water around us is dark-green glass. Five hundred yards. There it is. Lava Falls. It is, of course, a rapid, not a waterfall. There is no smooth lip. What we now see ahead of us at this distance appears to be a low whitewashed wall.

The raft touches the riverbank. Sanderson gets out to inspect the rapid, and we go, too. We stand on a black ledge, in the roar of the torrent, and look at the water. It goes everywhere. From bank to bank, the river is filled with boulders, and the water smashes into them, sends up auroras of spray, curls thickly, and pounds straight down into bomb-crater holes. It eddies into pockets of lethal calm and it doubles back to hit itself. Its valleys are deeper and its hills are higher than in any other rapid in North America. The drop is prodigious—twenty-six feet in a hundred yards—but that is only half the story. Prospect Creek, rising black-walled like a coal chute across the river, has shoved enough rock in here to stop six rivers, and this has produced the preëminent rapid of the Colorado.

When Dominy stepped up on the ledge and into the immediacy of Lava Falls, he shouted above the thunder, "Boy, that's a son of a bitch! Look at those *rocks!* See that hole over there? Jesus! Look at that one!"

Brower said, "Look at the way the water swirls. It's alive!"

The phys.-ed. teacher said, "Boy, that could tear the hell out of your bod."

Brower said, "Few come, but thousands drown."

Dominy said, "If I were Jerry, I'd go to the left and then try to move to the right."

Lava protruded from the banks in jagged masses, particularly on the right,

Activair

new wrinkle.

Seersucker knit mates the cool comfort of cotton with neat-keeping polyester. White-striped blue, navy, red, or yellow. About $12.

At Wallach's, New York
The Country Store, Concord, Mass.
Pat Nolan's, Ft. Lauderdale
Stewart's, Louisville; and knowledgeable stores everywhere; or write
Activair, 102 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 10016.

If you can't be a house guest in Bucks County, be ours.

The 1740 House is a country inn—worthy of special note because of the stout determination of the hosts to give visitors a place to stay that is quiet, charming and memorable.

Twenty-four air-conditioned bedrooms, each with bath and terrace, on the Delaware River. Swimming, fishing and boating. And proprietors who know a thing or two about making you welcome.

We'll be glad to send you our brochure and driving directions.

17 40 HOUSE

LUMBERVILLE, PA. 18933 BUCKS COUNTY
Tel.: 215-297-5661

On the job ...on the go ...for a quick lift

The cologne spray face refresher for men

New by ChapStick®

and there was a boulder there that looked like an axe blade. Brower said, "I'd go in on the right and out on the left."

My own view was that the river would make all the decisions. I asked Sanderson how he planned to approach what we saw there.

"There's only one way to do it," he said. "We go to the right."

The raft moved into the river slowly, and turned, and moved toward the low white wall. A hundred yards. Seventy-five yards. Fifty yards. It seems odd, but I did not notice until just then that Brower was on the raft. He was, in fact, beside me. His legs were braced, his hands were tight on a safety rope, and his Sierra Club cup was hooked in his belt. The tendons in his neck were taut. His chin was up. His eyes looked straight down the river. From a shirt pocket Dominy withdrew a cigar. He lighted it and took a voluminous drag. We had remaining about fifteen seconds of calm water. He said, "I might bite an inch off the end, but I doubt it." Then we went into Lava Falls.

Water welled up like a cushion against the big boulder on the right, and the raft went straight into it, but the pillow of crashing water was so thick that it acted on the raft like a great rubber fender between a wharf and a ship. We slid off the rock and to the left—into the craterscape. The raft bent like a V, flipped open, and shuddered forward. The little outboard—it represented all the choice we had—cavitated, and screamed in the air. Water rose up in tons through the bottom of the raft. It came in from the left, the right, and above. It felt great. It covered us, pounded us, lifted us, and heaved us scudding to the base of the rapid.

For a moment, we sat quietly in the calm, looking back. Then Brower said, "The foot of Lava Falls would be two hundred and twenty-five feet beneath the surface of Lake Dominy."

Dominy said nothing. He just sat there, drawing on a wet, dead cigar. Ten minutes later, however, in the dry and baking Arizona air, he struck a match and lighted the cigar again.

—JOHN MCPHEE

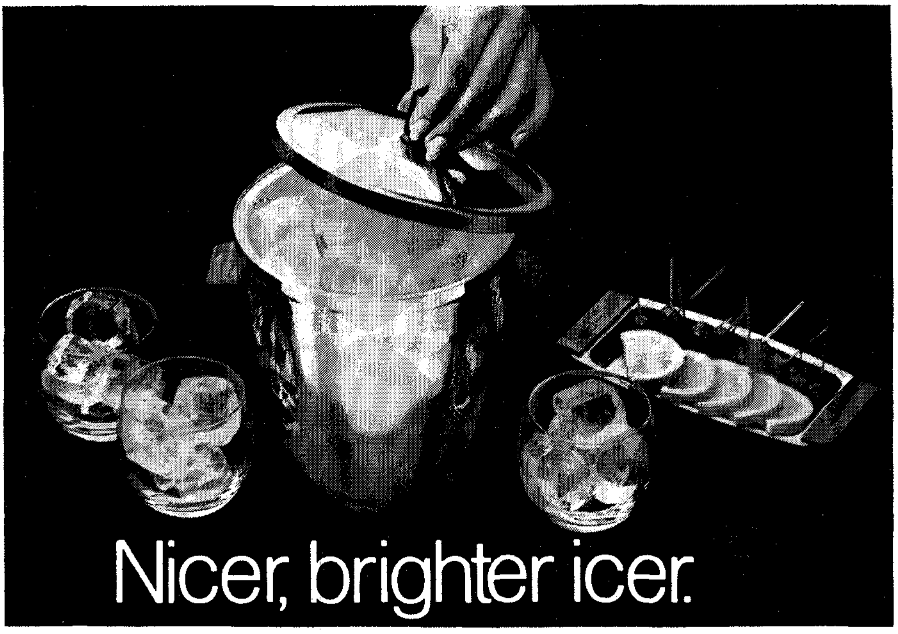
(This is the third part of a three-part Profile.)

•

COMPUTERS
TO FORM
OWN UNION

—Headline in the Amsterdam News.

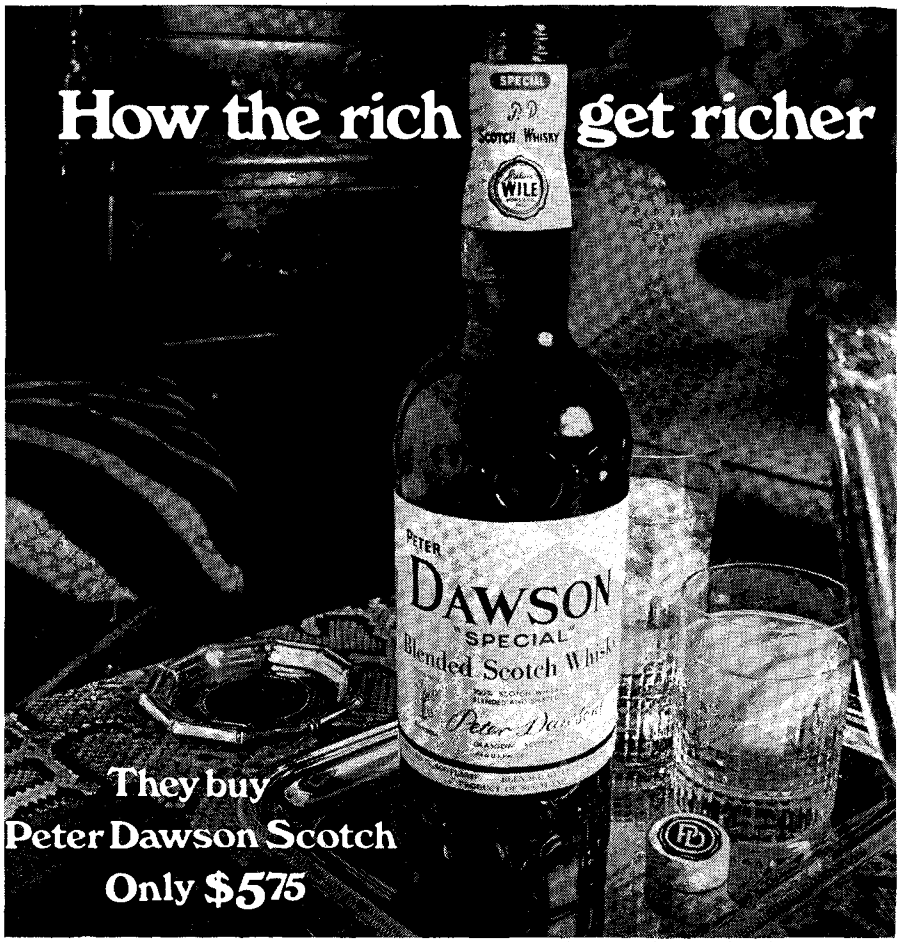
It'll be fun to watch them collect dues.



A beautiful stainless steel ice bucket is welcome at any gathering. Just a rinse and a wipe keeps it looking bright as new. The insulated interior keeps ice for hours. A perfect gift to take to today's modern hostess.

Republicsteel

(Only the ENDURO® stainless steel is produced by Republic Steel. The name and address of the manufacturer of the ice bucket will be supplied on request to Republic Steel Corporation, Dept. NY-1858-A, 1441 Republic Bldg., P.O. Box 6778, Cleveland, Ohio 44101. Sales Offices and Representatives in Principal Cities.)



JULIUS WILE SONS & CO., INC., NEW YORK. 86 AND 86.8 PROOF New York State price. May vary in other states depending on local taxes.

For opulence, there's a choice.

For handling, there's Alfa Romeo.

Test-drive the new Alfa Spider.

Over the toughest road you know.

Feel the Spider shrug off every challenge you remember.

You're at one with a car that responds instantly, accurately to the road and your reflexes.

That won't get out of shape, even in corners that used to get a little exciting.

That communicates a sense of safety and control you've never enjoyed before.

Race-bred handling like this makes the Spider as quick as you are.

You're in command of the same double-overhead-cam engine, chassis and suspension that won the 1970 Trans-American Championship for Alfa Romeo.

It all makes the Spider something very special.

But you can handle it.

Alfa Romeo 1750 Spider Veloce ® $4595 East P.O.E., $4655 West P.O.E. Ready for a test-drive at your nearest Alfa dealer, along with facts on overseas delivery.

Alfa Romeo Inc. (Eastern Division) 231 Johnson Ave., Newark, N.J. 07108 (Western Division) 215 Douglas St., S. El Segundo, Calif. 90245 Alfa Romeo (Canada) Ltd., 26 Greensboro Dr., Rexdale, Toronto, Ont.

THE THEATRE

WHO DIED?

Edward Albee has been characteristically precise, ironic, prankish, and gallant in naming his new play, "All Over." Precise because the play measures the effect of the slow dying of an elderly man of apparent great international importance on a group of people gathered in a mood of grisly self-revelation to await his end, and the two words of the title, spoken by an attending physician, serve to announce with succinct relish that welcome event; ironic because the man's death, far from putting a stop to any of the lacerative relationships we have watched unfolding onstage, marks the beginning of a series of new relationships, some of which promise to be even more painful than the earlier ones; prankish because the words of the title are the last to be uttered in the play and exist, Pirandello-fashion, both inside and outside its proper structure, simultaneously furthering the action of the play and terminating our evening at the Martin Beck; and gallant because Mr. Albee, conscious of himself as a prominent figure in our contemporary cultural landscape (to the point, indeed, of inviting the press to his Fifth Avenue apartment so that it could record for all time a preliminary run-through of this play), cannot fail to have anticipated the possibility that people who dislike "All Over" will seize upon the title as an accurate summary judgment of his career.

To speak of the last first, I eagerly affirm my confidence in Mr. Albee's talent; disappointing as I find "All Over," I don't regard it as being any more or less significant than the other failures—and, for that matter, the successes—of his bold, chance-taking professional life. The play is resourcefully plotted and is written with skill and care, in a heightened language that echoes James and sometimes, in its elegant syntactical idiosyncrasy, Ivy Compton-Burnett, and several of the characters are shown to have wry, wary, and unusual views on how one best gets through life. So far so good. But Mr. Albee has withheld practically all the means by which we might have been encouraged to care about his assortment of troubled souls. Our irritation begins when we learn from the program that nobody in the play is to have either a first or a last name—keeping vigil outside the bedroom of the dying man are The Wife, The Mistress, The Best Friend, and so on. Deprived of the minuscule individual distinction bestowed by a Jane, or even a Jones, the figures threaten to become tendentious, and even allegorical. Moreover, we discover almost nothing about the permanently invisible central character of the play except that he felt that "to be" was, by its nature, too lively an auxiliary verb to be coupled with the participle "dead." This hint of a speculative turn of mind doesn't suffice to raise our interest in him to fever pitch, nor does it help much that, though he is famous enough for a crowd of reporters to be waiting in the street below for news of his death, we never hear what his fame sprang from, or what it was in his supposedly remarkable nature that led his children to grow up so cowed and unloving. What did his mistress see in him? What did his wife see? At the heart of the play, Mr. Albee has sedulously carved a huge hollow, and he has then seen to it that the hollow does not reverberate. It is a curious decision for him to have made, and for him to have made it with such deliberation and finesse is still more curious; it is as if The Playwright had coolly ordered his play to die of starvation in the midst of plenty, as his undecipherable hero dies unspoken to among so many.

The cast of "All Over" is exemplary. Jessica Tandy, Colleen Dewhurst, Madeleine Sherwood, Neil Fitzgerald, George Voskovec, James Ray, and Betty Field carry their often heavy burdens of silence and inactivity without a trace of strain, and Miss Tandy makes a fine thing out of her final cry—"I am unhappy! I am unhappy! I am unhappy!" The play has been directed—and perhaps one should say choreographed and, in its occasional contrapuntal moments, conducted—by Sir John Gielgud, and the handsome set is by Rouben Ter-Arutunian.

Whatever it may have been like in London, "How the Other Half Loves" is, in New York, a ramshackle, fifth-rate domestic farce, ruthlessly Americanized, vulgarized, cretinized, and pulverized. Alan Ayckbourn, who wrote the original version, is, or ought to be, heartsick over what is being performed in his name at the Royale, and this is not in the least to suggest that I would have found Mr. Ayckbourn's own handiwork up to any high, Wildean standard. Everything in the play hinges upon a single moderately clever gimmick, which is to have two totally separate families living out the complexities of their lives inside a single living-room set, taking care never to bump into each other whenever their presences coincide in time. Once the simpleminded changes that can be rung on this device have been rung, and rung and *rung*, there is nothing left of the play but the energetic mugging of Phil Silvers, Sandy Dennis, Bernice Massi, Richard Mulligan, Jeanne Hepple, and Tom Aldredge. The director, Gene Saks, is, I assume, responsible for many of the hundred or so witless sight gags that pockmark the play, and David Mitchell is responsible for the one satisfactory sight gag, which is the set—ugly enough in every particular to match the sodden suburban types that inhabit it. (The level of grace attained by "How the Other Half Loves" may be indicated by the fact that one of the characters in it speaks of opening a bottle of champagne "to let it breathe." Not intended as a joke.) In answer to the question "What is killing the art of conversation?" Jackie Gleason replied "Conversationalists." The answer to the question "What is killing Broadway?" is "Broadway."

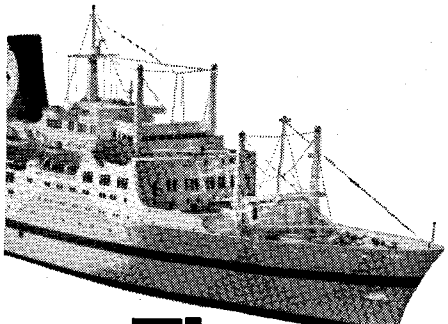
—Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Buffalo, N.Y.

A. R. Gurney, Jr., is a true writer and, what is even more important for our purposes, someone who can write for actors. The eight actors in his "Scenes from American Life," which opened last week at the Forum, play the dozens of roles assigned them with a relish and a skill that are a joy to see. The play is both satire and valedictory. It is a cluster of scenes—some of them as brief as sketches—about the lives of the well-connected and the well-to-do in Buffalo between the early thirties and what is probably the middle eighties, by which time the country has been taken over by the military and we have become a Fascist state. It must be said at once that the author's underlying pessimism and apocalyptic outlook in no way dim his wit and his sense of fun; along with the comedy there is sadness,

Greatway to Europe

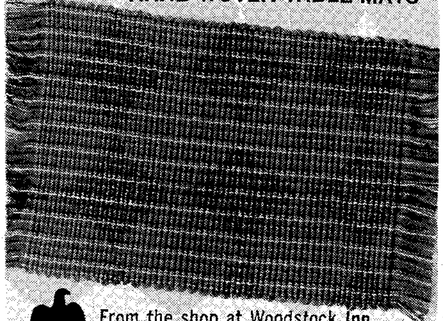


The Empress of Canada
British Registry

CP Ships

For details, call your Travel Agent or
CP Ships; 581 Fifth Ave., New York,
N.Y. 10017. (212) 371-7570.

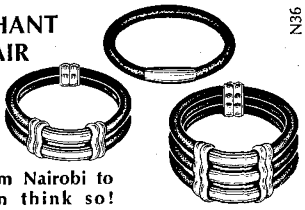
WOODSTOCK INN
HAND-WOVEN TABLE MATS



From the shop at Woodstock Inn, table mats hand woven in Vermont of washable cotton, nylon and rayon. Durable, colorful. Multi-red or multi-green, 12" x 15". $1.50 each. Add $.40 postage. Send orders to Woodstock Inn, Woodstock, Vermont 05091

IS ELEPHANT
TAIL HAIR
LUCKY?

N36

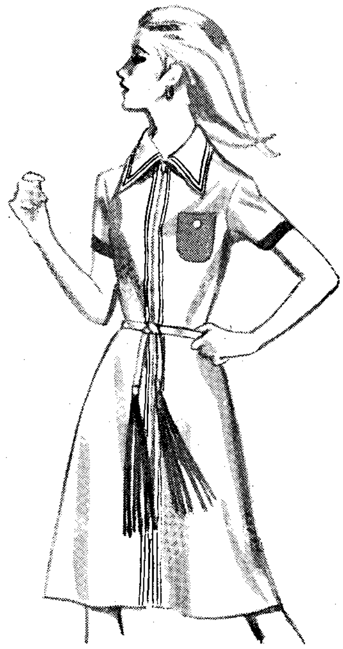


We don't know, but lots of our friends from Nairobi to Manhattan think so!
Anyway, our Genuine Elephant Tail Hair rings are bound to bring you compliments, if not luck! Ours are made from the real hair (authenticity, you know); not from the "look-alike" plastic we've seen about. Rolled gold mountings. State ring size.
1 – Strand $3 2 – Strand $7 3 – Strand $10
Add 50¢ each, on mail orders. N.Y. Res. Add Tax.
Open Mon. thru Sat. 10-6
SEND $1 (Credited to First Purchase) FOR
COLOR-FILLED 88-PAGE CATALOG
HUNTING WORLD
Dept. NY 16 E. 53rd St. N. Y. 10022 ©

and even tragedy, shown or implied, in "Scenes from American Life," but the play is never bleak, and heaven knows it is never dull. It opens with a christening party for an adopted baby called Snoozer, who, although he is alluded to throughout, doesn't put in a noticeable appearance again until the end, when, at a lawn party, a canoe is set afire—presumably because it is too rickety for the weight of symbolism it must carry—and sunk in dead Lake Erie while the assembled cast sings the old anthem "When That Great Ship Went Down." Mr. Gurney seldom allows his cleverness to get out of hand, but he does here, and it spoils the final curtain. In any case, I think I regret the passing of his characters even more than he does. For all their transgressions—their country-club bigotry, their smugness, their foolishness, and their occasional off-the-cuff cruelty—they are awfully good company for a couple of hours or so. Refusing to accept his doomsday, I insisted on enjoying his play.

Mr. Gurney, now a professor at M.I.T., is himself from Buffalo, and he seems almost to have chosen his scenes at random while rooting through his memories rather than to have made them up, and then to have arranged them according to some private scheme of his own. The form of the play is elusive, to say the least. As we shuttle back and forth in time, there are comic scenes and pathetic ones and harsh ones. A dowager with a mink lap robe over her knees sits in the back of a limousine preparing her grandchildren for a matinée starring that local girl Katharine Cornell, whose father she "knew very well." At one of those sensitivity-encounter groups, all present are instructed to form a circle around the shyest woman present and then do to her whatever they "feel like doing," while her husband seethes and finally explodes. A father carving a Thanksgiving turkey and dishing out stuffing and gravy to his children lays down the rules of deportment for rigorous times—no picking up drumsticks in fingers—now that we are at war with Germany and Japan. In one of the strongest scenes, another father takes his son, who is in trouble for draft evasion in a later war, out for a day's sailing. Quoting his own code of honor—traditional to him but anachronistic to the boy—he tries to persuade the boy to stand trial and go to prison. His son tells him off with one round, effective epithet. A matron tries to collect money from a puzzled beer-drinking soul in an undershirt to save the dying elms.

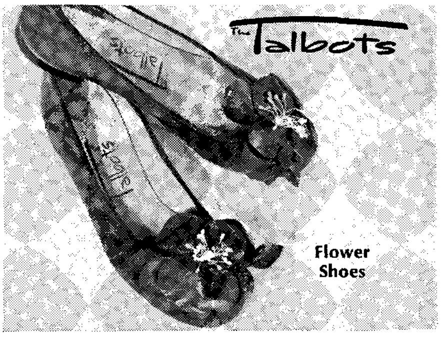
JOHN BALDWIN
Florida and Myrtle Beach, S.C.



Route One tricolor . . . coast-to-coast. The classic look comes on strong in white, with red and blue . . . in a Summer-happy polyester knit, sizes 8 to 18. Also in pink, aqua, yellow or navy . . . $28.

MAIL ORDERS:
156 Beach Drive, N.
St. Petersburg, Florida, 33701

The Talbots



Flower Shoes

Pretty at home or away are our hand-crafted fine leather shoes with everlasting leather flowers on the toes, hard leather soles, and half-inch heels. Navy, red, hot pink, lime, yellow, or white. Sizes 5½-9½, narrow and medium widths. $15. Add 90¢ for postage. **Send for free catalog**
THE TALBOTS • DEPT. QT, HINGHAM, MASS.
Branches: Duxbury, Lenox, Mass., Mt. Carmel, Conn.

The Castilian

Finest for Spanish Foods

LUNCH · DINNER · LATE SUPPER
OPEN 7 DAYS 12 to 1 AM

303 East 56th St., N.Y.C.
(Corner 2nd Avenue)
Tel. 688-6435

A man dictates a letter to a Yale classmate explaining why he will not be sending his annual contribution to the alumni fund, and then suddenly changes his mind. A mother at lunch with her unhappy daughter insists that the girl must have a coming-out party instead of a college education, since there is not enough money for both. By the time the show is over, a lot of people have escaped to Canada, but the rest are trapped here and are at the mercy of the military and of the computers.

Under the direction of Dan Sullivan, the actors nimbly slip into and out of their many characterizations. They are Martha Henry, James Broderick, Christopher Walken, Robert Symonds, Elizabeth Huddle, Lee Lawson, Herbert Foster, and Priscilla Pointer, and I admired all of them. There is delightfully appropriate music at every turn, and it is delightfully played by the pianist David Frishberg. Just now, when it is about to be turned over to the movies, the charming little Forum is having the season of its life. The custodians of Lincoln Center would do better to unload Philharmonic Hall.

GOOD humor, enthusiasm, and youth are no substitute for professionalism, but they have their attractions all the same. The players of the improvised revue "The Proposition," who come to us after three years in Boston, are not yet really ready (although they cannot be so very much younger than those "Second City" miracle workers were when they came to town and took our breath away ten years ago). Nevertheless, they can be enjoyed on and off—and especially, I should think, by what one of them in a sketch calls their "peer group." The sketches supposedly take off from suggestions by the audience, but most of the material sounds pretty set, and none of the suggestions could have come as much of a surprise on opening night; opening night is opening night, however, and you can't take too many risks. The players of "The Proposition" take few risks of any kind. It is curious, though I suppose it shouldn't be surprising, to see that much of their performance is not of a particular role but an imitation of an actor in an old movie or play doing that role. Jane Curtin, the "peer-group" girl, has the ear and delivery of the true mimic, and Judy Kahan does well, too. As for the others, I'd rather adopt them than judge them. Danny Troob, at the piano, and Gualberto Pillich, on double bass, are as professional as need be, and then some.

—EDITH OLIVER

The no-motor whirlpool bath.
PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER
THE BOLD LOOK OF KOHLER

New Hydro-Whirl from Kohler.

Relax . . . Quiet Hydro-Whirl has no motor. Uses no electricity, just water. Bubbly swirls that soothe away aches and tension . . . massaging . . . stimulating circulation. Hydro-Whirl directs its flow where you desire.

Sturdy, non-corrosive unit includes handsome replacement bathtub spout. Costs much less than any motor whirlpool bath. Approximately $70. in chromium. Installs in minutes to virtually any bathtub.

See your Kohler plumbing contractor or distributor. Or write Kohler Co., Kohler, Wisconsin 53044.

A Techbuilt home has room for your personality

That's why so many Techbuilt owners are creative people—artists, writers, doctors—people who want to see their own ideas in their new home, but also want easy maintenance, fast assembly and a fixed price before they build.

If you want to get started on the most creative contemporary you can build today, send this coupon now for our new brochure plus floor plans.

There are Techbuilt offices and representatives from Maine to Florida
Another business of the Riegel Paper Corporation

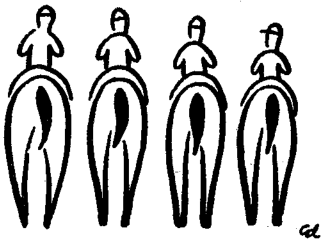
TECHBUILT

Techbuilt, Dept. NY-43 , 51 Weaver Street, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
I enclose $2 for a photo-book of Techbuilt homes.
I own a homesite. Yes______ No______
Location __________
Desired occupancy date __________
Name __________
Street __________
City __________ State______ Zip______

THE RACE TRACK

Hats Off!

EVERY spring, racegoers who admire a good horse dream that a genuinely outstanding three-year-old will come along—a nonpareil. Right now, a great many of them, together with some quite perceptive horsemen, believe the dream has come true in Hoist the Flag, who is owned by Mrs. Stephen Clark, Jr., and trained by Sidney Watters, Jr. The colt certainly looks the part. A big, beautifully made bay, the gleaming picture of strength and quality, he makes all the others in any paddock or parade to the post look dull and ordinary. And since he is by Tom Rolfe, a son of Ribot, out of Wavy Navy, a daughter of War Admiral, who was a son of Man o' War, his pedigree is irreproachable. He's hardly a surprise package; the experts thought he was something extra special last season, and voted him the best of his age, though he had run only four times and though his number had been taken down in the Champagne Stakes because he failed to keep a straight course. On his return to the races, at Bowie last month, he galloped in ahead by fifteen lengths, and he followed that up by coming in seven lengths out front in the Bay Shore Stakes at Aqueduct a fortnight ago. The Bay Shore was never really a race at all. On the turn for home, Hoist the Flag, ridden with confidence by Cruguet, who fits him perfectly, drew up to Rehitch, who had led until that point, and strolled away to win on a tight rein from John Schiff's Droll Role, to whom he gave nine pounds. (Mr. Schiff bred Hoist the Flag and sold him as a yearling to Mrs. Clark for $37,000.) Jim French was third. The fractions for the seven furlongs were 0:22, 0:44⅗, 1:09, and 1:21. Hoist the Flag appears to have lost his claustrophobic dislike of saddling stalls, for he stood as quietly as you could wish in the one assigned to him at Aqueduct before the Bay Shore. But I remember, and so does his stable, the flap he went into in the paddock at Belmont Park before the Champagne Stakes. Watters says that around the barn Hoist the Flag is easy to handle, a pleasure to groom, and a delight to ride. His next appearance will be in the Gotham Stakes at the Big A this weekend, and you might get up a hat pool on how many lengths he'll win by, for he'll be too short a price in the mutuels to bet on. After that, he'll go for the Wood Memorial on the seventeenth and for the Kentucky Derby on May Day.



SIGMUND SOMMER, who likes to buy ready-made horses (among those he's acquired is the German-bred grass-course runner Hitchcock), had quick success with his most recent purchase. Two days before last Saturday's Westchester Stakes, he bought Never Bow from Jack Dreyfus, Jr. (The sale was private, but they say the price was in six figures.) As almost everyone expected, Never Bow won the Westchester. It was hard to say which of the eleven starters looked the best in the paddock, what with a half gale blowing their hair the wrong way. Allen Jerkens, who trains for Mr. Dreyfus, saddled Handsome Kid and Knight in Armor, and the former, a speed horse, looked for a bit as though he were going to take all the money, but Never Bow, who was always close to the pace, overhauled him in the stretch and stood off the challenging rush of Knight in Armor to win by half a length. Dan Patch was third. Protanto, from the Cragwood Stable, was fourth. It was the first time the stable's colors had been seen since the death of its owner, Charles Engelhard, last month. Though it was a bitterly cold afternoon (Colonel Martingale was wondering how far spring could be behind), a crowd of 48,190 bet $5,339,159—the first five-million-dollar day of the year.

"NEVER underestimate Calumet Farm" is more than just a saying in my book. The stable's Eastern Fleet certainly upset the applecart for Executioner and other, less fancied colts in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park last weekend. According to the chart (too bad the race wasn't on television), Eastern Fleet's devil-red jacket was in front at every call. Executioner, who was closest to him all the way, was beaten by three-quarters of a length at the post. Jim French was third. (He must be getting used to it; that was the third time in a row for him.) As for Eastern Fleet, although Reggie Cornell, who trains him, said some time ago that the beast was better than Bold and Able, his stablemate, his form in Florida wasn't so good. Still, in his last start before the Florida Derby he zipped off seven furlongs in 1:20⅘ and won by close to five lengths. He was 30–1 in the opening line of the Caliente future book on the Kentucky Derby, but I doubt if he'll be as good as 10–1 in the next call-over. Hoist the Flag has already been cut to even money.

There was a bigger surprise at Gulfstream the previous Saturday, when Fast Hilarious brought off a 25–1 chance in the Gulfstream Handicap. After wearing down Judgable, he opened up a nice lead, but tired and barely won, by a nose, from The Pruner. Snow Sporting, the favorite, was third. (So many favorites finish third nowadays!) True North wasn't the runner he'd been at Hialeah, and finished fifth. It was the weight he carried or the track—take your pick.

HORSES go by plane all over the shop these days. Drumtop popped off from Florida to Santa Anita for the San Luis Rey Handicap on the grass, and the best she could do was fourth to Try Sheep, Tampa Trouble, and Bacuco, that Italian horse who was third in the International at Laurel last autumn. Try Sheep, by the way, paid $110.40 in the mutuels. Northfields, who had also been racing in Florida, had better luck at the Fair Grounds in New Orleans, winning the Louisiana Derby with a bit to spare. And, while we're on the subject of Derbies, Santa Anita's is up for grabs this weekend, there being no second Majestic Prince in the past performances out there this year. Chances are that the favorite will be Unconscious, who won the San Felipe Handicap and the Santa Catalina Stakes, but your guess may be better than mine.

A TIP for travelling horseplayers: The John B. Campbell Handicap at Bowie this weekend should be a good show. —AUDAX MINOR

•

BOSTON (UPI)—U.S. District Court Judge Francis J. W. Ford has set April 26 for the final liquidation of assets of the Boston & Providence railroad, 33 years after the line went bankrupt and 83 years after the last train ran.

The B & P is being purchased by the New Haven Railroad, which went bankrupt four years ago and merged with the Penn Central Railroad, which went bankrupt in June. B & P assets include $2 million in trust, 50 miles of track between Boston and Providence, and portions of two railroad stations.—*Watertown (N.Y.) Daily Times.*

Better luck next time!

Your seat belt was designed
to protect you in an accident.
Our tires were designed
to help keep you out of one.

The odds are about 1 in 5 that some of your car's safety features will be put to a test this year.

Because a sharp curve you didn't know was there suddenly was there.

Or because a "safely parked" car darted into your path.

Or because a road you thought was clear and dry wasn't.

In panic situations, the difference between an accident and a near accident could depend on how well your car handles.

And that depends to a great extent on your tires.

You see, when you take a fast curve or make a sudden, evasive maneuver, a tire is pulled toward the outside by centrifugal force.

To compensate, the sidewall of a tire must be flexible enough to give. So that the tread can stay flat on the road.

But conventional sidewalls are too stiff to give. So the tread actually lifts up a little. With less tire on the road, there's more of a chance you'll skid. And even if you don't, you can't be guaranteed enough control to get you around trouble.

Not so with Pirelli Cinturato radials. They have flexible sidewalls that give. A result of radial ply construction.

So, under stress, Pirelli radials stay glued to the road. Like the treads of a tank.

Which is why Pirelli's can out-corner, out-maneuver and just plain out-handle conventional bias-ply or bias-belted tires. Especially on wet, slippery roads.

Pirelli Cinturatos come in sizes to fit just about any American or imported car.

And they should be on your car.

With all due respect to seat belts, the best way to avoid injury in an accident is still to avoid having one.

PIRELLI
Radial Tires

PIRELLI TIRE CORPORATION, SIXTY EAST FORTY SECOND ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017.

Stiffel branches out (into clocks, shelves, étagères, and...)

You've already seen plenty of clocks, shelves, étagères, etc.

But we don't believe you've ever seen the equal of this new Stiffel collection.

Every piece is made in the tradition that has made the Stiffel lamp famous.

Design, finish, each detail, has been pondered and worried over until it can't be improved.

There are mirrors. Cabinets. And more.

To see other new twigs from the family tree, send 25¢ to Stiffel, 700 N. Kingsbury, Chicago, Illinois 60610.

And in the Stiffel tradition of value for your money, we'll include plenty of information about our lamps, too.

1. One of the Stiffels that made us famous. A cast metal candlestick supported by four scrolls, all with a distressed old brass finish. Forty-three magnificent inches tall, about $112.50.

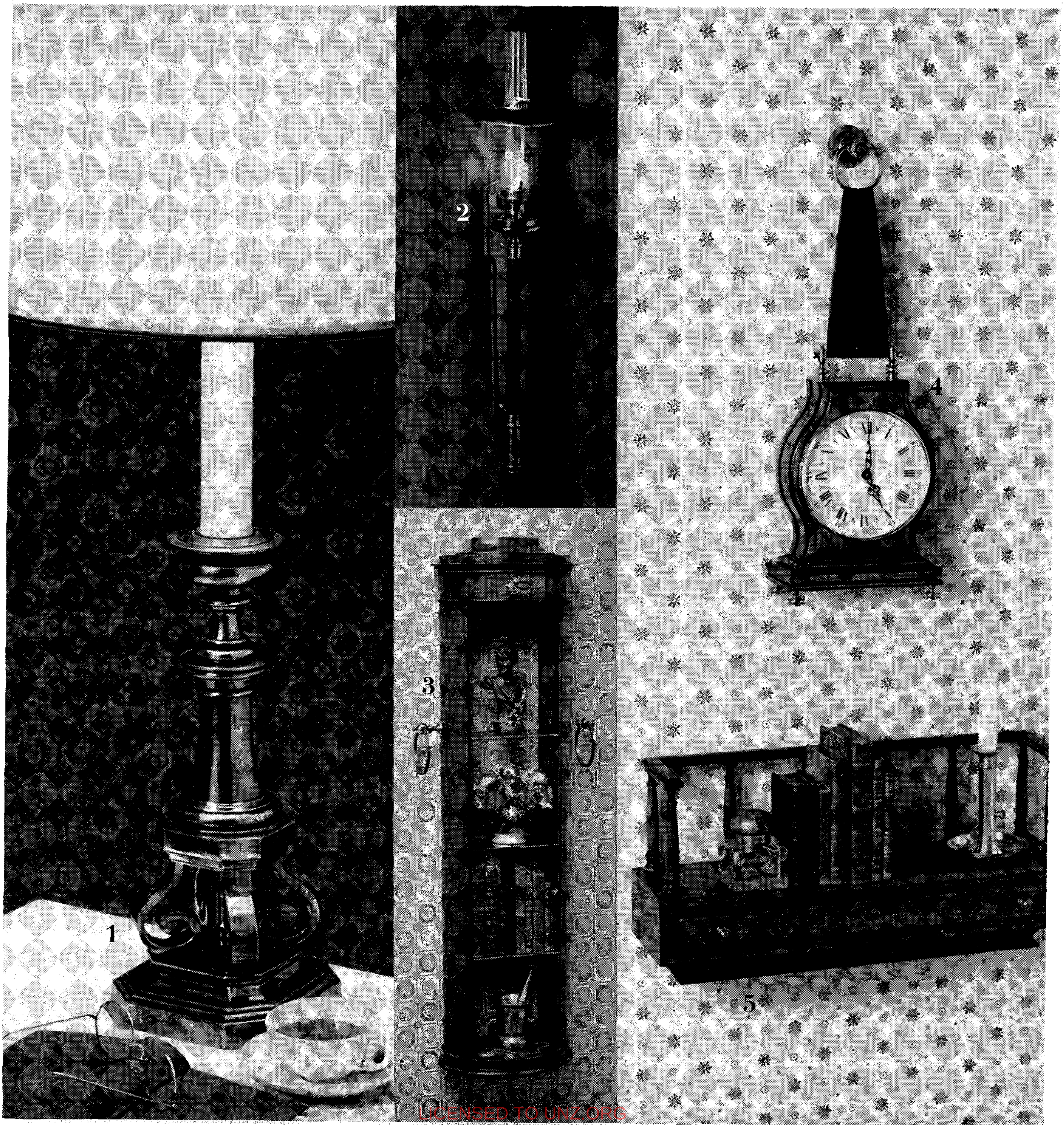
2. A brand new old fashioned wall lamp. Dark fruitwood, distressed old brass and antique dark grayed-black finish. Shade vertically adjustable—41¾" tall, 7" wide, 7½" deep. About $130.

3. Stiffel's Oval Wall Etagère. Antique oiled mahogany finish. Brass trim. Glass shelves—44" high, 12¼" wide, 7½" deep. About $159.

4. A Stiffel clock. Old pine, trimmed with brass. Green velvet sash and mounting hardware included. Traditional in every respect except for the movement which is battery powered—24" high, 8½" wide, 4½" deep. About $115.

5. A wall shelf! Antique *mahogany with antique burled* spindles and drawer front. Old brass drawer pulls. Drawer lined with gold-and-white book paper. It's 11¾" high, 23¼" wide and 7½" deep. About $105.

Prices may be higher in the South and West.

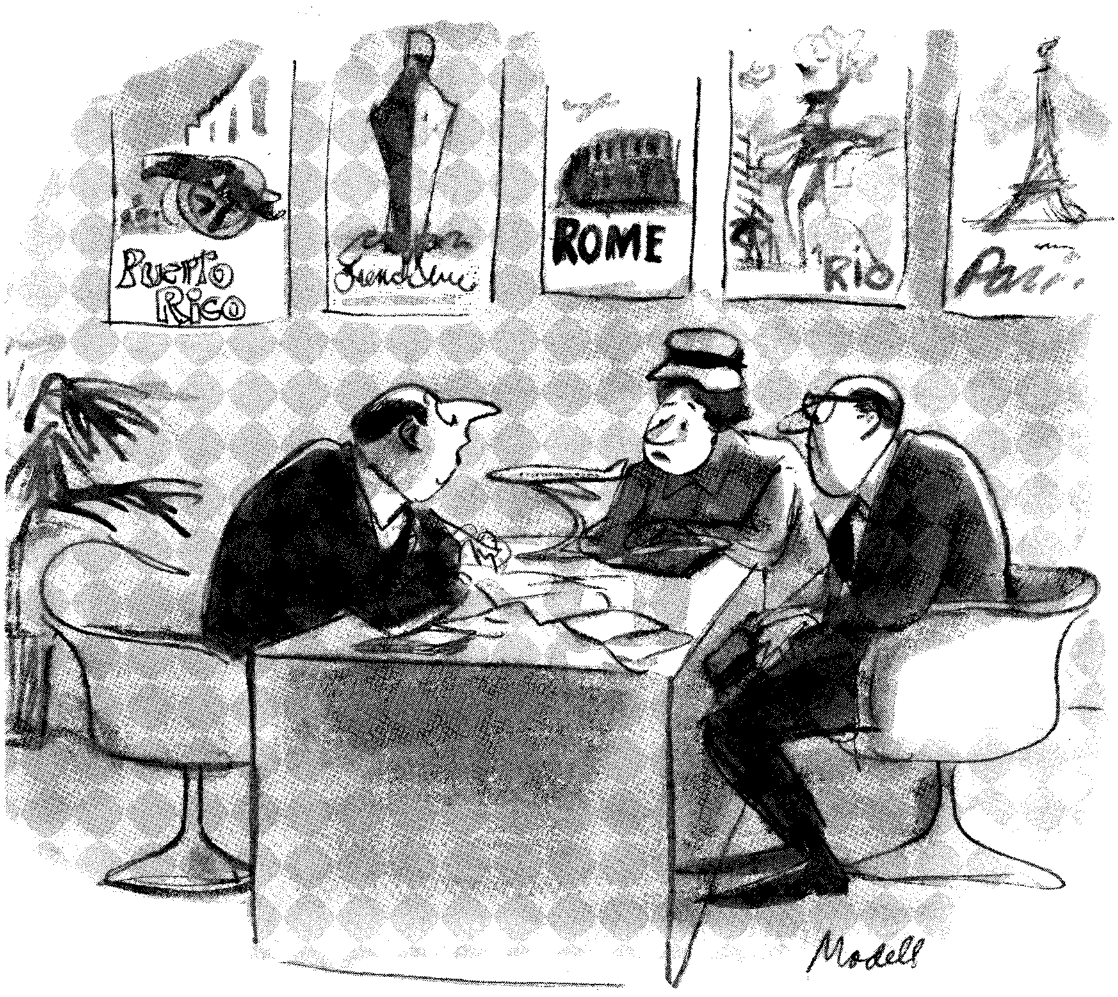


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

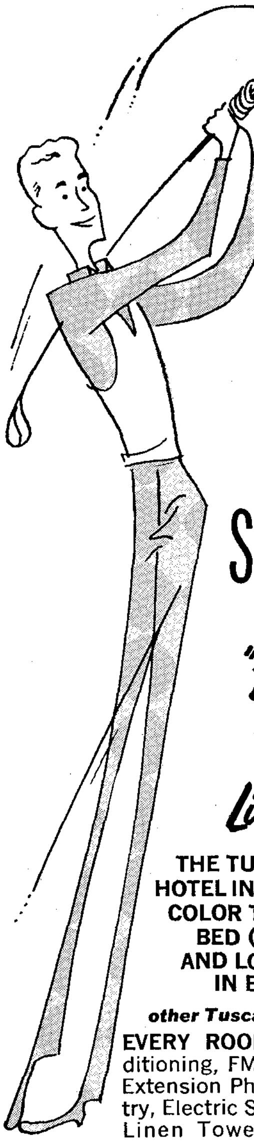
FEMININE FASHIONS

WHEN a fashionable acquaintance called Le Pavillon to ask whether that restaurant admitted women in shorts, its spokesman corrected her question before he answered it. "Madam," he informed her, "you mean hot pants." Let headwaiters polish up their fine distinctions once more; yet another controversial style has come to try us. In part, it absorbs so many people because it is quite a surprise to see thighs again. But this is not the only reason for the noisy and general publicity given to shorts. (Knickers, which are almost as surprising and are seen more often at present, have never left the fashion pages.) Some of the attention is certainly caused by the appalling name with which the infant has been burdened. To a great extent, fashions evolve quite naturally. But the fashion industry is loath to see many days go by without trumpeting new eras, and whenever a style emerges, or reappears after an absence, it hurries to coin a title before shoppers can rummage sinfully in closets. Some advertisers, perhaps unnerved by reports that a Chicago consumer-research firm has declared that the name "hot pants" has no more "psychosocial acceptance" than the midi or the Edsel, have chewed their pencils over alternatives. But "shortpants," "short cuts," and "minipants" sound teenage or boring, and cannot compete with a more general and a naughtier term that has the weight of *Women's Wear Daily* behind it. That recklessly didactic, supremely fashionable newspaper has insulted the frumpy old English language even more than usual by fixing on the term and the spelling "HotPants." (After a lengthy witch hunt, it has also restored the miniskirt to a place of honor and dubbed it the "HotSkirt.") It has bustled its own dusty "Longuettes" out of its gossip columns and replaced them with anything in "HotPants," and it has rollicked into headlines such as "Hosiery Men HotPanting" and "HotPants Fever Grips Nation." It is true that the new shorts are worn by grown women in unlikely settings and seasons, and that they are found in fabrics once associated with Alpine herdsmen, cavemen, long-distance runners, and toddling pageboys at weddings. But they are still shorts.

Some men seem to like the name "hot pants." But those retailers who endorse it make what seems to me an outmoded supposition that women dress for the titillation of men—specifically, for neither lovers nor construction workers but for other women's husbands and all the other friendly strangers who might feel emboldened to voice an opinion on a woman's clothes. This is not the first time the verbal branches of the fashion industry have confused and falsified the picture. Over the past year, thinking to soothe the troubled consumer and make her spend money, they have urged her to "express herself" and offered her "fashions for all the new 'you's' in you." But the marked change in the way women dress has occurred in spite of these tactics. While there are probably fewer women who are sure of what they are than there were at the onset of this flowering of fashions, there are certainly more who know how to dress. It is to be hoped that these women will not be duped into confusing a rudely manufactured term with a style, any more than they were persuaded to buy boots that would go beautifully with their anxieties or a hat that would set off their new ambitions. They are free to reject shorts quietly or to approach them with an increased knowledge of color, accessories, and the limitations of their bodies. When women chose the new long lengths, they knew how hard they had to work to make them flattering. They added things like belts and



"I'm awfully sorry, but it seems that all those offbeat, out-of-the-way places you asked about are booked solid."



MORE
AND
MORE
PEOPLE
ARE
SWINGING
TO
"New York's
Biggest
Little Hotel"

THE TUSCANY... ONLY HOTEL IN THE WORLD WITH COLOR TV, ADJUSTABLE BED (with vibrator) AND LOUNGER CHAIR IN EVERY ROOM

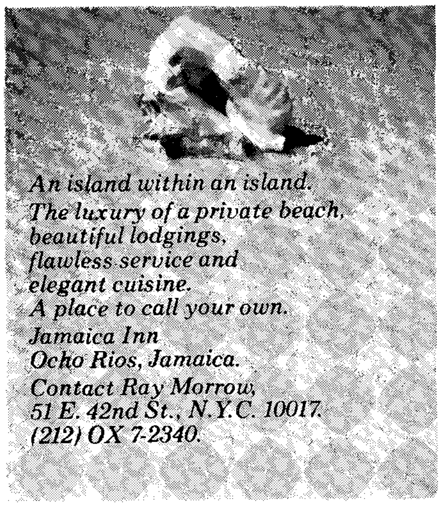
other Tuscany Innovations:

EVERY ROOM HAS: Air Conditioning, FM Radio, Bathroom Extension Phone, Butler's Pantry, Electric Shoe Polisher, Irish Linen Towels, Electric Wall Clock.

Our restaurants are extraordinary, too! Just around the corner from Grand Central, air terminals, most shops and theatres.

May we send you a brochure?

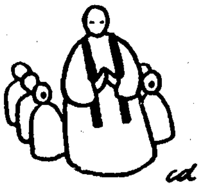
THE Tuscany
39th Street just east of Park Ave.
NEW YORK 10016
Tel.: (212) 686-1600



An island within an island.
The luxury of a private beach,
beautiful lodgings,
flawless service and
elegant cuisine.
A place to call your own.
Jamaica Inn
Ocho Rios, Jamaica.
Contact Ray Morrow,
51 E. 42nd St., N.Y.C. 10017.
(212) OX 7-2340.

boots, which they had never had to really examine before. Each experiment with length and shape increased awareness, and brought fashion to a point at which the restlessness of women became of far greater moment than the reaction of men.

Now that things are calmer, it is possible to see that the average woman who was afraid that she was being asked to lengthen her skirts by a couple of feet was really being encouraged to lower them only by inches. The European couture, in what seem to have been sound, placid summer collections, has placed daytime hemlines only a few inches below the knee. This may help to allay the fears of the majority. The extreme miniskirt was never a subject of debate, since those who had worn it had adopted long skirts well before last year's fuss about the midi. (The same women are now sporting tiny shorts.) Well, perhaps skirts did fall too fast. There was something violent and disturbing about the promotion of the change. This vehemence was inspired by the perverse tenacity of above-knee skirts in crude, primary colors. (The recently developing taste for strange shades and subtle combinations is probably a greater change even than the change of length and cut.) Last year, our skies rang with charges that the new lengths were regressive and inappropriate. In a sense, they may have been, but they were more natural than no change at all. It was astonishing that while women were supposedly thinking in new ways about many things they refused to be uprooted from a uniform. As it was interpreted in this country—and one must distinguish between America and Europe, where women welcomed longer skirts without a wisp of protest—what can only be called the "above-knee look" was often a stiff, trim little dress that looked like something made by die-casting and gave the liberated woman merely the choice of her fake-gold earrings and her chain-trimmed shoes. It is perhaps because mass production gained for American women the reputation of being extraordinarily well groomed that they clung to garments that were palpably its products long after the nation was disillusioned by its own industrialism.



But their reluctance to accept the change to midi was genuine, and the industry had made investments. Women took some persuading, and it seemed that the only way to convince them they did not look dowdy was to offer them the trappings of seduction—slits up the front and the sides of skirts, low necklines, and diaphanous materials. It is precisely because men, women, and the industry then threw themselves into finding or creating titillation that a garment called "hot pants" can now be sold at all. Many of the New York couture designers use the term, and they seem to find their inspiration in its implications. The recent showings of their summer collections here made it clear that they are still struggling to get the long lengths to look sexy. It is easy to poke fun at the couture in an age of bluejeans and boutiques, when the luxurious establishments are looking to their own troubles. But their collections are worth noting because they are designed for women who like to be guided and to dress in a fairly conservative way, and because a great many women probably aspire to be their clients. The assumption of the established designers that their middle-class customer craves discreetly lewd clothes is false, insulting, and old-fashioned. To judge by all the recent showings, there appear to be two schools of fashion design—one for women who sometimes get immodestly drunk, and one for girls who have never heard of modesty and are always stoned. But since the second school—the Off Broadway of fashion—is manifestly not for most women and the revolutionary young designers have been tossing scraps of cloth at extravagantly naked bodies for years, their innocent dedication inspires a kind of affection. The more expensive houses whose designers are drawn toward prurience are a sadder case. A group of marketable and ladylike raincoats might be followed down their runways by black chiffon evening gowns with graceless slashes up the thigh and bodices designed to let no one forget that they did not cover a brassiere. Then there were shorts. They peeped from under see-through ankle-length skirts and knee-length cotton ones. Designers tried to make shorts look safe, and—unless they joined them to tailored blazers, causing the outfits to bear foolish resemblance to trouser suits without trousers—they managed to make the baggiest shorts look indecent.

The lady who enjoys being leered at, if she exists at all, is not well served by shorts. Nor are shorts made for the woman who is trying to look like a younger woman. They cannot be made to look mysterious, and must be worn innocently, or at least unself-conscious-

Norman Evans just gave birth to a six-year-old.

Norman is a bachelor. A bachelor with heart. A heart that stretches from an apartment in New York City to a mud-and-straw thatched house in Korea. A heart that has made room for a six-year-old named Choon Hae Lee and his family.

"It makes me feel very rich," Norm says. "And I don't mean in money."

Save the Children Federation agrees with Mr. Evans. That's why they found him Choon Hae. Imagine nine people living in two rooms with no running water. Imagine a six-year-old walking two miles to and from school. Imagine a village with no medical facilities. Only then can you start to understand how Choon Hae Lee must live.

Now, with a $15.00 monthly check, Norman Evans is changing much of that. By helping the family with a self-help project to raise cows. To give milk. To have calves. To put food on the Lee table and increase their $10.00 weekly income. And there's more. The Lees will have money to take part in the village's cooperative land purchase. The land will be farmed. The village improved. Everyone will benefit. And maybe Choon Hae can realize his dream of someday helping his own people.

You see, this money's not a hand out. It's an interest-free loan. A chance for the Lees to get on their feet and stay there. And for Norman, there is the pleasure of letters and photographs, and progress reports. He knows what it's like to open his heart. How about you?

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

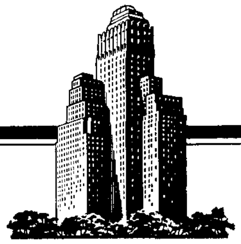
I wish to contribute $15.00 a month to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl in

☐ Africa ☐ Latin America ☐ India ☐ Middle East
☐ Europe ☐ Vietnam ☐ American Indian ☐ Appalachia
☐ Korea ☐ Southern U.S. ☐ Where the need is greatest

Enclosed is my first payment
☐ $15.00 monthly ☐ $90.00 semi-annually
☐ $45.00 quarterly ☐ $180.00 annually
☐ I can't sponsor a child. Enclosed is my contribution of $________
☐ Please send me more information.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City__________ State__________ Zip__________

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
NORWALK, CONNECTICUT 06852
NY 4/3/1



Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!

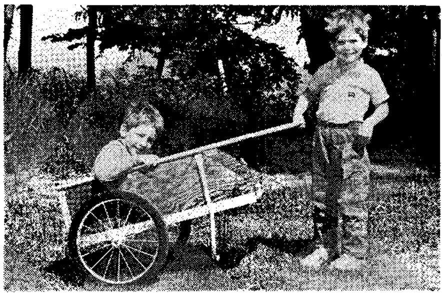
The Barbizon-Plaza
AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH, N.Y.C.

... renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. The Barbizon-Plaza's fine personalized service, superb French Cuisine and 24 hour operator-attended elevators have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

RESERVATIONS AT GUARANTEED RATES
Choice Singles.....$19.00 to $26.00
Choice Doubles ...$26.00 to $34.00
Tower Studio Suites $34.00 to $40.00

Free Indoor Garage with:
Singles from $25.00.
Doubles from $33.00.
Includes one pick-up and one delivery.

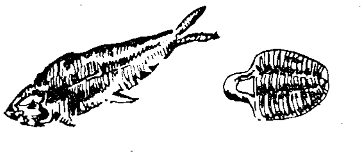
WRITE FOR FREE COLOR BROCHURE "N"
TELEPHONE: (212) CI-7-7000 • TELETYPE: 212-640-4099



Makes Fun Of Work!

New, Vermont-Made Wheelbarrow-Cart is so perfectly balanced on two big wheels, so easy to roll, you guide it with just one hand even with 300 lb. loads! No Backstrain! No Struggle! No Load fall out! Several models include one for indoor-outdoor use and build-yourself kits. Handsome, rugged, handcrafted appearance. Perfect (gift) for any him, her, family, or business. For FREE CATALOG by first class mail, write now to Garden Way Research, Dept. 5014 Charlotte, Vermont 05445.

40 MILLION YEAR OLD FOSSIL FISH (DIPLOMYSTUS HUMLIS) $45.00



500 MILLION YEAR OLD TRILOBITE (ELRATHIA KINGI) $3.25
DOVER SCIENTIFIC
32-58 30th Street
Long Island City, N.Y. 11106
Send 25c for Illustrated Catalog of Shells, Minerals, Fossils, Indian Artifacts & Books

ly. They are quite an advanced stage in the movement of fashion toward functional, simple, and colorful clothing. The end expression of this clinging, untailored course is the bodystocking. The other, seemingly opposite movement is toward make-believe, and leads us to dress up as peasants, Indians, and women of the nineteen-forties. But both moods are often found in one outfit. A leotard will be strung with African bones and feathers, or a long, ruffled skirt will be paired with a close-fitting ribbed sweater. Even shorts, which are but a step from the bodystocking, have their element of fantasy, since the woman who wears them must not mind looking like a child of ten. It is the urge for practicality and ease that has led large numbers of women to trousers and caused them to invest so meekly in long winter coats.

No woman needs the prop of shameless gestures. The combination of shorts and boots should therefore be avoided. The exposure of a stretch of thigh seems consciously provocative; an unabashed display of leg does not. We have long been inordinately dependent on the covered calf, and it is certain that we will shortly feel secure enough to wear new or existing fashions without blindly pulling on our friendly old boots. Weariness has already set in. The new charioteers' sandals, whose thongs must often be strapped tightly enough to divide legs into diamond-shaped pads, are a symptom of boredom with boots and an ungainly substitute for them. It is possible to wear leg-colored tights or even knee socks with shorts, but the use of the legs as a block of color is more of a challenge. (There must be no run-stopping band circling the legs of tights worn with short shorts. And tights should be a bit thicker than the dark, sheer hose worn with long skirts.) Shoes, top, tights, shorts, and belt can match or contrast in many ways. There are very brief shorts in the shops, and shorts that come almost to the knee. There are cuffed shorts, low-waisted shorts, pleated shorts, rompers, jumpsuits, two-piece suits, and overalls. Satin shorts are vulgar. Knitted shorts are nice, and crocheted shorts are delightful, but both are hard to wear. Leather or suède shorts are handsome, but they tend to be a little stiff at first. Velvet and corduroy shorts are neither too stiff nor so soft that they settle into an ugly splay of creases. It is wise to choose shorts with a few inches of extra width at the hem. When the wearer is standing up, her legs look slimmer; when she is sit-

Leaving Home?

Husband's moving up. You're being transferred. Face it. Help him. We can help too. Previews Executive Homesearch is a guidance service with a nation-wide network of Realtors. We can find the house and community for your style of living...and find it fast. We'll worry about schools. And if dancing lessons are a problem, we can help with that too. That's how personalized our service is. Get the facts. Call collect. Our service is free.

Previews inc.
EXECUTIVE HOMESEARCH™
49 East 53rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10022
Phone (212) PLaza 8-2630
Boston • Washington, D.C. • Palm Beach
Chicago • Denver • Los Angeles
San Francisco • Paris

Marlborough GRAPHICS

Our own original, limited and signed editions by such leading European and American artists as Gottlieb, Hepworth, Kitaj, Kokoschka, Lipchitz, Moore, Motherwell, Nicholson, Pollock, Pomodoro, Rivers and Sutherland. Many others. From $70 to $7000.

For illustrated catalogue— $2 (Incl. Postage)—address:

Marlborough Graphics Inc
41 East 57th Street New York 10022
PL 2-5353

Visit the Marlborough Graphics Gallery on the fifth floor.

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO

Dine in our beautiful year-around garden or French dining room. Also facilities for private parties. Parking at Delaware entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795

OPEN DAILY 11:30 A.M. TO 12:00 P.M.

ting down, her thighs are less inclined to bulge. Shorts can be worn by sensible women of any age, and they have no season. But they are not for fat people, and they are more appropriate to daytime than to night.

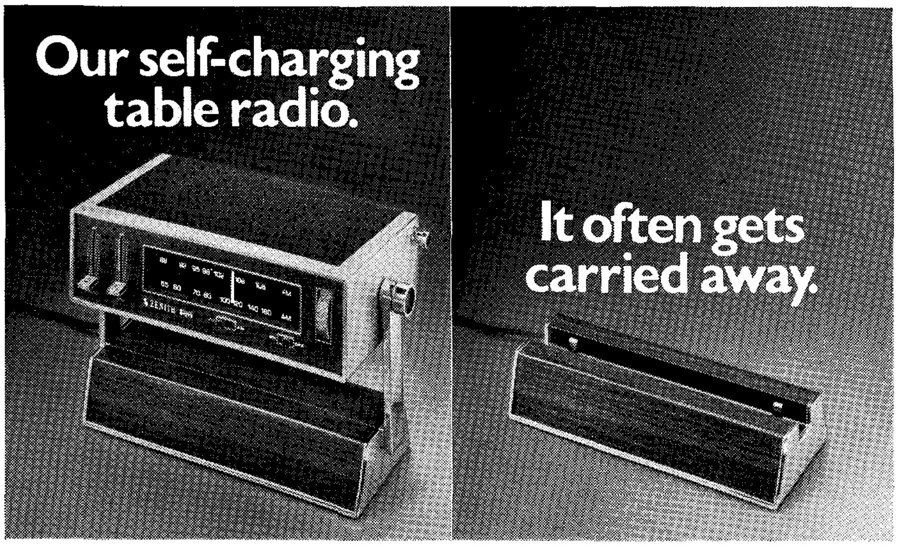
The conservatism of employers may force some of those who are tired of hiding their legs in long skirts, boots, and trousers to return to the miniskirt. But shorts are quite apart from any question of skirt lengths. Hemline controversies have periodically troubled the Western World since the beginning of the century. Shorts spring from a far more significant development—women's adoption of trousers for evening, street, and business. The course of this revolution was so gradual and its supporters were so many and varied that scarcely anyone but bank executives and restaurateurs bothered to comment, let alone take a stand. Those dogged women who have now reached the stage of encasing themselves in trouser suits by day and swathing themselves in "pants dresses" by night are almost certainly not at the point of taking to shorts. (In fact, it is clear that many of them will overcome their fear of skirts before the autumn.) But it is those who have already moved beyond ankle-length trousers toward knickers and gauchos who are now trying shorts. If the length of skirts is to be flexible, so must be that of trousers. Shorts seem such inevitable progress that it is hard to see why they were not introduced before now, and why we were condemned to twitch at the hems of very short skirts. But shorts appear only now because however shocking miniskirts set out to be they were still skirts, and part of the hallowed tradition of feminine dress. Not until trousers had stormed the gates could shorts skip in. Bright Young Things only sometimes wore pajama suits, and munitions workers couldn't wait to change into skirts for their dates. Society's resistance having crumbled, many women now wear trousers all the time. For the first time in the garment's relatively brief history, trousers are completely epicene. They are no longer scandalous, nor do they make women's bottoms seem particularly laughable. While shorts are fun to wear, they are not to be sniggered at, either.

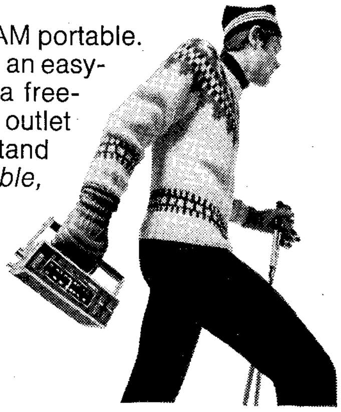
—KENNEDY FRASER

•

Admiral Mack said the Pentagon could thus reduce the staff dealing with this subject from 6 to 8.—*The Times.*

In Washington, that's a substantial cut.

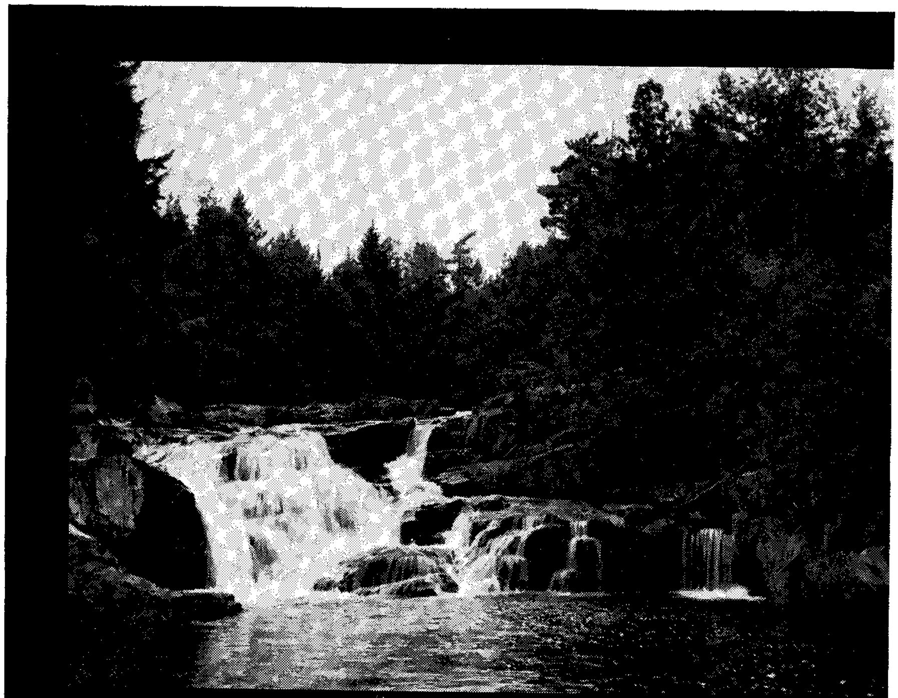




When it gets carried away, it's a sleek FM/AM portable. With slide controls for volume and tone, and an easy-to-see lighted dial. When it stays put, it's a free-standing table radio that plugs into any AC outlet —and plays while its special charging stand recharges the batteries. Hear *The Convertible,* model RB57Y, at your Zenith dealer's.

At Zenith, *the quality goes in before the name goes on.®*

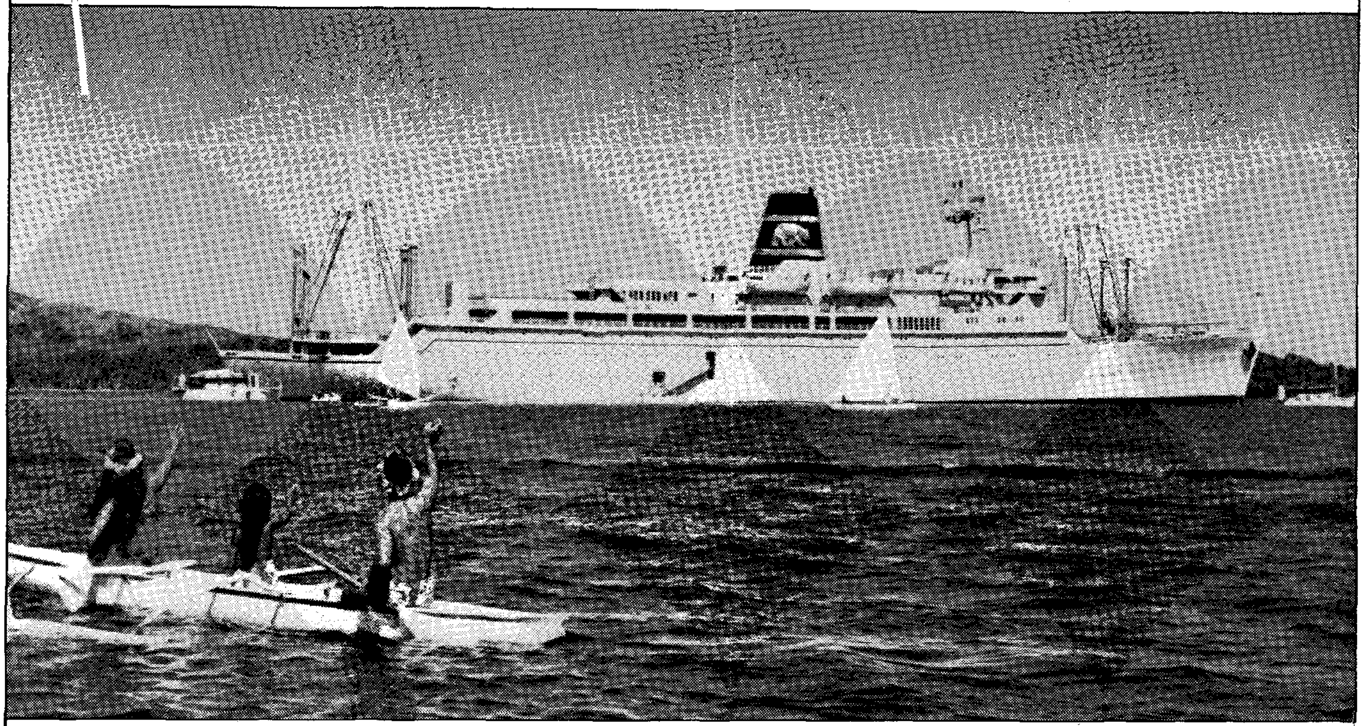
ZENITH®



America is alive and well and living in New Hampshire *Remember clear water, misty mornings, lily pads, and cantankerous fish! They're in New Hampshire this summer. (Some people say June and September are even nicer.)*

Free Vacation Kit! Write N.H. Vacation Center, Room 5, State House Annex, Concord, N.H. 03301.

Now You Can SAIL WITH PFEL
To the South Seas, Hawaii and Alaska



PFEL Expands Fleet with purchase of Matson's SS Mariposa and SS Monterey

Time was, when you wanted to cruise with PFEL, you were limited to luxurious cargoliners. Today we offer you more: the elegant SS Mariposa and SS Monterey. Pacific Far East Line has purchased these famous floating resorts from Matson.

Now you can travel with us to more places—fascinating out-of-the-way places other travelers rarely get to see, plus exciting big cities. And you'll have the luxurious accommodations, fine cuisine, and attentive service that are proud traditions with PFEL.

What's more, you'll enjoy gala parties, dancing, entertainment, movies, poolside relaxation, new friends, card tournaments, deck sports, and much much more.

So come sail away with us . . . and discover the carefree luxury of sea-roving with PFEL.

Contact your Travel Agent or mail coupon.

SOUTH SEAS CRUISES • 40 days • Bora Bora, Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, Fiji, Niuafo'ou, Pago Pago, Hawaii • Sailings Apr 25, Sep 15, Oct 26, Nov 7, Dec 6 • Departures from San Francisco and Los Angeles Minimum fare $1840

HAWAII CRUISES • 5 days each way between California and Hawaii • Frequent departures from San Francisco and Los Angeles • Minimum fare $335 one way, $640 round trip

Special 10-day four-island cruises begin Honolulu Sep 9, 30; Oct 22, Dec 24 • Minimum fare $640

ALASKA CRUISES • 13 days • Vancouver, Juneau, Glacier Bay, Skagway, Sitka, Victoria • Sailings June 13, 26; July 9, 23; Aug 5, 19; Sep 1 • Departures San Francisco and Los Angeles • Minimum fare $728

MEDITERRANEAN CRUISE • 56 days • April 15

NY114-471

Paul Thompson, Cruise Consultant
SS Mariposa and SS Monterey
100 Mission St., San Francisco, CA 94105

Please send me information on PFEL cruises to:
☐ South Seas ☐ Hawaii ☐ Alaska ☐ Mediterranean

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip______
Travel Agent__________

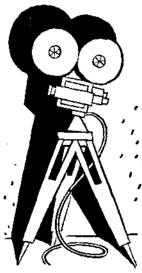
ROUTE OF THE BEARS

Pacific Far East Line, Inc.

Ships of U.S. registry

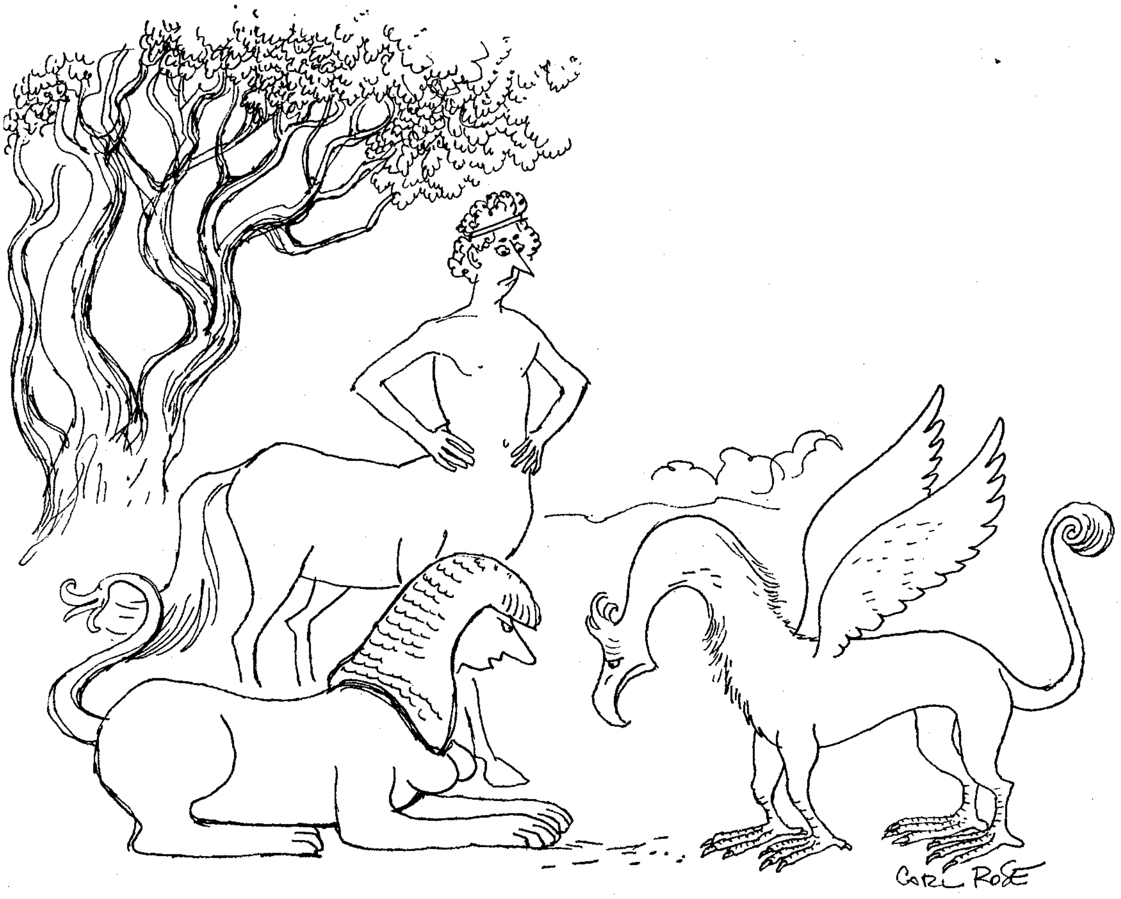
THE CURRENT CINEMA

A Fist, with the Hand Itself



TWO very young girls dressed in the Stars and Stripes are piping away at a talent contest, slightly out of tune. Aged twelve, maybe. "Love, love, love, why don't people believe in it?" Plump faces, pacifying: flower children in the bud. The orange-juice-and-Vietnam generation, the only generation in history to grow up on war protest and vitamin tablets simultaneously. Their eyes slide off camera helplessly at the forthright end of the song, pining for approval from the audition panel. Then a hard-pressed suburban father (Larry Tyne, played by Buck Henry) is seen in a chair at a hypnotist's, trying to conquer smoking. Everyone has his own Everest. He concentrates on letting his hand float up, soberly. "Are you for living or are you not?" says the hypnotist, an inexpressive, kindly, somewhat bald man with a voice that lies there on the floor like a piece of very dead herring. He has a look that is an unholy mixture of priest and woman traffic warden. One has to respect the body, he says magisterially. "Slowly make a fist, with the hand itself." The characters in this film—"Taking Off," by the Czech Miloš Forman, working in American for the first time, with a script by himself, John Guare, Jean-Claude Carrière, and John Klein—have been directed so that they speak most painstakingly, at the deliberate pace that is so striking to elliptical Middle Europeans, with its long pauses for thought and its re-treadings and its exquisitely careful redundancies. "A fist, with the hand itself." No room for a mistake there. After a bit more of the same, the hypnotist switches on a record of himself, methodically using his patient's preoccupation in trance as an opportunity to give a rest to, er, the voice. Like most of the people in Forman's picture—like the tranquil girl who occasionally slips into the picture for a pleasant flash, stark naked and immersed in playing the cello—the hypnotist lives in sweet obliviousness of making an ass of himself. Teaching the patient how to roll his eyeballs upward in coma as the next part of the anti-smoking session, he explains that the exercise can be done anywhere by closing the eyes first, "so that the roll is private." The patient takes the earnest idiocy with due gratitude; he is a bashful man. A while later, a child of the generation gap—the patient's own daughter, secretly at the audition, about to run away from home but not really so unlike him—stands in front of the mike and can't get out a note. The number she has practiced gags in her throat like a candy swallowed by a small child running. "I'm sorry," she says. "Can I come back?"

Among other things, Forman's recklessly funny anecdote about the apocalyptic nation is about people's shyness, their shaggy-dog purposefulness, and their punishing stamina for more. Forman sees privileged human beings as having an instinct to continue that is fortunate for the life term of the species but ill-conceived for their own comfort, and he makes the observation in a style of charred comedy that is very Slavic. It is fine that he could work here with the same convincing and bitter funniness as in the Czechoslovakia where he made "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball." In "Taking Off," he is much gentler toward his American characters than an American filmmaker would be likely to be at the moment. They are engaged, to his mind, in idiosyncratic and testing concerns, and we are not reminded for a moment of any of the other films that have washed over us about the nation's characteristics in crisis. Small endeavors of no necessity, answering the conventions of a society that Forman sees as if it were some instinctively Rabelaisian village gone out of kilter and hedged by tragedy, are embarked upon with solemnity and ardor. There is the obligation upon an American wife to enjoy sex, for instance. Two wives chat about husbands' animal impulses in an appalled *sotto voce*, and then throw themselves into splendidly affectionate and stilted spasms of Dionysian dance in their bedrooms for these animals' sakes. When Larry Tyne gets drunk about the disappearance of his daughter, because there is a matching ritual obligation on American middle-aged fathers to drown sorrow in drink, he begins to eat a hard-boiled egg to sop up the booze; you see him eying the egg beadily as it rolls off the counter onto the floor, correctly recognizing the impos-



"You think you're the only one around here with an identity crisis?"

Your feet come alive in Mandate support dress socks

Mandate socks are woven for gentle support that aids circulation, takes off the pressure, makes your feet feel livelier. *Lightweight, cool and non-static,* Mandate socks can't cling to trousers. They're available by mail only from Norm Thompson. At half the price of most support socks. Full return privileges and money-back guarantee. Colors: black or brown. Classic over-the-calf length. Send your regular shoe size for proper fit. **3 pair for $7.50 postage-free.**

Norm Thompson 1805 N.W. Thurman Portland, Ore. 97209

☐ Enclosed check for $_____. Send____pairs Mandate support socks, size____, color_____.

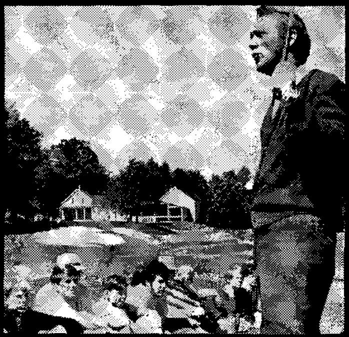
Name Dept.: A-70

Address

City

State Zip

Arnie's Army is a little smaller at Stratton Mt.



At Stratton Mountain, the Palmer method is used to teach the ins and outs of golf to boys 11 to 17.

Complete information is now available in an illustrated brochure for Summer '71.

Arnold Palmer Golf Academy
Stratton Mountain, Vermont 05155 NY 4-3

Name

Address

City

State

Arnold Palmer Golf Academy STRATTON

sibility of bending down to get it, salting another one with dignity, and then eating that without getting the shell off, clinging to insane proprieties about spitting it out. A vestigial politeness reigns in impossible, ludicrous, sometimes desperate circumstances. When four parents have been through a racking night of cheer—pot-smoking under tutelage to learn about their mystifying children, and then strip poker—the half-naked Larry, ill at ease about behaving with a kid's sort of abandon, still goes through the form of shaking hands at the door, though reeling and also struggling into a shirt cuff that has the button done up.

In "The Firemen's Ball," Forman directed a celebrated wan scene of a beauty queens' contest. He has an eye for the damp way people try to sparkle at social functions. The parents in "Taking Off" have been programmed all their lives to dress up in black tie and sequins and to look as if they were enjoying themselves when a hundred of them are gathered together. So when the function happens to be a horribly unhappy meeting of parents whose children have run away—the Society for the Parents of Fugitive Children—the grief is hidden and the rules are served. There is a girl hippie at the dinner whom the orotund host in a dinner jacket introduces as if she were something on a TV jackpot show. She may have seen *your* lost child. Parting her long weeping-willow branches of hair hanging in front of her eyes, she bends down to look at each in turn of the photographs that are worn like cameos on the parents' spangled breasts. As the man at the microphone says, any one of the people in the queue may be the lucky one. The executive faces and the stiff hairdos affectingly express a generation and a class. The guests are made to seem no more ridiculous than any other prisoners of a period, and they are exonerated from complacency. Forman looks at the two sides of the age war and finds it a poignant conflict, with the parents faintly the more interesting because more formed, and more coerced by ineloquent conventions. The pop songs that the kids sing have a voice. There is one fine song that sets an unpublishable, metrically prim lyric to a madrigal warble, sung by a nice girl who looks as if she were majoring in ceramics; it will be agreeable if the record business has the humor to release it.

And meanwhile the parents in the film, crippled by politesse and fake office bonhomie and high heels, recover whatever rusting scraps of force and grown-up love they can from the wreck of their age group's self-esteem. They have old souls, but their world makes them behave like pre-1939 adolescents, giggling and dressing up, and having to grapple with a paralyzing secret diffidence. Lynn Carlin, the runaway's mother, is delicately hipped on modesty in the middle of the strip-poker romp; it is a sweet performance, longing for fun, prudish mostly for her husband's sake. The bereft parents have gone blissfully off the rails after a solemn indoctrination into dope at the S.P.F.C. meeting, where they have learned how to smoke pot from a bossy and rather mournful expert called in from the ranks of arcane youth. ("A joint has two ends. . . . Put the *closed* end into your *mouth*," says the pedagogue patiently, following it with a little lecture on not hanging on to the joint after a drag without passing it on to a neighbor. "That is very *rude*.") In the end, it is the parents who are financially worsted, the parents who turn out to be the underdogs of the capitalist system that they are held to be running. But they have the last word. The runaway's song-writing boyfriend comes to a conciliatory dinner, and the oldies do their best to make things work, the father faltering rather when he hears what the boy earns. He gracefully expected him to be on his uppers. "Two hundred and ninety thousand," says the lad. Larry splutters into the wine. (A pause would have been better, maybe.) "Before taxes," says the boy, equally graceful. After dinner, he declines to play the piano himself, so Larry and his wife take over and finish with a terrific brave rendering of "Stranger in Paradise."

Perhaps it takes a foreigner to see New Yorkers not as the tense, mercurial, backchatting go-getters that native legend makes them but as Forman's lovingly cemented couples, moving slowly through their city with clogged tongues and admirably little ambition. Forman's film is another view of the land that most of its inhabitant filmmakers now mechanically despair of; for instance, there is another new film this week, called "Making It" and indoctrinated in native self-depreciation, which deals in the usual, machine-made way with a student and the generation gap and permissiveness. One might as well shut up about it, but one has to wonder if the American film industry knows how special it is in its obsession with the journalistically topical. Fiction usually assumes the freedom to move away. Shakespeare left his own time and place in nearly every play; Tolstoy went backward in "War and Peace;" Truffaut went backward in "Jules et Jim" and "L'Enfant Sauvage;" Kurosawa and Wajda and Renoir and Visconti, too. But apart from "Bonnie and Clyde" and Westerns the American cinema at the moment is scared enough to keep newsworthiness and film financing as close together as foreign correspondents clustering in a bar and refusing to leave one another in the middle of an interesting strange country. It has fallen to a Czech visitor to take the curse off films about the generation gap. He really likes America. He could probably show us raw nerve-ends in a drum-majorette rally.

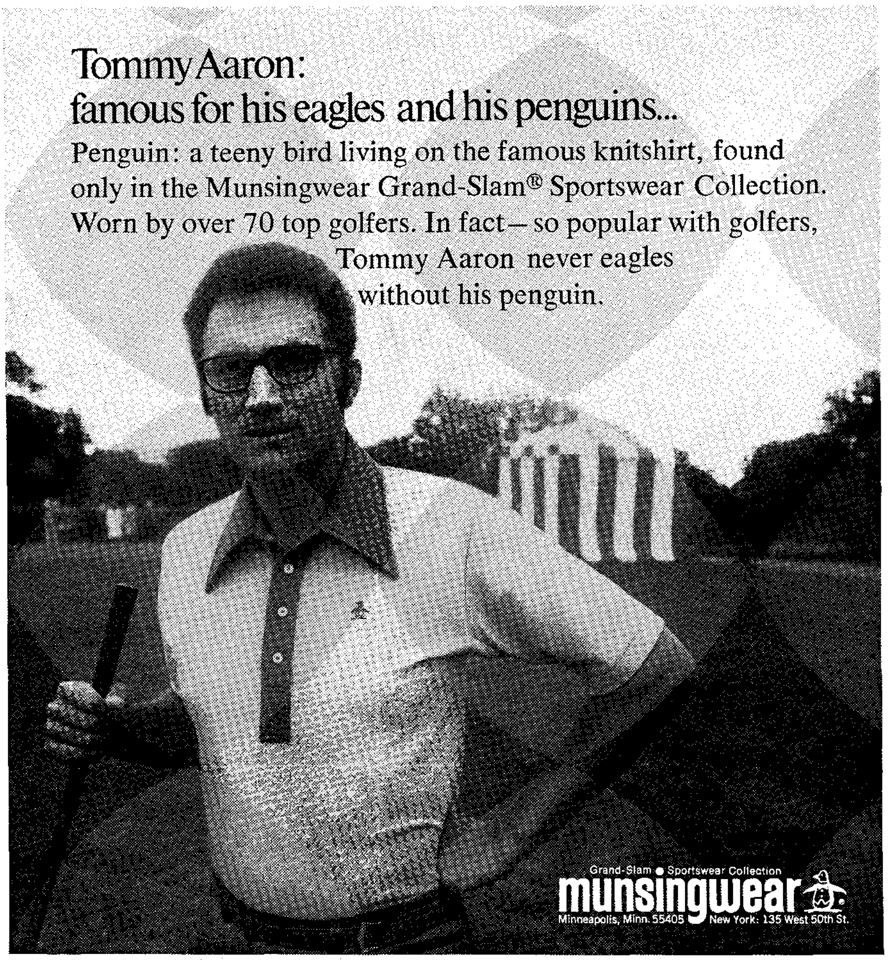
LEWIS GILBERT's "Friends," made by an Englishman and set in France, is a dopey dream for American consumption about youth. Two fourteen-to-fifteen-year-olds go through a pretend marriage and have a baby without a doctor or a midwife. This is youth so idolized that it isn't distinguished from the retarded. On the other hand, England still sometimes worships the spectacle of clever and energetic characters putting on a voice that is practically senile; this is the taste that is nourished by "A Severed Head," the 1961 Iris Murdoch novel, now turned into a mannered film full of knowingness. The accomplished actors try to play it as if the showing off were meant ironically. The roots of the piece go way back to the bad old stuffed-shirt days in the English arts following the Second World War. It represents about as much of anything vigorous or true in England then or now as the national mood itself did before it recognized the voice of Bevan and the energy of an electorate that, apparently ungratefully, swept the Tories out for working-class men promising less prowess, fewer connections, and an end to the heyday of mandarins.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

According to the statement, the incinerators "cause a significant contribution to air pollution levels and are a source of continued complaints from Housing Authority residents and would eliminate the need for neighbors."
—*New Haven Journal-Courier*.

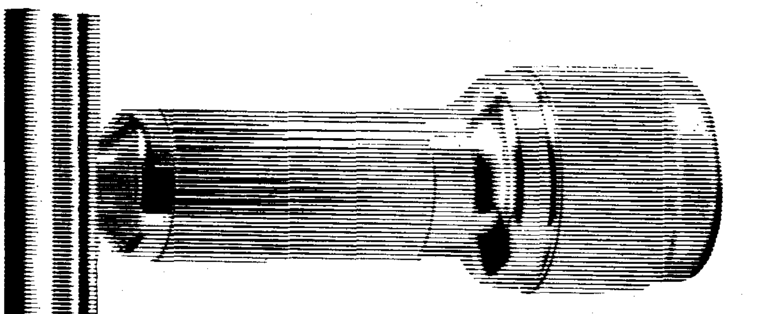
That's progress, right there.



Tommy Aaron:
famous for his eagles and his penguins...

Penguin: a teeny bird living on the famous knitshirt, found only in the Munsingwear Grand-Slam® Sportswear Collection. Worn by over 70 top golfers. In fact—so popular with golfers, Tommy Aaron never eagles without his penguin.

Grand-Slam ● Sportswear Collection
munsingwear
Minneapolis, Minn. 55405 New York: 135 West 50th St.



You are an important and very sensitive person and your face is no baloney !

This being so, are you doing yourself justice by shaving with an ordinary safety razor— an instrument not fundamentally improved since its invention 76 years ago, and based on about the same principle as used for cutting sausages? Why should you have to go on—day after day—chopping, scratching, scraping, and bleeding, and not even getting a decent shave for all your trouble? Change all that! Treat yourself to the **Stahly Live Blade Shaver.** Wind the handle of this beautiful chrome shaver, and its tiny watchwork motor will **hummingly impart 6000 minuscule vibrations per minute** to the blade. Lather your face as usual and simply guide the **Stahly** through the toughest beard, for the fastest, smoothest shave ever. Nothing in your previous shaving career will have prepared you for this startling difference. Isn't it worth a few dollars to bring happiness to a drab daily routine?

☐ Please send me the **Stahly Shaver.** I understand that it uses standard blades and comes in a lined **snap case with my initials.** Return in two weeks if not delighted. One year guarantee for parts and workmanship. My check for $30.95 ($29.95 plus $1 for post. & ins.) is enclosed. (Calif. res. add tax.)

Name ____________ (Initials) ___
Address ____________
____________ Zip ______

584 Washington Street, San Francisco, California 94111

haverhill's
NY0403

MUSICAL EVENTS

The Dialogue

I SEEM to have been practically alone in my admiration for Renzo Rossellini's opera "La Guerra." The general complaint against it was that it is vulgar. I am beginning to think that in a precious era like ours, when composers are afraid to write music that elicits any emotion, and when the mathematics of musical structure is taking precedence over the human feeling that this structure was built to express, a certain amount of vulgarity may be a virtue. In any case, some hearty vulgarity might easily bring about a continuation of that dialogue between composer and audience that has been broken off for at least a generation. The dialogue is absolutely indispensable if music of any importance is to be written. That, at any rate, is what history shows. When you have a public hungry for new music and a composer anxious to feed this hunger, you have a healthy situation. The musical public demonstrates by its applause and by its contribution to the box office precisely when it feels that the composer has fed this hunger, and by staying away or not applauding it lets the composer know that it is disappointed. One need not go into the question of the composer's royal right to write music for himself rather than to please his audience. The point is that a good audience reacts quite definitely, and that from its reaction the composer can gauge the degree to which he has moved it. This is what I mean by the dialogue, and it has existed wherever great music has been written. Back in Renaissance times, the dialogue was between the church authorities and the composer. The aristocratic patron came next, reacting to the composer's music and supporting it if he liked it. Still later, it was the cultivated public of places like Vienna, Milan, and Paris—a public that had definite standards, knew what it liked, and wound up making composers like Puccini and Richard Strauss millionaires. Then, around the time of the First World War, the dialogue stopped. The composer was left to his own devices, and began to write music that got further and further from the comprehension of any audience. Today, what dialogue there is is between the composer and his fellow-composers, or between the composer and the foundations. And the foundations, because of their corporate nature, are not equipped to take an intelligent part in it. As for the dialogue between composer and composer, it is a sterile business and has left a legacy of rubbish.

I was reminded of all this in listening to Ottorino Respighi's opera "Belfagor," which was presented in concert form by the Opera Orchestra of New York under the baton of Eve Queler in Alice Tully Hall on Monday evening of last week. "Belfagor" has never been a particularly successful opera, and one reason for this is that Respighi more or less abandoned his native Italian tradition in writing it and lost his place in the dialogue in the process. Its score is complicated, with echoes of Strauss, Wagner, and Debussy—a sophisticated affair, which the Italian audience could hardly be expected to react to. It has other flaws, too. Its libretto, about a devil who is puzzled by the fact that most married men blame their troubles on their wives, and who assumes human form to marry and find out why, is long, talky, and pedestrian. The woman he proposes to marry has, of course, a true love elsewhere, and true love wins out. Whatever humor this plot contains is lost in the complete humorlessness of the score, and—though there are some nice calculated impressionistic effects here and there, and a climax in Act II between the bride and her mother, and then between the bride and her true love, where a little robust singing takes place—the total effect is of tediousness. A good cast strove hard to bring "Belfagor" to life. Chester Ludgin was particularly notable as the devil, and both Nancy Shade and James McCray, as the heroine and her true love, exhibited fresh, expressive voices. Miss Queler seemed so occupied with the details of the score that she seldom had a chance to take her eyes off it. The orchestral part of the performance was nevertheless adequate to the occasion.

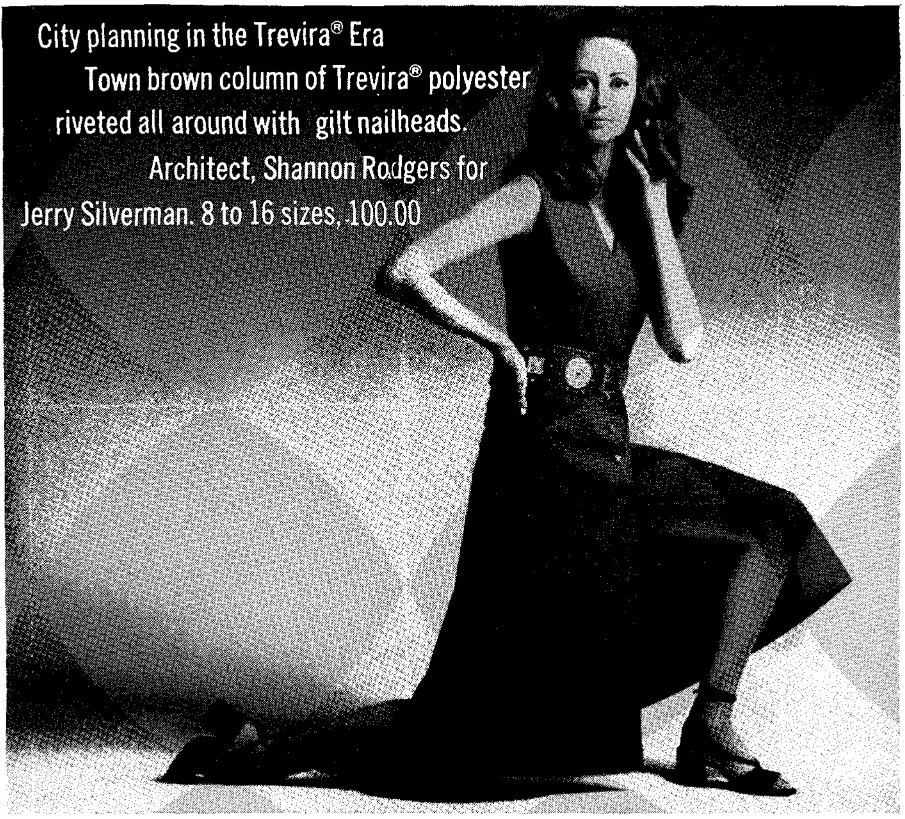
ON Tuesday night of last week, the New York City Opera, under Julius Rudel's baton, gave a splendid performance of Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera" at the New York State Theatre. Just why this company should choose to present this particular opera, which is a museum piece done well enough currently at the Metropolitan, puzzles me. But there is no doubt about the quality of singing the City Opera put into it. Enrico DiGiuseppe sang beautifully as Gustavus III, and so did the Mexican soprano Gilda Cruz-Romo as Amelia. Miss Cruz-Romo has an appealing soprano, capable of a variety of emotional inflections, and, though she is not the greatest of actresses, she has a pleasant stage presence. Louis Quilico sang the role of Renato about as well as it can be sung, with a sonorous baritone voice and considerable dramatic effect, and Patricia Wise managed decently as Oscar, the page. Muriel Greenspon, who sang the role of Ulrica, the fortune-teller, had a bad cold, which made her sound hoarse from time to time. It was brave, although probably not wise, for her to appear at all. The sets, by Eoin Sprott, and the costumes, by José Varona, were pleasing, if almost entirely conventional. The only departure from convention by Mr. Sprott was a gallows scene that began by resembling a Turner landscape, so thick was the fog that veiled it. Later, the fog began drifting out over the orchestra pit and then over the audience, obscuring what was going on for quite a while. The direction, by John Hirsch, a newcomer to opera, was satisfactory and appropriate. But the star of the performance was Mr. Rudel, who held the widely varying rhythms and tempos of the score to their just proportions and gave admirable impetus to the whole work.

LAST Wednesday night, I had a choice of attending the recital in Philharmonic Hall by Birgit Nilsson or attending a more modest recital in Alice Tully Hall by a young pianist named Arthur Ozolins. Knowing very well that Miss Nilsson could get along without my praises, I went to hear Mr. Ozolins, whose name, I learned, is Latvian, though he was born in Germany and has lived practically all his short life (he is twenty-five) in Canada. His program ranged from Bach to Bartók and Prokofieff, with a generous amount of Chopin thrown in. It was thus a test of technique and Chopin style rather than a test of profound musicianship, and it turned out to be just the thing for this young artist. Mr. Ozolins is a prodigious technician with fingers of steel. These fingers hit the keys like the bit of a pneumatic drill, and the clarity of his articulation in such things as the Bach Concerto in Italian Style, with which the program opened, was altogether out of the ordinary. He proved later on that he has absolute control of an enormous range of dynamics. His feathery pianissimos in Chopin's Étude No. 8, Opus 10, were impressive, as was the tremendous speed with which he took the work. He also has a nice sense of rubato in Chopin, and if he occasionally misses the big line, his playing is nevertheless already in the grand manner. I suspect that, given a few more years of mellowing, Mr. Ozolins will become one of the great virtuoso pianists of our time. He already has all the physical equipment, and no doubt the polished artistry will arrive in due course.

PETER MENNIN's Sinfonia for Orchestra, which was given its local première by the New York Philharmonic in Philharmonic Hall last Thursday night, under the baton of Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, betrays the absence of the dialogue I have mentioned. It is expert from a technical point of view. It is fashionable in that it echoes the latest "crushed-strings" effects introduced by Penderecki and other members of the contemporary Polish school, and in the composer's use of masses of sound. It is a dense composition, which discards lyricism in favor of crowded instrumental effects, and it is almost completely atonal. I found it bearable but not inspiring. The audience applauded at its close, but I do not think that this applause was part of a real dialogue. Would this audience go around distraught for a couple of weeks aching for the surcease that only another Mennin composition could provide? I doubt it.

The other interesting event on this program, which was expertly conducted by Mr. Skrowaczewski, was David Nadien's performance of the solo part of Prokofieff's Concerto No. 2 for Violin and Orchestra in G Minor, Opus 63. Mr. Nadien, as we know from his many appearances as the orchestra's concertmaster (a post he has recently vacated), is an extremely refined violinist, with a pure, fairly small tone and a cultivated style. This concerto seems perfectly suited to his kind of playing, and he managed his solo very well indeed. I might add that this concerto represents Prokofieff when he was taking part in a dialogue of no small dimensions. After most of a lifetime spent in writing rather noisy scores, Prokofieff had returned to Russia, and Stalin, who had taken a lively interest in his music, demanded that he write more tunefully. True, the dialogue was rather loud on one side, but it was a dialogue for all that, and it resulted in some sublime music.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT



City planning in the Trevira® Era
Town brown column of Trevira® polyester
riveted all around with gilt nailheads.
Architect, Shannon Rodgers for
Jerry Silverman. 8 to 16 sizes, 100.00

I. magnin
CALIFORNIA•PORTLAND•SEATTLE•PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles

Six-in-one! THE CHAMELEON RING*
Golden-toned, adjustable ring with six interchangeable globes of fashion color...coral, turquoise, white, polished golden toned, silvery toned, and simulated pearl. Slip one out, slip one in to suit your mood. Boxed in velvety blue. About $7.50.

Jewels by TRIFARI®

*PATENT PENDING

THE SPORTING SCENE

THE GREENS OF IRELAND—I

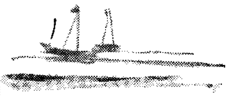
WHEN most people think of sport in Ireland, the first things that come to mind are the wonderful horses raised in the Curragh and the national exuberance for horse racing, and, after that, the excellent salmon fishing in the southwest and the Irish fondness for two native games that are played practically nowhere else—Gaelic football, which is a combination of soccer and Rugby, and hurling, which is a combination of field hockey and a special Celtic brand of karate. Since scarcely anyone associates the Irish with golf, it almost invariably comes as a surprise to the sports-minded to learn that the island is one of the great golfing lands—and, indeed, has more authentic golf courses per inhabitant than any other country in the world except Scotland, the cradle of the game. Where golf is concerned, it should be noted, Ireland is divided by no political boundary line; the Golfing Union of Ireland governs the game both in the Republic of Ireland, or Eire, and in Northern Ireland, which is, of course, a part of the United Kingdom. At the present time, there are two hundred and twenty-eight golf courses in the two countries, and since the combined population is around four million three hundred thousand, this works out to one course for every nineteen thousand inhabitants. In the United States, despite the proliferation of new courses in recent years, the ratio is one for every twenty thousand people, and in Japan, to name another notoriously golf-struck nation, it is one for every hundred and seventy-five thousand. (Australia claims to have about the same ratio as Scotland—one course for every eleven thousand people—but this is a highly asteriskable statistic, since the majority of the courses in Australia are little more than village fields punctuated with sand greens.) In Ireland, the courses are not only numerous but of an exceptionally high quality. Most well-travelled golf experts, if asked to select the twelve finest courses in the world, would surely include at least one in Ireland, and some might include as many as three.

Like the famous courses in Scotland, the best ones in Ireland are situated on the duny linksland deposited centuries ago by the retreating ocean. While the thought of Irish linksland (as opposed to meadowland) may be startling, it really shouldn't be, because the coastal stretches of Scotland and Ireland are remarkably similar. (Less than fourteen miles of water separates Torr Head, in Northern Ireland, from the Mull of Kintyre, in Scotland.) In the last twenty-five years, the Irish have taken to their splendid seaside links and to their satisfactory, if less testing, inland courses with a tremendous rush. Whereas there were only twenty-five thousand golfers on the island at the close of the Second World War, there are three times that number today. All the clubs are filled to the brim with members, and an estimated ten thousand applicants are at present on various waiting lists, ready to spring forward whenever a vacancy occurs. In the meantime, since Ireland has no municipal courses, this frustrated horde of potential golfers has been hacking away on the more than a hundred pitch-and-putt courses that have popped up all over the countryside in response to the demand for golf facilities, however abbreviated. In short, unlikely as it may seem when one recalls the historic Hibernian predilection for strenuous pastimes, golf has now become Ireland's most popular participant sport.

"It looks O.K. But how are you going to hit people with it?"

One of the primary reasons the game has found such high favor among the Irish is its inexpensiveness. Portmarnock, which is just outside Dublin, is generally accepted as the island's premier golf club, but its members are required to pay an entrance fee that amounts to only a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Annual dues come to approximately that same mild figure. Moreover, the dues at the average Irish golf club are a good deal lower than the dues at Portmarnock, which reflects the comparatively high cost of everything in and around the Republic's capital city. For instance, at the Lahinch Golf Club, in County Clare—a first-rate course where the South of Ireland Amateur Championship is held each year—the annual dues are thirty dollars and there is no entrance fee at all, at all. Such modest rates are possible because the cost of maintaining a course is extremely low and, concomitantly, the revenue from the club bar can be depended on to be quite robust. In any event, nearly every Irishman who wants to play golf can afford to, and its addicts therefore constitute an almost complete cross-section of the Irish socioeconomic strata. Another fundamental reason for the Irish golfing boom is that the game is beautifully suited to the native temperament and character. A County Sligo man once explained it to me this way: "If a golfer so chooses, he can groove a tight little swing and plod around hitting safe little shots down the fairway. But that isn't how the typical Irish golfer approaches the game. He sees in golf a heaven-sent opportunity to perform spectacular deeds—bash his drives farther than mortal man has ever done before, or come slashing out of a briar patch with a phenomenal recovery shot that prostrates his opponent. It's a solo game, golf, so it's perfect for a people like us, who admire feats of individual bravery and derring-do. There they are, within the reach of the most ordinary man."

It follows, I think, that the considerable success that Irish golfers have enjoyed in international tournaments over the past twenty-five years has had more than a little to do with the huge advances the game has made there. Until 1946, no Irish golfer had ever won an important international amateur or professional championship, but that year James Bruen, a prodigious hitter from Cork, broke through in the British Amateur. Three years later, Max McCready, an Irishman living in England, won the same championship, and in 1953 it went to Joe Carr, a young golfer from Dublin, whose father had been a steward at Portmarnock. A model athlete, as cheery in defeat as in victory, Carr took the British Amateur twice again, in 1958 and 1960, and more recently, in recognition of his exceptional record and his personal substance, he has been accorded the honor—unprecedented for an Irishman—of being named captain of the British Eisenhower Trophy team and the British Walker Cup team. (Technically, these teams represent both Great Britain and Ireland.) Irish professionals also made their mark during this period. In 1947, Fred Daly, from Portrush, in Northern Ireland, won the British Open and also the first of three titles in the British Match Play Championship. In the early fifties, when Daly's star began to fade, two



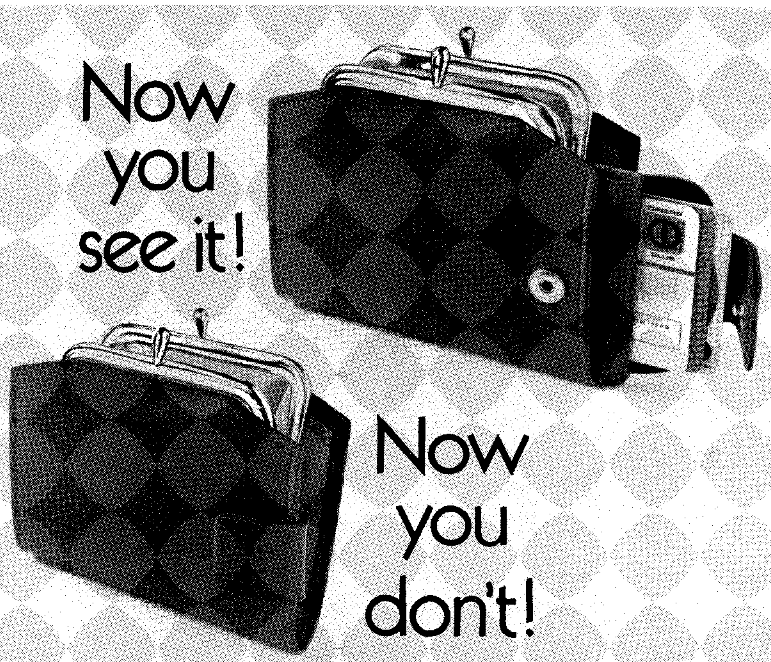
SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

Dive-ettes

the honestly better swimsuit

Looks better because it fits better because it's made better . . . by specialists. Go native in vivid Aztec stripes, tied up with a rope belt. All cotton. 8 to 16 preteen, about $12.

At Bamberger's, Menlo Park; Davison Paxton, Atlanta; Rike's, Dayton; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis; Selber Bros., Shreveport; and all their branches; and other selected fine stores or write Dive-ettes, Inc., 112 West 34 Street, New York 10001.



Now you see it!

Now you don't!

A sleight of the hand and presto, your credit cards materialize. So you can get them easily. With a snap, they disappear again. And only a coin purse hides your secret. Say the magic word, it's all yours. Hidden Purse-uader.* By Princess Gardner. From $3.50

PRINCESS GARDNER®

Prince Gardner, St. Louis, Mo. A Division of SWANK, INC.

De Busschere
Hand made
MR. HENRI BENDEL, Owner-President
Belgian Shoes

For him
MR. CASUAL
$40
☐ Black Calf
☐ Brown Calf
☐ Brown Calf/trim black
☐ White Buckskin
☐ Patent Leather

Soft-soled casuals for men known the world over. Available in America only at our salons or by mail. Color brochures on request.
My regular shoe size is______
Send______pairs @ $40. each.
Add 75c per pair mailing charge.
☐ Check enclosed ☐ Second choice______
Name______
Address______
City______State______

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In San Francisco: I. Magnin & Co.

The Country Store Look.
Something to come back to.
The Country Store Look
The Country Store of Concord
Concord, Westwood, Beverly Farms, Edgartown, Nantucket, Mass., Guilford, Greenwich, Ct., Far Hills, N.J.

professionals from the Republic—Harry Bradshaw and Christy O'Connor—took over, scoring notable victories on the British tournament circuit and winning places on British Ryder Cup teams. Though neither Bradshaw nor O'Connor managed to capture the British Open, together they brought off perhaps the most glorious of all Irish golfing triumphs when, in 1958, they won the World Cup (then known as the Canada Cup), in Mexico City, defeating a field of more than thirty two-man teams, which included the top players from the United States, Australia, England, Scotland, South Africa, and the other traditional strongholds of the game. The news of Bradshaw and O'Connor's exploit was celebrated with champagne parties and informal parades down the streets of Dublin, and when the two heroes arrived home they were wined and dined for weeks. The World Cup match is held in a different country each year, and its sponsors, appreciating the frenetic pride that the Irish, golfers and nongolfers alike, took in their compatriots' victory, scheduled the event for Portmarnock in 1960. In 1949, Portmarnock had been the venue of the British Amateur, and in 1951 the Royal Portrush Golf Club, in County Antrim, Northern Ireland, had been the venue of the British Open, but it was the 1960 World Cup match that clearly marked the coming of age of Irish golf. During the four days of play, sixty thousand keyed-up spectators—a record attendance for the competition—converged on Portmarnock to troop after such illustrious champions as Sam Snead, Arnold Palmer, Peter Thomson, Bobby Locke, and Gary Player, and to root for the home team of O'Connor and Norman Drew, who was substituting for the ailing Bradshaw. O'Connor and Drew eventually finished fourth—a commendable performance. Perhaps it was a good thing that they came no closer to winning, for late in the afternoon of the final round, when all that remained to be decided was whether Snead could overtake Flory Van Donck, of Belgium, in their battle for the individual prize, the excited gallery broke through the restraining ropes, the better to watch Snead's progress, and roared down the last two fairways like a tidal wave, sweeping over hillocks and through bunkers. As one who was caught in the wild foam, I have often wondered what it would have been like if the Irish team had come to the final holes that afternoon with a chance to win, and a shudder goes through my bones.

In all, I have made three visits to Ireland. When I went there first, in the autumn of 1958, I was a little overgolfed, having attended a whole series of tournaments that summer, and the friend who took me in hand—the late Arthur MacWeeney, of the *Irish Independent*—considerately laid on an outing to Achill Island, off the west coast, where the closest I came to swinging a golf stick was churning a tub of butter. On our return to Dublin, however, he did arrange for me to play Portmarnock with Joe Carr. The virtues of Portmarnock's handsomely varied holes are so obvious that I would probably have grasped them under any circumstances, but this opportunity to observe the superb shots Carr was required to produce in order to stay even with par made it plain as day why Bernard Darwin, the matchless English golf writer, had called the course "one of the few unquestionably great golf links of the world." I came to know the layout much better two years later, when I attended the World Cup match there, and my fondness for it deepened, familiarity breeding anything but contempt in the case of a first-class golf course. At that time, though, I had no chance to inspect the other Irish links that I had heard such enthusiastic reports about over the years, and, accordingly, I undertook to do this on my latest trip. I was able to persuade another old friend, Paul MacWeeney, Arthur's younger brother, to arrange for a brief holiday—he writes about golf and Rugby for the *Irish Times* and acts as the paper's sports editor—so that we could make the expedition together. I was sure that Paul MacWeeney, a pleasant, well-organized man in his middle fifties, with, for a Dubliner, a most untheatrical nature, would be the ideal cicerone, for he had long been the country's leading golf writer and there was nothing about—and no one in—Irish golf he didn't know. Unfortunately, the plans we worked out in an exchange of letters fell through. A few days before I was scheduled to fly to Ireland, I learned from MacWeeney that one of the key members of the *Times'* sports staff had become ill, and that, as a result, he would not be able to get away from his desk after all. "You'll have an excellent trip and an enjoyable one," he assured me when we met early in the afternoon of my arrival in Dublin. "You'll have no trouble. I've phoned the people at the different clubs. Everything's fixed up. I've arranged for you to do your jaunt in two loops. First, you do a loop up north. They expect you at Newcastle County Down tomorrow and at Portrush the day after tomorrow, Wednesday. On Thursday, you return to Dublin. We'll have dinner that night and I'll brief you on the southwestern loop. That's all set up, too—Lahinch on Friday, Killarney on Saturday, Ballybunion on Sunday, and back to Dublin on Monday." MacWeeney handed me some papers relating to an automobile he had hired for me from Ryan Self-Drive, Ltd., and, along with these, a neatly written list of the secretaries and captains of the different clubs, the phone numbers of the clubs, and my estimated time of arrival at each of them. "You could string your trip out longer," MacWeeney continued, with a smile that was both sanguine and cautionary, "but I'd advise against it. The hospitality at our golf clubs can be pretty formidable. About three years ago, I spent a fortnight myself gathering material for a series of pieces on fifteen or sixteen courses in the west and the south. When I got back to Dublin—*limped* back to Dublin would be more accurate—it took me three weeks to recover, for a fact. You're wisest not to string it out."

Later that day, MacWeeney drove me out to Portmarnock, after we had taken a quick look at Phoenix Park, an enormous tract on the western rim of the city. The park has a special significance for golfers, because it was there that golf was first played in Ireland, and MacWeeney wanted to point out the site of that first course—long vanished—which a homesick Scottish regiment had built around 1850. This was the course that during the height of "the troubles" of 1887 Arthur Balfour, then Chief Secretary for Ireland, insisted on playing—accompanied, necessarily, by a bodyguard of detectives. In those days, it was a rare thing for a public figure to be so smitten with golf, and though Balfour's conspicuous love of the game did nothing to heal the centuries-old breach between Ireland and England, it gave golf a colossal boost. (At that date, incidentally, there were seventy-three golf courses in Scotland, fifty-seven in England, two in Wales, and six in Ireland—most of these in the north.) Two years after this, the members of the golf club in Phoenix Park closed

"The Baker Book"— a new, handsomely bound permanent reference.
Over 500 choice designs, room settings and color plates. $5.00.

Baker Furniture Co.
CABINET MAKERS
304 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • LOS ANGELES • PHILADELPHIA • CLEVELAND
SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • DALLAS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

Division of The Magnavox Company

Fine Porcelains Sculptured by William Henry Turner . . . whose primary objective is to capture the beauty and grace of wildlife and preserve it in a fine material for all to enjoy. The Duckling, width 3¾" x 3¼", $25. The Bunny, 3" x 5", $50.

Mass. Residents add 3% tax (or if delivered in Mass.)
Please add $1. for shipping each piece.

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.
ESTABLISHED 1800
BOYLSTON AT ARLINGTON • BOSTON • MASS. 02116 • (617) 267-9100

B.F.Goodrich
...in pursuit of excellence

Jack Purcell's exclusive Posture Foundation® wedge in each heel helps give you better footing on any court. It's the stuff of winners.

Jack Purcell

The only one with the wedge.

JACK.
THE GIANT KILLER.

BEST MUSICAL 1970
TONY AWARD WINNER
LAUREN BACALL
BEST ACTRESS – Tony Award Winner
IN
"APPLAUSE"
A NEW MUSICAL
MAIL ORDERS FILLED

PRICES: IN ORDER TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT, PLEASE DO NOT LIST A SPECIFIC DATE. INSTEAD, SPECIFY A DAY OF THE WEEK. BE SURE AND LIST TWO ALTERNATE DAYS OF THE WEEK. Evgs. Mon. thru Thurs.: Orch. $12; Dress Circle $12; Mezz. $10; Rear Mezz. $8, 7, 6, 5, 4. Fri. & Sat. Evgs.: Orch. $15; Dress Circle $15; Mezz. $12; Rear Mezz. $9, 8, 7, 6, 5. Wed. Mats.: Orch. $8; Dress Circle $8; Mezz. $6; Rear Mezz. $5, 4. Sat. Mats.: Orch. $9; Dress Circle $9; Mezz. $7; Rear Mezz. $6 & 5.

PALACE THEATRE
Broadway at 47th Street, N.Y.C. 10036

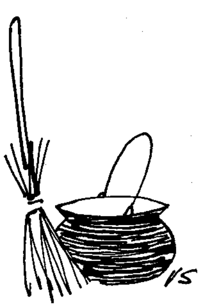
People who stay at the Colonial Inn feel like they've never left home.

The Colonial Inn
on the green – CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS
Loring N. Grimes, Innkeeper (617) 369-9200

that course and moved first to Sutton, on Dublin Bay, and then, in 1892, to a lovely strip of bayside land at Dollymount, three and a half miles north of the city, where their club, the Royal Dublin, still stands. We drove past it on our way to Portmarnock, which lies some six miles farther to the north, athwart a tiny peninsula shaped like Florida. Portmarnock was "discovered" in 1893 by W. C. Pickeman and George Ross, two Dublin golfers, who had a feeling that the land would be perfect for the growing game. At this time, the peninsula, the home of small farmers and fishermen, was a virtually sealed-off community, with its own brick plant and its own distillery. The land that was not farmed was a wild tangle of bracken and dunes, and there the Portmarnock Golf Club was established in 1894. Soon afterward, the little community on the peninsula began to disappear, for the club, as it acquired more and more property, chopped the bracken back and pushed its fairways to the edges of the water.

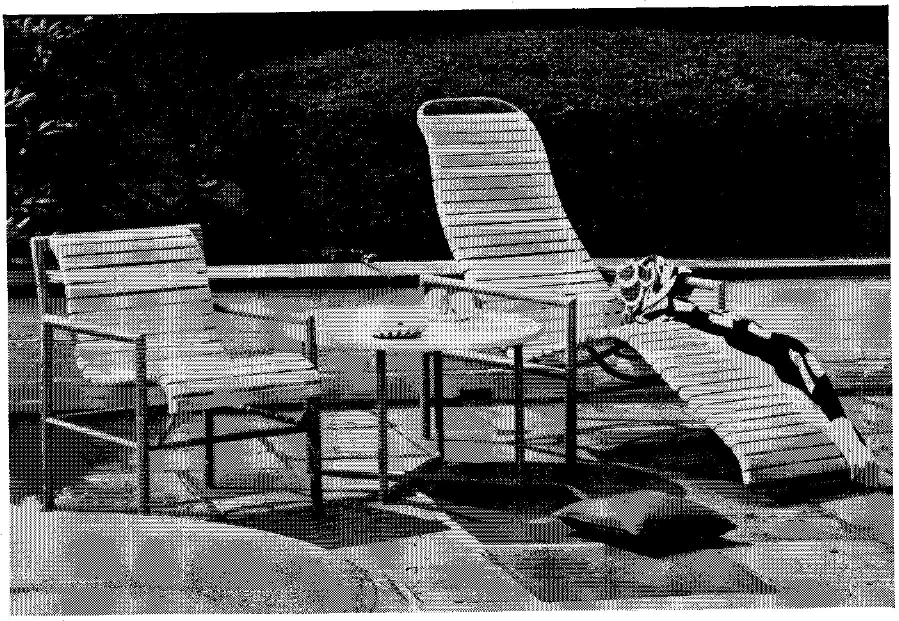
To reach the course in those early days, the golfers crossed Portmarnock Inlet, which is about half a mile wide, by boat or, at low tide, by horse and carriage. Today, a paved road leads around the northern end of the inlet to the clubhouse, a low white stucco building with an orange slate roof, which was erected in 1905 and has been remodelled periodically over the years. Except for the presence of the clubhouse, a visiting golfer's first sight of the heaving green land across the inlet cannot be much different today from what it was for Portmarnock's pioneers—and there are few invitations in golf as beckoning. The course, as you would expect, has been completely altered since 1894, but, happily, none of the improvements have introduced a note of artificiality. The chief credit for this belongs to H. M. (Guppy) Cairnes, an outstanding Portmarnock golfer, who between 1900 and 1930 took it upon himself to lengthen and revise the original holes to suit the changing game, and who succeeded so well that only minor revisions have since been necessary. Far more talented than most amateur architects, Cairnes laid out his holes so that they ran to all the points of the compass, and he routed his fairways adroitly through the sand hills so that there would be a minimum of blind shots. He installed new bunkers, which looked hardly less natural than the ones nature had provided, and though he placed several of his new greens at sites where the land rose or tilted sharply, he saw to it that a well-played approach shot would seldom be penalized by a freak bounce. When experienced golfers speak about Portmarnock, they invariably mention its "fairness." Of the classic British links, only Muirfield, perhaps, is as free from caprice, and Muirfield, on the south shore of the Firth of Forth, occupies far less rugged terrain. From the back tees, Portmarnock today measures 7,093 yards and has a par of 71. It has yielded several 64s, but old hands at Portmarnock insist that the most inspired round ever played over it was a 74 by George Duncan on the final day of the 1927 Irish Open. A furious gale was sweeping over the links, and Duncan's 74 enabled him to make up seventeen strokes on the third-round leader, who brought in a 91; nearly all the other scores were in the 90s. The story has it that Duncan played his historic round swathed from neck to toe in brown wrapping paper, to keep out the biting wind.

At present, Portmarnock has around four hundred regular members and, counting the "five-day members" (who cannot play on the weekends), "country members" (who must reside seventy-five miles or more from the club), junior members, and overseas members, a total membership of about seven hundred and fifty. It is the most truly national of the Irish clubs, for it serves golfers from all over the island, and particularly from the Republic, as a second club, much the way the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews serves as a second club for British golfers. Portmarnock, because it is comfortably close to Dublin, also draws an extraordinarily high number of foreign golfers—more than fifteen thousand last year. The sagacious tourist usually manages to work in a lesson with Harry Bradshaw, the Portmarnock professional. Bradshaw, who has apparently never talked economics with Snead, sometimes charges less than a pound, but never more, for a forty-five-minute lesson. His fee for an eighteen-hole playing lesson is a pound. There is no better bargain in golf.



On the evening MacWeeney and I called in, Bradshaw joined us in the bar, where we were talking with Rex Buck, the secretary. Bradshaw looks nothing at all like the standard modern golf professional. Now well into his fifties, he has the paunchy build and the round, florid face of an old-time baseball umpire. In his peak competitive years, he was not noticeably leaner, and the sight of him padding down the fairways with the flat-footed gait of a country mailman astounded American galleries when he appeared here in the 1955 Ryder Cup match. They were also startled by his casual manner of play. Disdaining the refinements of the overlapping grip, he simply grabbed the club in his gnarled hands and, after a quick squint at the flag, rocked himself into a wide, pivotless, slappy swing, which somehow or other sent the ball flying dead on target. No golfer of his class has ever played more swiftly, and it was typical of him that when, as a young man, he first came to national attention by shooting two 60s at the Delgany Golf Club, in County Wicklow, he completed each round in under two hours. Bradshaw, who was the pro at Delgany, has been at Portmarnock for more than twenty years now and has become a permanent part of the scenery. During our chat with him that evening, he poured forth a stream of amusing stories and observations, but I can reconstruct only one. It was prompted by a remark of mine to the effect that the first hole at Portmarnock must be one of the toughest starting holes in golf, what with the waters of the inlet lapping close along the right-hand edge of the fairway. "Ah, that it is," Bradshaw agreed. "We get a lot of American visitors here who come into my shop and purchase a package of three new balls before they go out. They get on the first tee, and—wouldn't you know it?—they slice all three balls into the water. Then they have to come back to the shop and buy three more balls. I believe this is what you people in the States call merchandising."

That night, back in the city, I told MacWeeney that I felt I had to make one addition to the itinerary he had prepared for me: a stop-in at the County Sligo Golf Club. This is the home club of a friend of mine called Mixie Murphy (the nickname helps to distinguish him from countless other Michael Murphys), a former president of the Golfing Union of Ireland, whom I have met often over the years at the big championships. He had frequently invited me to visit his course, and, as I explained to MacWeeney, I didn't think I could ever face him again unless I dropped in at County Sligo somewhere along in my travels. "Sligo's a bit out of the way, mind you," MacWeeney told me. "But you could probably manage it on your drive back from



bonaire
"Furniture that cares for itself"

Strong, lightweight, it won't rust—*ever*—indoors or outdoors. Through fine stores or your decorator.

Showrooms: New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Miami, Ft. Lauderdale, Chicago, Grand Rapids, Dallas and San Francisco.

alumaloy
molla
FURNITURE

Send $1 for your 56-page catalog. Molla, Inc., D&D Bldg., 979 Third Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

CC
ADRIATIC SEA
BLACK SEA
MEDITERRANEAN SEA

The biggest cruise selection in the Mediterranean!

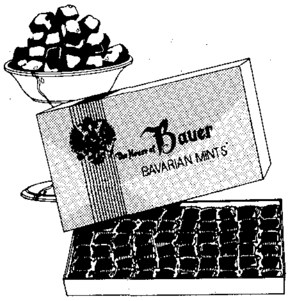
We have come up with a unique approach to please the most discriminating travel planner . . . a 38-page colorful cruise book. It details cruises for all three seasons with departures from Venice or Piraeus (Athens), ports of call, deck plans of ships, rates and interesting shore excursions in 13 countries that you may wish to take on your cruise.

23 exciting itineraries are available to explore every part of the Mediterranean, Greek Isles, North Africa, the Black Sea and West Africa that you would ever want to visit!

An unlimited choice of places to see, sailing dates and short or longer cruises to suit your vacation plans. And, of course, a vast selection of air-conditioned ships designed especially for cruising pleasure. See your travel agent or send in coupon!

chandris cruises inc.
666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019
Tel. (212) 586-8370

Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ________ Zip ________
cmm



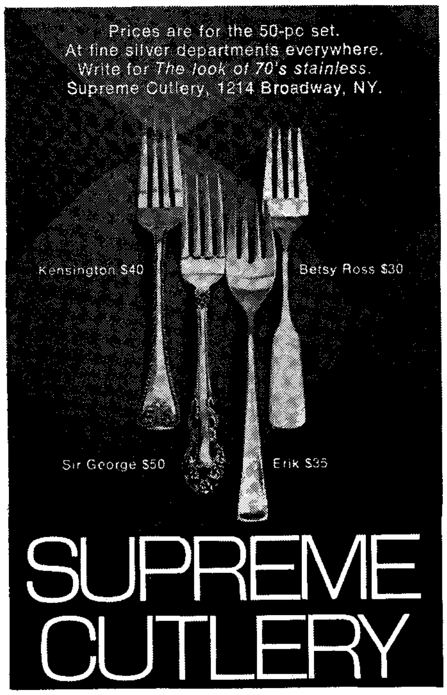
For gracious entertaining...

BAVARIAN MINTS

The original chocolat mint meltaway of exquisite quality. Bite-size chocolat with a hint of mint shows guests your good taste.

Featured at fine drug, department, gourmet and specialty stores. Ask for the nationally advertised Bavarian Mint and other fine House of Bauer candies.

The House of Bauer
P.O. Box 1641, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501



Prices are for the 50-pc set.
At fine silver departments everywhere.
Write for *The look of 70's stainless*.
Supreme Cutlery, 1214 Broadway, NY.

SUPREME CUTLERY

HOTEL Meurice

Centrally located two blocks off Fifth Ave. Around the corner from Central Park. Unusually large, tastefully furnished accommodations.
Singles from $20.00.
Doubles from $28.00.
Suites from $29.00.

145 WEST 58th STREET
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

Color TV
212-247-7440

Portrush to Dublin. I'll ring Mixie first thing tomorrow and set it up." He paused for a moment. "You must be sure and pace yourself carefully," he resumed. "You'll have a lot of driving to do, and, as I told you earlier, the hospitality can be fierce."

IRELAND—north and south together—is a rather small place, about the size of the state of Maine. Travelling around it by car, however, takes appreciably longer than a visitor expects it to, even in times of peace, which then prevailed. The roads are in fairly good shape, but as a rule they are only two lanes wide and offer few straightaway stretches, so if you get stuck behind a line of lorries your progress can be pretty poky. In any event, it took me over three and a half hours to do the hundred miles between Dublin and Newcastle—a seaside town, thirty miles below Belfast, that was once a fishing village and is now a popular holiday center. The trip was enlivened a bit by the grimness of the customs officials on both sides of the border, which the Dublin-Belfast road crosses halfway between the towns of Dundalk and Newry. As the Republic of Ireland man was checking my car-rental documents, I handed him one additional paper that the Ryan auto people had given me. "No, that's not for us," he said matter-of-factly. He then added, with a touch of asperity, "That's for Her Majesty up the road." Moments later, when I presented the documents to his Northern Ireland counterpart, I said, "Good morning"—standard procedure in the greeting-conscious Republic. The man said, "Take them to the second door," indicating the small customs house, and I knew then that I was in a slightly different country.

North of the border, both the towns and the rural stretches seemed a shade more ordered, and in its general appearance, as MacWeeney had said it would, Ulster reminded me of Scotland. The area around Newcastle, though, is quite distinctive. The Mountains of Mourne, a chain of gentle green hills, slope down to the Irish Sea—or, to be more specific, to Dundrum Bay. They have been celebrated in song, and for good reason. Indeed, I wonder whether the links at Newcastle County Down, for all their golfing worth, would have attracted as many championships as they have if it weren't for the lovely backdrop of mountains. The Irish Amateur has been held there six times, and the Irish Ladies' Amateur nine times. The club has never been host to the British Open, but last year the British Amateur was played there. The British Ladies' Amateur has been played there seven times, and in 1968 the Curtis Cup, a biennial match between British and American women amateurs, was contested there. The most remarkable day's golf in the long history of Newcastle County Down occurred in 1921, when, in the thirty-six-hole final of the Irish Open Amateur, Jack McLean, of Scotland, defeated Eric Fiddian, of England, 3 and 2, despite the fact that Fiddian made two holes in one—the only time such a feat has been pulled off in a national tournament. Fiddian aced the 137-yard seventh hole in the morning and the 216-yard fourteenth in the afternoon. The officers of the club, with typical Gaelic logic, thereupon presented Fiddian with a large color photograph of the ninth hole.

Although Newcastle County Down is what most people call the course—to set it apart from courses at sundry other Newcastles—its correct name is the Royal County Down Golf Club. It has been a royal club since 1908, when King Edward VII agreed to become its patron, but it was founded eighteen years earlier. The moving spirits were a group of Belfast men who liked the idea of playing weekend golf on real seaside terrain, which Newcastle offered. Old Tom Morris, the revered St. Andrews professional and one of the most sought-after golf architects of that period, laid out the original nine holes and outlined his suggestions for a second nine, which were built the following year. The club records show that Morris was to receive a fee "not to exceed four pounds," so, regardless of how much farther money went in those days, it is to be hoped that he had the presence of mind to turn in at least a skeletal expense account. County Down's original eighteen holes, like most layouts of that vintage, were soon modified by local hands—at every club there is always a member or two, be he credit manager or poet, who would rather be a golf architect than anything else in the world—and by 1897 the revised course extended to 5,490 yards. Just a few years later, however, the modern, more resilient, rubber-cored golf ball replaced the old solid-gutta-percha ball, and longer holes were needed to accommodate it. Here Coun-

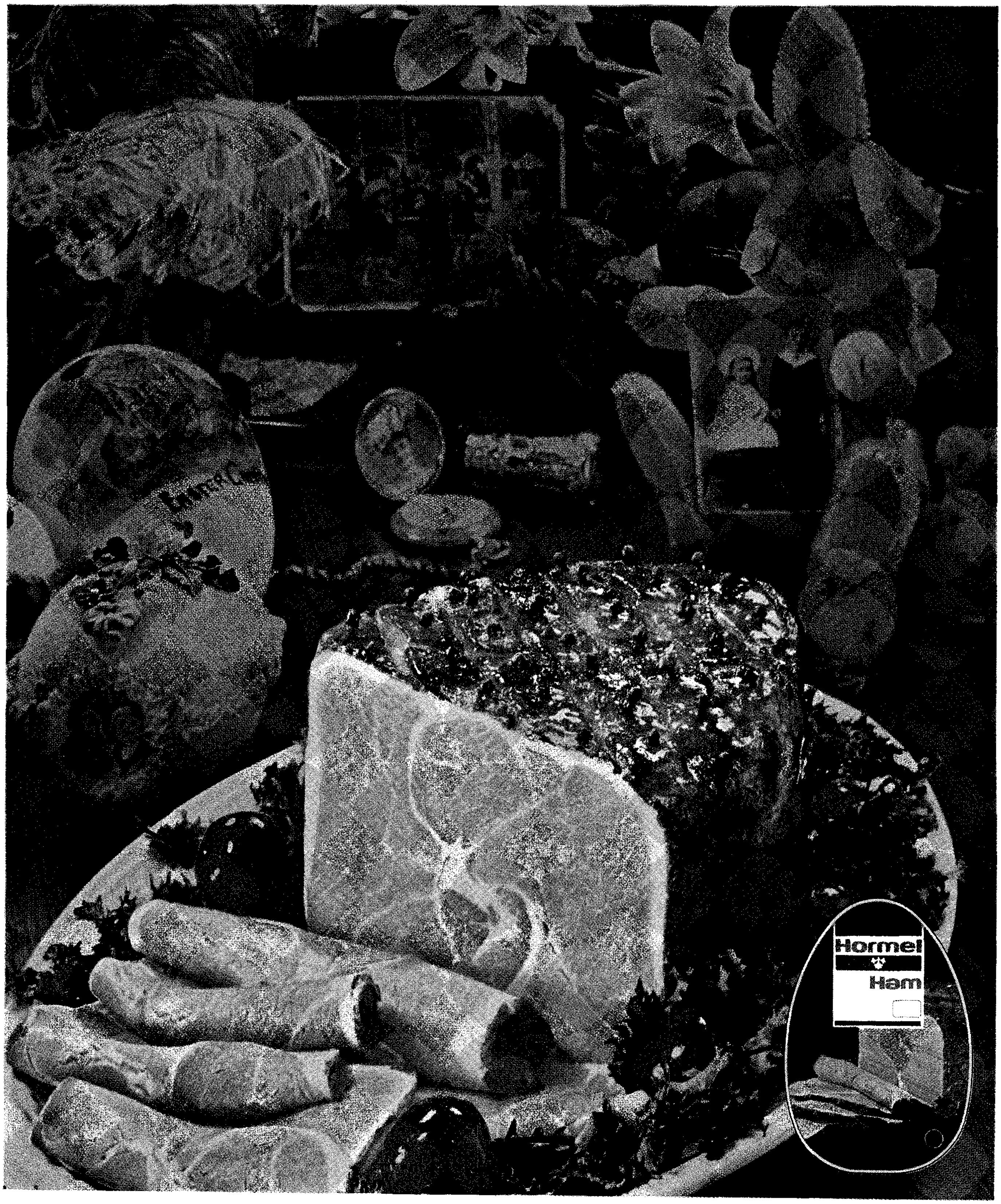
These are the memories that never grow dim . . .
Of young voices joined in a joyous old hymn.
Of bonnets abob to the cadence of canes,
And grandfather-watches on great gold chains.

Of sugar-shell eggs that held small, secret sights,
And baskets brim-filled with a million delights,
Of the elegant ham in its clove-starred glaze,
For the family feast of our Easter Days.

Hormel Ham
an
EASTER TRADITION

This ham has shared the happiness of many a family celebration. For this is the famous Hormel Ham — America's first ham in a can. Patiently boned, trimmed, shaped and baked to magnificent full flavor. Ready to heat and carve smoothly into broad, juicy slices. ● Hormel makes this same, famous ham today—true to its great tradition.

Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.



Pulitzer, singular.

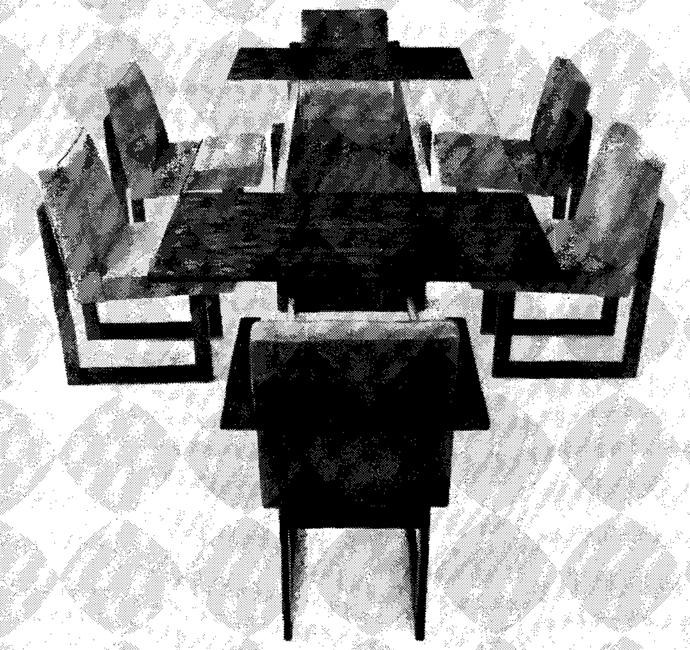
The Balaclava shirt with collar and cuffs inspired by the charge of the Light Brigade, $25.00. Our 4¼ inch, all wool challis tie, $7.50. At the finest stores. Pulitzer, 34 East 39th Street, New York, New York 10016.

SINGULAR
Pulitzer
SHIRTS & TIES

ty Down was extremely fortunate, for George Combe, the member who supervised the necessary changes, possessed uncommon golf knowledge; the holes he devised were not only long and stiff but marvellously interesting. In the mid-nineteen-twenties, the club was fortunate again, for C. S. Harden was appointed course curator, as the post was called. Harden, who went on to become chairman of the Joint Advisory Council of the British Golf Unions, stayed on at County Down for six years, during which he superintended many sensible alterations and brought the condition of the turf and the course in general to an exceptionally high level. Both Combe and Harden, like Cairnes of Portmarnock, had the intelligence to leave the physiognomy of the links essentially as it was. As a result, the fascination of County Down lies in its pristine naturalness. Much wilder in its over-all character than Portmarnock, it is a froth of spectacular sand hills rising thirty or forty feet above the narrow, winding fairways. Once a golfer enters this wonderland, he is entirely cut off from the outside world, and as the moody grandeur of the links envelops him further he is transported back many decades in time, to the era of Old Tom Morris.

One gets used to everything, so it's unlikely that the members of County Down find the course the heady experience that the first-time visitor does. At present, the club has four hundred and forty regular and associated members—a figure that does not include either the members of the Mourne Golf Club, established at County Down in 1947 for the workingmen of the town of Newcastle, or the members of the Royal County Down Ladies' Golf Club, a separate organization, which pays an annual fee for the use of the links. On weekends, when the Mourne golfers and the ladies are not permitted to play the championship course, they get their rounds in on a second eighteen-hole course that County Down operates; this is a much shorter, quieter layout, farther inland. The Mourne Golf Club maintains a small clubhouse not far from the main one. The ladies maintain another, and they can almost always be found there, for a regulation that was propounded by the members of County Down in 1894, when the ladies formed their offshoot, still prohibits a woman from entering the main clubhouse unless she is accompanied by a man. To Americans, so long accustomed to country clubs where the women are not only on equal footing

KAGAN



VLADIMIR KAGAN DESIGNS • 232 EAST 59 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
(212) 535-7788 • THROUGH INTERIOR DESIGNERS, ARCHITECTS & DEALERS

How to make beautiful happen in your windows.

We have a book for you—full of beautiful (and helpful) ideas on what to do with windows. Compiled by top decorators, it tells all: about measuring, lighting, blinds, valances, drapes, colorful shades—and our spectacular new 1-inch Riviera blinds. It's all there. Send for your copy today.

NY4
Levolor-Lorentzen Inc.
720 Monroe St., Hoboken, N.J. 07030
Please send me a copy of your idea book, "Window Magic". I enclose 25¢ for handling and mailing.
Name ____________
Address ____________
City ____________
State ____________ Zip ________

FREE FROM LEVOLOR

WINDOW
MAGIC

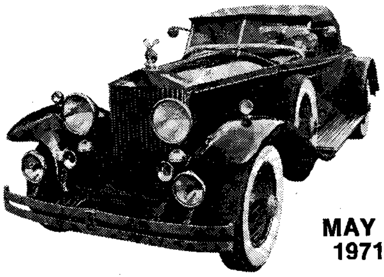
Cruise the Baltic on the Renaissance to the "white nights" of Leningrad.

You cruise from LeHavre on June 15th, calling first at Oslo and Stockholm. On June 21st and 22nd (the longest days of the year, when the sun barely sets), you'll be in Leningrad. Then on to Helsinki, Visby, Copenhagen and Zeebrugge, and back to LeHavre on June 28th. All on the elegant Renaissance—planned for American taste, with fine French cuisine, complimentary vintage wines and so many great things to do. From $545, double occupancy. Ask your travel agent or write for free folder on all our summer cruises.

THE RENAISSANCE IS REGISTERED IN FRANCE.

PAQUET LINES
RENOWNED OVER A CENTURY.
Mediterranean French Companies, Inc.
119 W. 57th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019,
(212) 765-0670.

Announcing the First Annual
Kirk F. White
MOTORCARS AUCTION



MAY 1 1971

St. Martin's Episcopal Church
Radnor, Pa. (20 mi. w. of Phila.)

M. H. "Tiny" Gould and Kirk F. White will auction the largest and most significant field of automobiles ever assembled!

Antique and Veteran
Classic and Vintage
American and European Racing
Postwar Classics
Automobiliana

SEND FOR FULLY ILLUSTRATED AND DESCRIPTIVE CATALOG — $5.50.

Kirk F. White
MOTORCARS AUCTION, INC.
233 East Lancaster Avenue
Ardmore, Pa. 19003 • 215-896-8010

IS YOUR ALLIGATOR TIRED?

Dull, Worn And Soiled Alligator & Leather Handbags Cleaned, Redyed, Reglazed . . . Like New Again! Petit Point & Beaded Bags Also Repaired & Relined. Free Estimates!

LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
54 West 56th Street, N.Y.C. • JUdson 6-3737

with the men but usually in roaring command, this setup seems an anachronism, but it is fairly standard both in the British Isles and on the Continent. There, with few exceptions, the golf club remains primarily, if not exclusively, a male sanctuary. Most of the time, too, the clubhouse is a much more modest edifice than the adaptations of Mount Vernon or Chenonceaux at which the devotees of American country-club life forgather. For example, County Down's original clubhouse, which is still in use, is a gaunt Victorian structure that seems infinitely older than its seventy-five years. A sizable addition has recently been finished, and this is an excellent thing. I am thinking particularly of the old locker room, which, like many such rooms in Britain, is a dark and fusty cavern, in whose depths I wouldn't have been surprised to come upon Old Tom Morris changing out of his hobnailed golf shoes.

The club secretary, Arthur Jones, made my visit a most comfortable one. In the years before the Second World War, the secretaries at most of the leading golf clubs in the United Kingdom were retired military men—fussy old boys who, in spirit, had never left the plains of Lucknow. Some of them are still around, but nowadays they are decidedly in the minority. Arthur Jones is typical of the hospitable, relaxed new breed, although he has a military background. A Gloucestershire man who was a squadron leader in the Royal Air Force during the Second World War, Jones got his first taste of golf administration during the occupation of Germany, when he was assigned to run the R.A.F. golf club at Brüggen. He liked the work, and, upon his retirement from the service, in 1957, became the secretary at County Down. Before I went out onto the course to bring it to its knees, Jones and I met in the club bar. (It was early afternoon, and the bar was deserted; in fact, the only interruption was provided by an area representative of the Guinness Company, straight from Central Casting, who came in to check with the bartender on how the new stout-dispensing machine was behaving.) Jones became as nearly rhapsodic as a calm man can when he talked about the course: the rambunctiousness of the terrain, the fineness of the fairway turf, the trueness of the greens. "I'm afraid, though, that you won't find County Down at its best," he went on. "We've gone three straight weeks without a real rain, and we've had to let the grass grow up a bit to keep the greens and fairways from burning out. Too much sun doesn't agree with our grass: it's fescue and *Poa annua* on the greens, *Poa annua* on the fairways. Some fairways have been burned almost bare in spots, but, oddly enough, the older members seem to like that. They can remember when the course was nothing but sand covered by a thin layer of turf, and that's how they think a golf course should be—hard as a bone and fast as lightning. Five more sunny, rainless days like this and we *will* be back to a primeval links." Jones handed me a scorecard and suggested that since it was such a warm, breezeless day, I might find the course more of a challenge if I played the extreme back tee on the second and ninth holes. He had noted on the scorecard that, with that added yardage, County Down, par 72, would measure 6,952 yards.

I soon discovered that there were a few things Jones had neglected to tell me about the course. To begin with, the fairways are the tightest I have ever seen—only thirty yards wide on the average and at many points less than twenty. Moreover, the rough that edges them graduates within the space of a couple of yards from nice, normal, civilized rough into a dense growth of heather and bracken. On top of this, on several holes the golfer must fly his tee shot over a distant rough-bearded sand hill to reach the start of the fairway. Faced with just such a carry from the back tee on the second hole (where I foolishly took Jones' tip and passed up the regular tee), I hit the ball so far off line to the right that it almost kicked onto the sandy bathing beach along Dundrum Bay. On the third hole, I hit an even worse push-slice, which may or may not have made the beach—we never did find the ball. While my caddie and I were searching for it, my gaze travelled to the beach and then to the girls lolling on the sand in their Presbyterian bikinis, and I longed to be lolling sensibly on the sand myself instead of fighting a golf course that was patently going to be more than I could handle. Errors of the kind I had been making usually result when one attempts to steer his shots, rather than swinging freely, but, confronted by one stringbean fairway after another and a succession of very small greens, I found it quite impossible to stop trying to steer them. Consequently, my recollection of the first nine holes is blurred, the individual ones all mixed up together in my mind like a stew. Somewhere on that first nine, I can remember, there is an especially dramatic green tucked close to an open-faced sand hill, which towers fifty feet above it; somewhere else, on a long par 4, the second shot must be rifled through a narrow passageway between two massive hummocks; and somewhere else the correct line off the tee on a dogleg par 4 is over a long ridge of gorse studded with bunkers. I managed to play the second nine more creditably, and so was able to appreciate somewhat better the masterly way the linksland's natural features had been incorporated into the strategic design of the holes—which, when you come right down to it, is what golf architecture is all about. On the final holes, as the long Irish evening came on, rabbits began to appear in great numbers, and the sight of them munching in the rough was strangely soothing.

When I finished my round, I met Jones in the bar. How had I found County Down? My answers came fast. It was the most difficult test of driving I had ever encountered. It was, in fact, the sternest examination in golf I had ever taken. Since it was well beyond my abilities on a comparatively bland day, I could not imagine how even an expert player could cope with it in a ripping wind. "Whenever any of my American friends thinks he's playing terrific golf, I'd love to fly him straight to this course," I concluded. "He'd soon find out just how good he was!"

"Yes, it's a fine test," Jones said with an easy, consular smile. "I personally think it's the best course I've ever seen. Granted, I could be prejudiced. We get lots of suggestions, however. People are always coming to me and pointing out that if we did *x* or *y* it would improve this hole or that hole tremendously. I tend to discount these suggestions. I think that the men who came before us at the club did an awfully good job, and I respect them for it. I think the course is right just as it is."

I followed the secretary over to a table, where he had a date to play cards with two members, also retired military men—a dapper little colonel in his late seventies and a heavyset captain a few

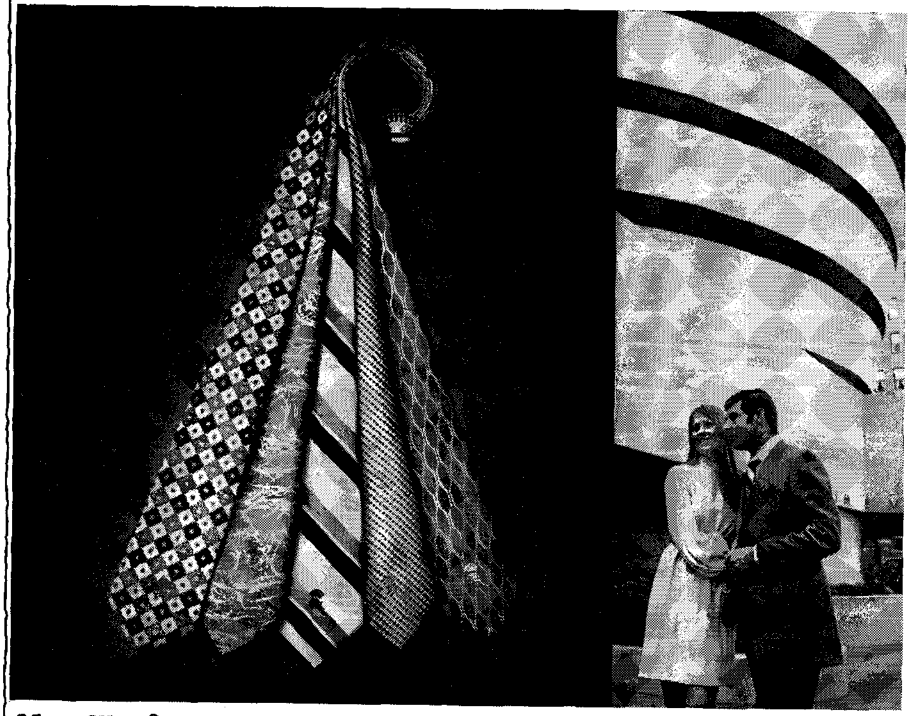
You know what you ought
to do tonight?

You ought to sit down
at a hibachi table
and treat yourself to
hibachi steak, hibachi shrimp
or hibachi chicken—
that's what you ought
to do tonight.

BENIHANA of TOKYO

Benihana Palace 15 W. 44 St., 682-7120
Benihana East 120 E. 56 St., 593-1627
Benihana West 61 W. 56 St., 581-0930

Chicago, Beverly Hills, Encino, Seattle, Las Vegas, San Francisco, Harrisburg, Fort Lauderdale,
Portland, Ore., Puerto Rico, Honolulu, Tokyo.



Marafibre® — for "one man in a million."

These new ties offer a man the best of two worlds—the practicability of all-polyester fabrics, and the originality of Countess Mara's designs. Marafibre ties at $10, reveal the same impeccable taste and fashion judgment found in all Countess Mara neckwear, whether priced at up to $100, or, as in the case of her gem-studded rarities, at $250. As always, each tie proudly wears the identifying CM coronet.
Countess Mara Inc., 110 E. 57th St. at Park Ave., New York.

Countess Mara®

AMARETTO:
DI SARONNO
hauntingly
delicious

Discover the indescribable delight of this rare almond of apricot liqueur—imported from Italy.

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N.Y. 20, N.Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 56 proof.

Authentic Reproduction
Chatham Eagle Plaque

Enjoy a handsome piece of early Americana derived from the heroic days of clipper ships. Flawlessly recreated from the original carving, this exquisite Chatham eagle captures the texture and enduring quality of wood. It is gilded in exclusive tarnish-resistant Colonial Gold and antique colors. Plaque is black with gold stars, lettering and border. It is slow to weather, even out-of-doors. Size 31" x 11". $40.00. Massachusetts residents add 3% Sales Tax. Add $1.45 for shipping and handling. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Sold by mail only.
Write for free color catalog.

Arborlite

Arborlite, Inc., 21 E. Main St., E. Brookfield, Mass. 01515

Jasper's
ITALIAN RESTAURANT TRADIZIONALE
featuring
• Vitello al Saltimbocco
• Shrimp a la Livornese
BEN MANGIARE BENE
405 West 75th Street, KANSAS CITY

years the colonel's senior. I didn't recognize the game, so I declined their invitation to join in. In a break between hands, the old captain asked me what I thought of the fourteenth hole, a 216-yard par 3 that is a waste of sand almost all the way to the green area, where the land falls off quickly toward a small pond on the left, and a stout bunker protects the high, right-hand side of the green. I replied that I thought it a first-rate hole. After all, I had escaped with a 4 there.

"Know what one visitor told me?" the old captain said, laughing heartily. "He said the hole was fit only for the natives."

This drew long corroborative chuckles and a poke in the ribs from his friend the colonel. A minute or two later, when the colonel had calmed down, he said to the secretary, "Arthur, I have a suggestion to make."

"Here it comes," Jones said to me with a wink.

"The fourteenth hole is too damned far from the bar," the colonel went on. "You should do something about that."

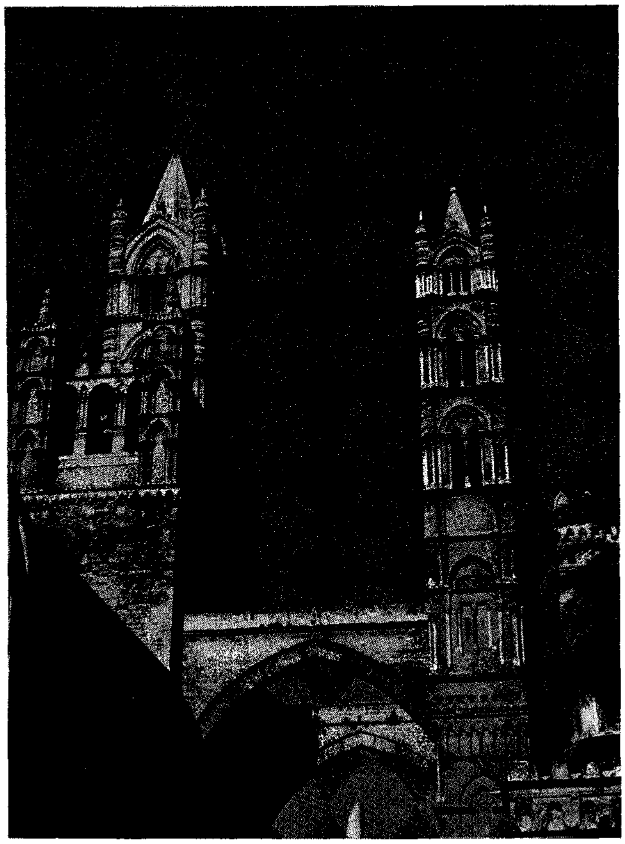
This in turn broke the old captain up completely.

Jones had thoughtfully asked me to stay on for dinner, but a few hands later I decided that it was time to head for the local hotel, where he had booked a room for me. I retired at ten. Trudging for miles through bracken, gorse, and heather makes a man weary.

THIS early-to-bed proved to be a wise move, for the next day—the day when I visited the Royal Portrush Golf Club—was a long one. It began with a three-hour drive to the north coast along a route that, bypassing Belfast, ran through Ballynahinch, Ballymena, and Ballymoney. ("*Bally*" is the Gaelic word for town.) It was another sunny day, and all along the road portly women in bright-colored sweaters were out walking their dogs. Portrush, like Newcastle, is an old fishing village that has burgeoned into a holiday resort. The links have had a great deal to do with its growth, but for the hardy there is also good ocean bathing, and only seven miles to the east, just offshore, is one of the country's outstanding tourist attractions—the Giant's Causeway, a fantastic procession of basalt pillars. The links are about a mile outside town in the direction of the Causeway, with the sea behind them and the clubhouse in front, off the shore road. The clubhouse is an ungraceful white stucco building with the blank stare of a roadhouse, and the secretary, Tom Beveridge, told me that it had been a minor resort hotel before the club acquired it, in 1946. Beveridge, a businessman from Banffshire, in Scotland, who had only recently taken the post at Portrush, showed me around the clubhouse. Its interior far exceeded my expectations. For example, the locker room, a new addition, proved to be an airy place with commodious wooden lockers, and the washroom and the shower room, faced with yellow and blue tiles, have a bright, Stateside gleam. But what struck me most about the clubhouse was its animated atmosphere. Though this was a weekday, the dining room and the bar were jammed, and there was an appealing low-key cordiality among the members, as if they knew one another well. Portrush is a large club, however, with a total membership of over a thousand, counting the members of a separate club for ladies and of one other affiliate, the Rathmore Golf Club, which, like the Mourne Golf Club, at Newcastle, serves the local residents who cannot afford to join the main club. (In the old days, the Rathmore men and the Mourne men would have been called artisan golfers, but that term is considered to be in poor taste nowadays, and it is customary to refer to them as town golfers and to their club as the town club.)

Portrush's championship course, which I played in the afternoon, is something like the clubhouse in that there is a lot more to it than first meets the eye. The opening hole is a good par 4 and the second a good par 5, but there is nothing special about them. A short uphill walk takes you to the third tee, and from that high ground a wide vista opens. To the east you can see the Giant's Causeway; to the north, a group of rocky islets, the Skerries; in the far distance, past the Skerries but easily visible on a clear day, two of the inner Hebrides—Jura and Islay. If you are a golfer, however, the most impressive part of the view is the vast extent of the links themselves, which constitute the largest single tract of golfable duneland in the world—four hundred and eighty undulating acres dominated by three ridges of high sand hills, each parallel to the sea. The land between the ridge nearest the water and the second ridge is a sheltered, swaybacked valley about a quarter of a mile wide. Stretching between

New approach to Italy



Oh, bella Italia. Oh, Italy... the center of all civilizations, the center of world travel. The pleasure seekers come by new, super-fast, transoceanic airliners like Alitalia's. They come by grand steamships like the hospitable, distinguished Italian Line flag ships.

Italy welcomes you with open arms and surrounds you with over twenty centuries of history and culture.

If you ever dreamed of the tradition of the past and the excitement of the future you are ready for the new approach to Italy. Now, Italy's network of ultra-modern autostrade is a nation-wide highway of wonders.

You glide from a 2300 year old amphitheater in Sicily to a 2,300 meters high new, luxury hotel in the Italian Alps. And if you like to drive, here's good news. You can enjoy a special, tourist, gasoline discount-card anywhere in Italy. It includes free assistance on all highways from the Italian Automobile Club.

No matter how you want to travel in Italy... hydrofoil, helicopter, plane, car, ferry or ox-cart — Italy will enchant you. Imagine skiing in the Italian Alps in July and swimming in December in southern Italy. Like a dream come true. There's a new approach to Italy in the cities, too. In Milan there are the world's most modern art galleries a few steps away from 14th century masterpieces.

In Venice you'll find the immortal beauty of Piazza San Marco near the exciting place where today's swingingest people meet. All this and more throughout Italy. And the natural beauty of Italy remains unsurpassed in all the world. See the spectacular landscapes of Sardinia... the wild beauty of the island of Garibaldi right next to the luxurious Costa Smeralda... and don't miss Calabria's cool, lush inlets which stretch endlessly into the sunset. Only sunny Italy offers you so much. So much of the glorious past and so much of the exciting present.

Enjoy the new approach to Italy, this year.

For further information, please contact
ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL OFFICE (E.N.I.T.)
New York - Chicago - San Francisco - Montreal
Or Your Travel Agent

ITALIAN GOVERNMENT TRAVEL OFFICE (E.N.I.T.)
630 Fifth Avenue–New York, N.Y. 10020.
500 North Michigan Avenue–Chicago, Illinois 60611
St. Francis Hotel, Post Street–San Francisco, Calif. 94102
3 Place Ville Marie - Suite 22 - Montreal 113 - Canada

Please send me your FREE brochures on Italy. I am interested in the following places ______________________

____

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY ______________________

STATE ______________________ ZIP CODE

1C

The $3600 Audi has the same steering system as the $38,400 Ferrari.

It's called rack-and-pinion steering.

And it's the simplest, most direct, most responsive type of steering system any car ever had.

It's precisely this simplicity and directness that gives you such an uncanny feel of the road. And the better your feel of the road, the more control you have over the car.

Besides the $38,400† Ferrari, the Audi has a lot in common with a lot of other great automobiles.

The Audi has *inboard* disc brakes just like the Porsche racing car. And front-wheel drive just like the Cadillac Eldorado.

The Audi has the same trunk space as the Lincoln Continental. And just about the same headroom and legroom as the Rolls-Royce Silver Shadow.

Our interior looks so much like that of the Mercedes-Benz 280SE, you can hardly tell them apart.

And as for service, you'll get the same kind of expert service that a Volkswagen gets. Because a Porsche Audi dealer is part of the VW organization.

You don't hear about a car like the Audi every day. A car that in many respects bears a remarkable resemblance to some of the finest cars ever made.

That's why we don't consider $3,600* a lot of money for the car.

The way we look at it, it's a lot of cars for the money.

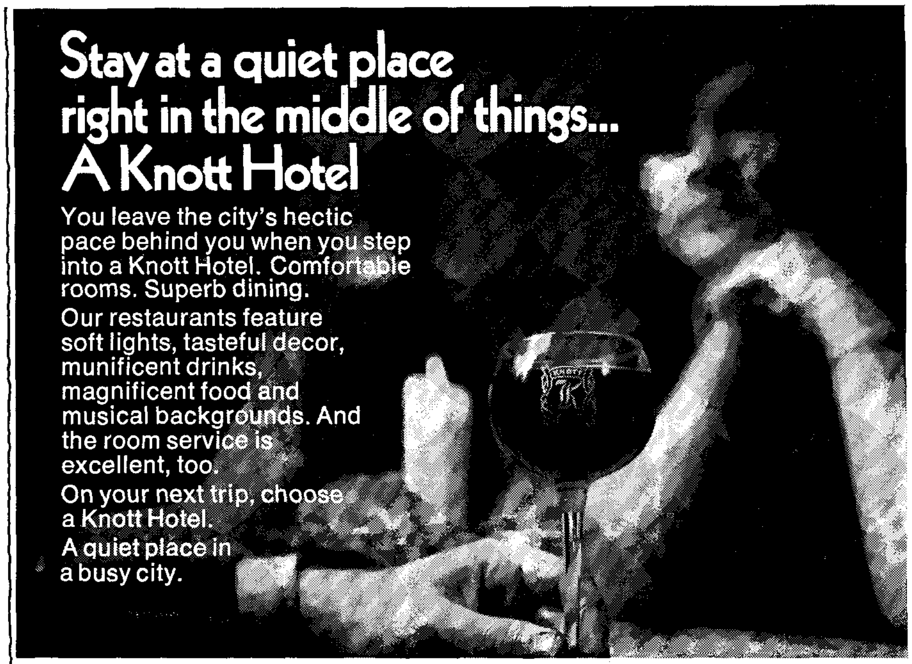
The $3,600 Audi®
Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen

For your nearest Porsche Audi dealer call 800-553-9550, free in the continental U.S. (In Iowa call collect 319-242-1867.)

---

*Suggested retail price East Coast P.O.E. $3,595 (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher). Local taxes and other dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Whitewall tires optional at extra cost. †1971 World Car Catalogue—Ferrari 512—$38,400.

the second and third ridges is a higher plateau. Nongolfers who scanned this treeless acreage before it was converted into fairways and greens may well have found it grim and perhaps forbidding, but it is the kind of land that stirs a man with a golfer's eye, and it quite overwhelmed Harry Colt, the celebrated English golf architect, when the club brought him in, shortly before the First World War, to look things over. At that time, Portrush's original eighteen holes, completed in 1889 on a flattish strip on the inland side of the third ridge of sand hills, had been only cautiously extended toward the sea here and there. What excited Colt was, of course, the enormous possibilities of the still unused duneland. In reporting to the club officials that there was room enough and more to lay out thirty-six fine holes, he estimated that designing and constructing them would cost about seventeen thousand dollars. (This is about what it costs today to build one good golf hole in the United States.) This proposal was turned down as more than Portrush could afford, whereupon Colt, dismayed at the thought of losing the chance to work with that wonderful terrain, found a way to pare down his figure by several thousand dollars: he volunteered to supervise the construction personally, without pay, if the club would arrange to put him up during this period and to take care of his basic expenses. This was agreeable to the board of governors, and Colt, whose many credits include the Worplesdon and Swinley Forest courses in England, and the New Course at St. Andrews, plus an assist on Pine Valley in New Jersey, got down to work on what many golf critics consider his chef-d'œuvre. He began by routing the opening holes of a championship-length course over the high ground beyond the second ridge of dunes, then swung the course down to the edge of the shore, looped it inland and then out to the shore again, and, finally, brought it back to the high ground. This is the Dunluce course, named after Dunluce Castle, a nearby medieval ruin that overlooks the sea. In the valley between the first and second ridges, Colt built the Valley course. Only 6,207 yards long from the regular tee but extendible to 6,641 yards, the Valley is less exacting than the Dunluce, which measures 6,809 yards, but there is a lot of golf on it. It has marvellous turf, which dries out quickly, and this, combined with its protected position, makes it a particular favorite in winter, when the wet winds prowl in off the ocean. As for the



Stay at a quiet place right in the middle of things...
A Knott Hotel

You leave the city's hectic pace behind you when you step into a Knott Hotel. Comfortable rooms. Superb dining.
Our restaurants feature soft lights, tasteful decor, munificent drinks, magnificent food and musical backgrounds. And the room service is excellent, too.
On your next trip, choose a Knott Hotel.
A quiet place in a busy city.

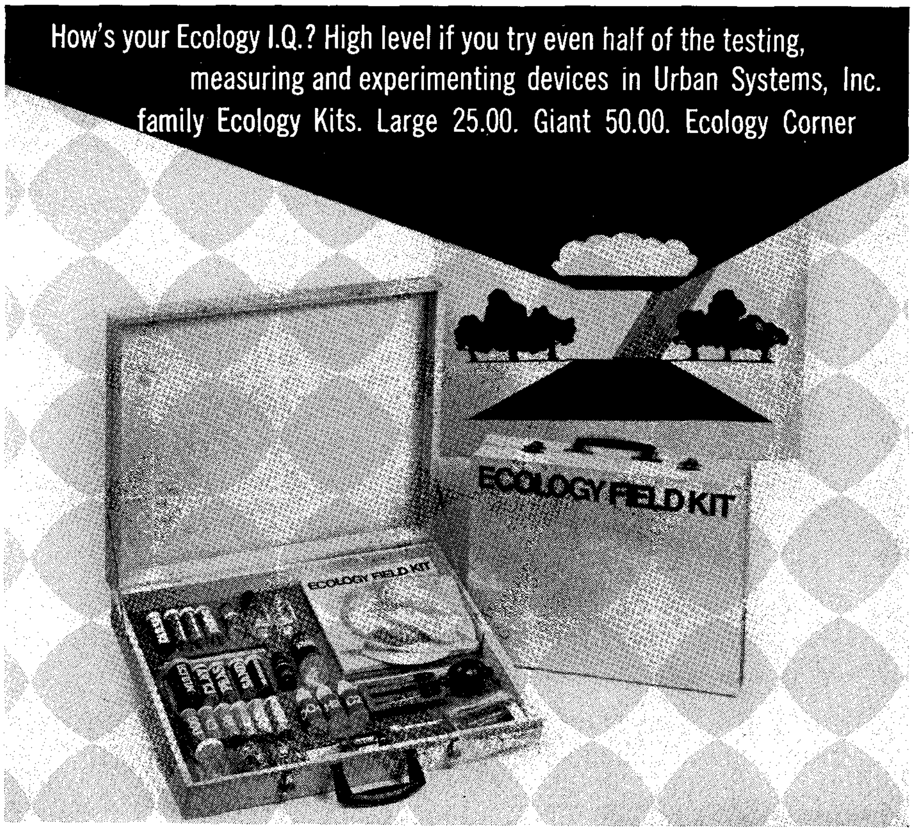
TORONTO, for instance: THE WESTBURY HOTEL
475 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO 284 CANADA

Excellent dining, dancing and entertainment. Exquisitely decorated rooms, many with color tv. Located in the downtown shopping and business district, yet worlds away in service, elegance, and style.

For toll-free reservations from anywhere in the Continental U.S. (Except Fla.) call 800-327-3384. In Florida, 800-221-2653.

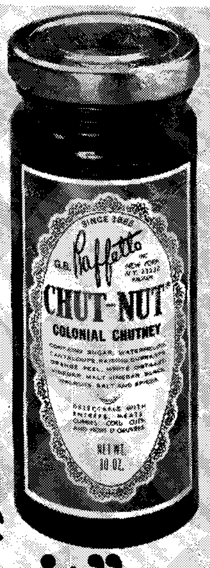
For a brochure describing all our fine hotels, write Dept. NYM, Knott Hotels Corporation, 575 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

People who go places know where to stay.



How's your Ecology I.Q.? High level if you try even half of the testing, measuring and experimenting devices in Urban Systems, Inc. family Ecology Kits. Large 25.00. Giant 50.00. Ecology Corner

I. magnin
CALIFORNIA•PORTLAND•SEATTLE•PHOENIX
mail orders (add 55¢ shipping) to 135 Stockton Street, San Francisco or 3240 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles



The "with it" chutney.

That's the special quality of Chut-Nut. Whatever the dish, Chut-Nut goes with it. Curries, meats, salads and cottage cheese. A totally different and delightfully exotic relish of fruits and black walnuts.

Chut-Nut
by Raffetto

$18 a day for two gets you your own love nest in Jamaica

You could easily spend $36 a day for two people for an ordinary room in a Montego Bay resort hotel. At Upper Deck, we give you extraordinary luxury and the moon, the sun, the stars and an outrageous view of Montego Bay for one half that price.

That modest $18 is based on double occupancy and European Plan. For only another $9 per person a day, we'll give you breakfast and dinner.

For reservations, see your Travel Agent or Robert F. Warner, Inc. (in East and Midwest), and Glen W. Fawcett (in the West).

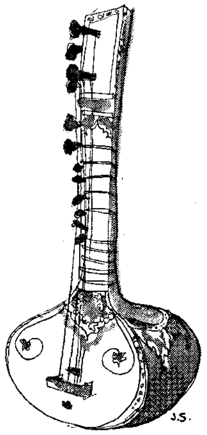
Upper Deck
Admiral Nelson was here in 1782.
Montego Bay, Jamaica

Parisienne & French Provincial
Cuisine Par Excellence
Le Chateau Richelieu
48 East 52nd St. Res: PL 1-6565
Owner-Host: Peter Robotti

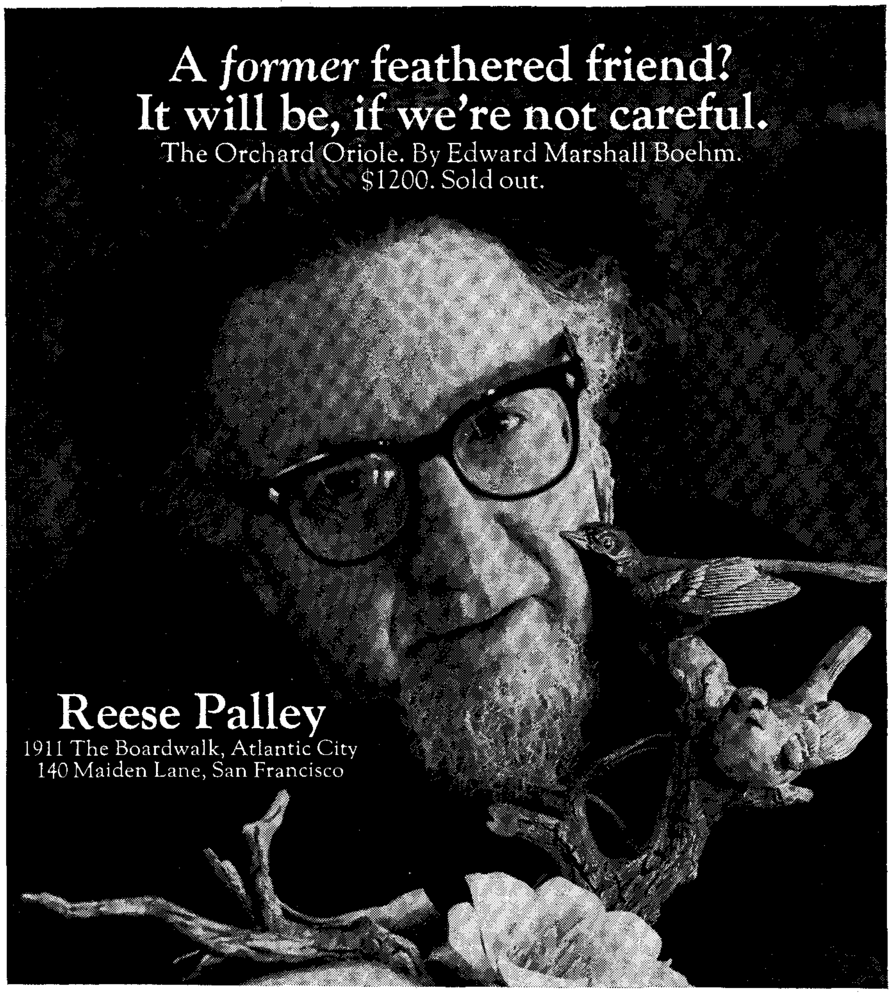
Dunluce, or championship, course, its supreme merit is that golfers of all degrees of skill can play it with equal pleasure; like the Augusta National, it puts the expert on his mettle but does not crush the average player. The fairways have a generous width, and although the holes are separated from one another by dense tangles of gorse, bracken, and wild dwarf rosebushes, the rough directly adjoining the fairways is humane. Besides, there are only thirty-eight bunkers on the course, counting the double bunkers as singles. In my case, which I think might be quite typical, I hit a couple of wayward shots on the opening holes but was given a chance to recover adequately both times. This had the effect of bolstering my confidence—a pretty shaky thing after my assault on County Down—and in no time I was playing "my game," which means that I was hitting the ball far better than I normally do. This enabled me to see the subtler side of Colt's handiwork, for the better you are playing, the more Portrush asks you to do. On the first nine, for example, there are two beautifully designed dogleg par 4s on which length off the tee can be a substantial asset, but only if it is controlled length. Similarly, the hazards in the green area tend to be quiescent except when a golfer attempts to play a too ambitious approach to the pin itself instead of settling for the center of the green. Since the whole course has this splendid balance, American visitors generally like it and do well on it. No American, however, has won a championship played at Portrush. Two have come very close, though: Barbara Romack, the runner-up in the 1955 British Ladies', and Bob Cochran, a finalist in the 1960 British Amateur, which he lost to Joe Carr. All told, over forty championships, Irish and British, have been played at Portrush, and it is the only club in Ireland that has had the distinction of holding the British Open.

Since the artist, even in golf, frequently goes unappreciated, I found it heartwarming to learn that when Colt unveiled his championship course the club members instantly realized what a superb job he had done. In the British Isles, it is a common practice to give each hole a name as well as a number, and the sixth at Portrush, a 196-yard par 3 that invites a nicely cut-up 4-wood shot or a long iron, was named Harry Colt's, in honor of the architect. Farther along, there is another memorable short hole, the 211-yard fourteenth. Here the fairway swings off to the left, and the direct line to the pin is over a steep-sided gully of rough that starts just beyond the tee and runs lengthwise almost to the green; a shot that catches the top edge of the downslope usually tumbles all the way to the bottom of the gully, thirty feet below the level of the green. This hole is called Calamity Corner, and more often than not the members use the name rather than the number in referring to it. In our country, some clubs have gone through the motions of bestowing names on individual holes, but if any of them have really caught on I can't remember them. The trouble is that the names we give our holes are, with few exceptions, either unimaginative or irrelevant. On an American course, Calamity Corner would probably have emerged as Trouble Spot, Ravine, Grand Canyon, or, say, plain Ernest R. Hall, after a wealthy member who once sprained his ankle on the hole when disembarking from his golf cart.

To enjoy a course, a golfer must play it relatively well, for him, and while the acceptable golf I managed to produce was undoubtedly the principal reason I thought so highly of Portrush, a contributing factor should be mentioned: I couldn't have played in a more pleasant foursome. I was paired with a young university-educated plumber in a four-ball match against a left-hander whose company painted the center stripe down highways and a middle-aged building contractor, a former captain of the club. It is one of the charms of the game that even when you are in a foreign land you can become quickly and honestly at home with your fellow-golfers, and by the end of our round I felt that I had known my Irish companions for years. The man who had arranged the foursome was the captain of the club—Robin Wray, a lawyer of about fifty, whose office is in the neighboring town of Coleraine. At golf clubs in the British Isles and on the Continent, two men carry the load: the secretary, who is a paid employee, and the captain, a member who has displayed a sincere and active interest in the club's welfare. The secretary handles the administrative chores and maintains liaison with the head steward, the professional, and the greenkeeper to see to it that their prov-

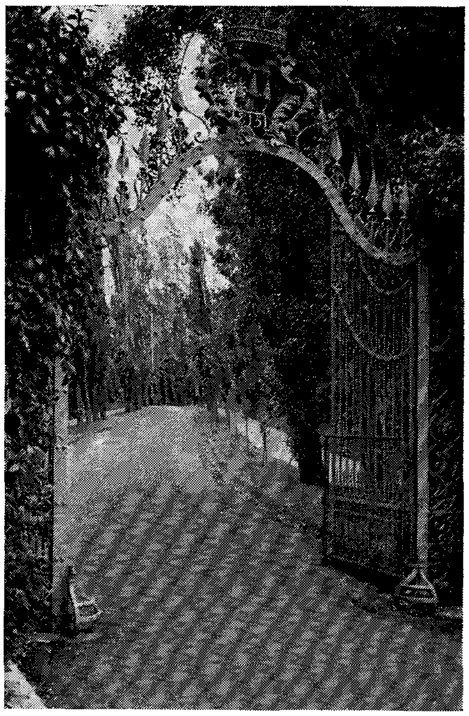


inces are in good order. He also works closely with the captain, whose chief concerns are the club's tournaments and other matters relating to the smooth operation of the golf activities, such as the condition of the course. The captain serves for either one or two years. At the end of his term, he is generally a somewhat poorer man, for it is a definite honor to be appointed or elected to the office, and it carries a few social burdens, among them entertaining the members (at his own expense) at the annual Captain's Dinner, picking up unreached-for bar checks with genial alacrity, and donating the prizes for the club's biggest annual competition—the Captain's Day tournament. For some reason, seven or eight years ago a number of exceptionally well-heeled captains of Irish golf clubs began to engage in a private competition to see who could put up the most lavish Captain's Prize. Finally, after one grandee had announced that his members would be shooting for a brand-new giant-screen television set, the Golfing Union decided that things had gone too far, and stipulated that thenceforward no Captain's Prize could exceed a hundred and fifty dollars in value. The Portrush members I talked with felt that Wray had struck just the right balance the previous year by putting up a set of matched luggage as first prize. A polished, convivial man, Wray had come over from Coleraine at noon to meet me and see me through lunch and the inevitable rounds of drinks that preceded it. A business appointment prevented his playing golf that afternoon, but when our foursome got in he was waiting to take me in hand again. Because the local hotels turned out to be filled up, he was kind enough to invite me to spend the night at his home. Our evening was a full one: more whiskey at the club, of course; home for a restorative stroll through Mrs. Wray's gardens, which featured an astonishing variety of roses and the biggest pansies I have ever seen; dinner at a restaurant on the shore road, and, subsequently, a stop at the Rathmore clubhouse, filled with friendly young men from the town who welcomed the captain warmly; then back to the Wrays' for a long discussion of British and American golf, for Wray has twice visited our country and knows our golfing mores well. It was past two when we called it a day. As I headed for my room, Mrs. Wray, carrying coals to Newcastle (County Down), handed me a bedside book, Patrick Campbell's "How to Become a Scratch Golfer," and pointed out one chapter


A *former* feathered friend?
It will be, if we're not careful.
The Orchard Oriole. By Edward Marshall Boehm.
$1200. Sold out.

Reese Palley
1911 The Boardwalk, Atlantic City
140 Maiden Lane, San Francisco

Welcome to Rosecourt


In Hillsborough, just 17 miles south of San Francisco. Broad lawns shaded by European plane trees. A Spanish garden. Formal hedged flower beds. And at the end of the poplar lined drive, a beautifully appointed home, reminiscent of a French country house. Seventeen rooms with priceless antique paneling and fireplaces from distinguished European houses. Designed for luxurious living and entertaining on 7½ acres adjoining the fairway of the Burlingame Country Club. $550,000. Write for brochure #YN65295. Send $5 for Preview's 1971 International Guide to the world's most distinguished real estate.

Previews inc.
International Real Estate Marketing Realtors
68 Post Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94104
(415) DO 2-3006
New York • Boston • Washington, D.C. • Palm Beach • Chicago • Denver • Los Angeles • Paris

PICASSO

A new Poster. Edition limited to 650.
Size 25" x 39". Marvelous Picasso
Colors: Deep mauve background, blue/red/black/white/grey/yellow figure.

$60. EACH BY MAIL PREPAID

POCKER

824 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021
(at 63rd) 9:00 to 5:30 Mon. thru Sat.

"Birdwatcher" Glassware
Crystal-clear glassware in the new "birdwatcher" motif. Gold rims, hefty bottoms; each set made up of eight full-color bird renderings: *Cardinal, Bluebird, Robin, Goldfinch, Bluejay, Tanager, Oriole, Titmouse.* A birdwatcher's delight!
12 oz. Hi-Ball, set of 8..........$7.50 ppd.
15 oz. Double Old-Fashioned, set of 8.. $7.50 ppd.
9½ oz. Old Fashioned, set of 8...$7.50 ppd.
(Mass. residents add 3% sales tax)
Johnny Appleseed's
50 Dodge St., Beverly, Mass. 01915
Zip Code Required!

ON THE WONDERFUL BEACHES
OF BEAUTIFUL GRAPETREE BAY
Grapetree
Bay Hotel
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write direct, see your travel agent or call
Hetland & Stevens, Inc.

she felt was "super." Why I read it at that hour I do not know, but I did, and it *was* super.

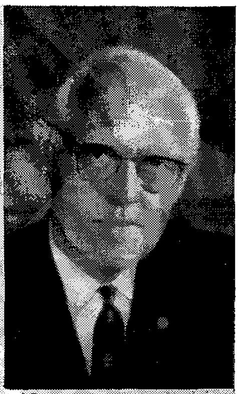
THE County Sligo Golf Club is situated at Rosses Point—the tip of a brief peninsula that noses out between Drumcliff Bay and Sligo Bay, about seven miles from the town of Sligo, in the northwestern sector of Ireland. My decision to look in on my friend Mixie Murphy and still keep to MacWeeney's suggested itinerary resulted in an exhausting day behind the wheel. It took me four hours to get from Portrush to Rosses Point, and, after a short visit there, four hours and a half to drive back to Dublin for my dinner engagement that evening with MacWeeney. That Sligo-Dublin leg, across the center of the island, was dull going, but the morning's leg was full of interest. It took me back over the border at Strabane and into County Donegal. At that particular point on the border, the Republic presents a sharply different countenance from Northern Ireland. The roads are ruttier, the villages dustier, the vegetation shaggier, and, all in all, one has the sensation of entering an older land, far more rural and unsupervised.

As I was going through the town of Donegal, the hospitality of circumstance was kind to me. Unable to spot a sign for the road to Sligo, I asked directions of a white-haired man in a tight gray cap. He told me I was already on the Sligo road, and then asked if I could give him a lift as far as Ballyshannon—it was right on my way. He turned out to be that shrewd, witty, alert old-timer one bumps into so often in Irish novels and Irish plays but almost never in Ireland. He began to talk at an animated clip, and I learned in no time that his name was McGaddigan, that he was eighty-two and a native of Donegal, and that he had gone off to Dublin forty years before but came back for two weeks each year to see the old town. He knew every bend in the road, for he had worked on it as a young man. "What do you think our wages were in those days?" he asked. "One pound a month. The money is much better now all over Ireland, and in Dublin—ah, there the fellows are making small fortunes. We're a funny people, as the world knows, and some of the workers in Dublin have concocted the most ingenious schemes you ever heard of for making more money. They want extra pay for this and extra pay for that. To give you an idea, two months ago a boat loaded with bananas stood for

$1,500 to $6,000
Personal
Loans to
Executives
*
Strictly Confidential
*
A nation-wide Executive Loan Service designed for responsible executives as a convenient supplementary source of personal credit. No collateral, no endorsement, no embarrassing investigation. All details handled by mail from the privacy of your office. If you pre-pay we refund all unearned interest.

References:
First National Bank of St. Paul
Northwestern National Bank of St. Paul
First National Bank of Minneapolis
Northwestern National Bank of Minneapolis

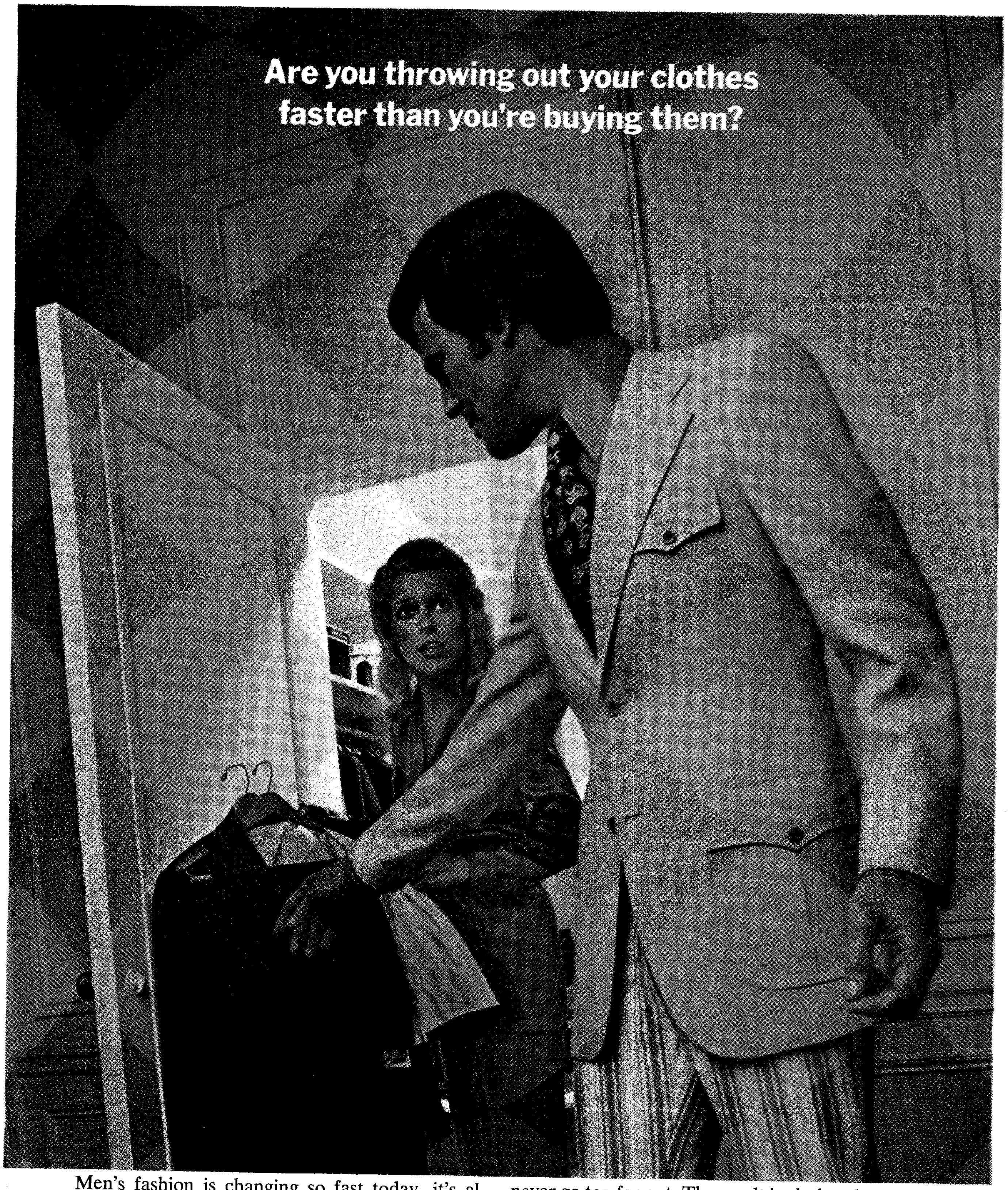
For full particulars write
Mr. A. J. Bruder, Vice President
Industrial Credit
Plan, Inc.
653 Hamm Building
St. Paul, Minnesota 55102



Oil Paintings
freehand on
canvas, using
photographs
as guides.
Life size from
$1600 to $3200.
Fabian
Bachrach
48 East 50th Street, New York Plaza 5-6233

brown ledge Mallett's Bay, Vt. "One of America's finest camps."
FREE DAILY RIDING FOR ALL. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping optional. Sailing, racing tactics, aquaplaning, drama, tennis, golf, archery, swimming, crafts, trips. "No extras"!
"THE COMPLETE AND DIFFERENT CAMP."
Girls 10-18,
Give Age. Write Winter Office:
Miss Barbara Brown Winslow
155 Dodds Court, Box N,
Burlington, Vt. 05401
(JC COURSE
Girls 16 & 17)
HORSES
WATER SKIING
Chris Craft

ON THE WONDERFUL BEACHES OF BEAUTIFUL GRAPETREE BAY
BEACH HOTEL
ST. CROIX, U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS
Write direct, see your travel agent or call
Kermit & Morrow, Inc.


Are you throwing out your clothes faster than you're buying them?

Men's fashion is changing so fast today, it's almost impossible to keep up with. What you'd wear today, you can't wear tomorrow.

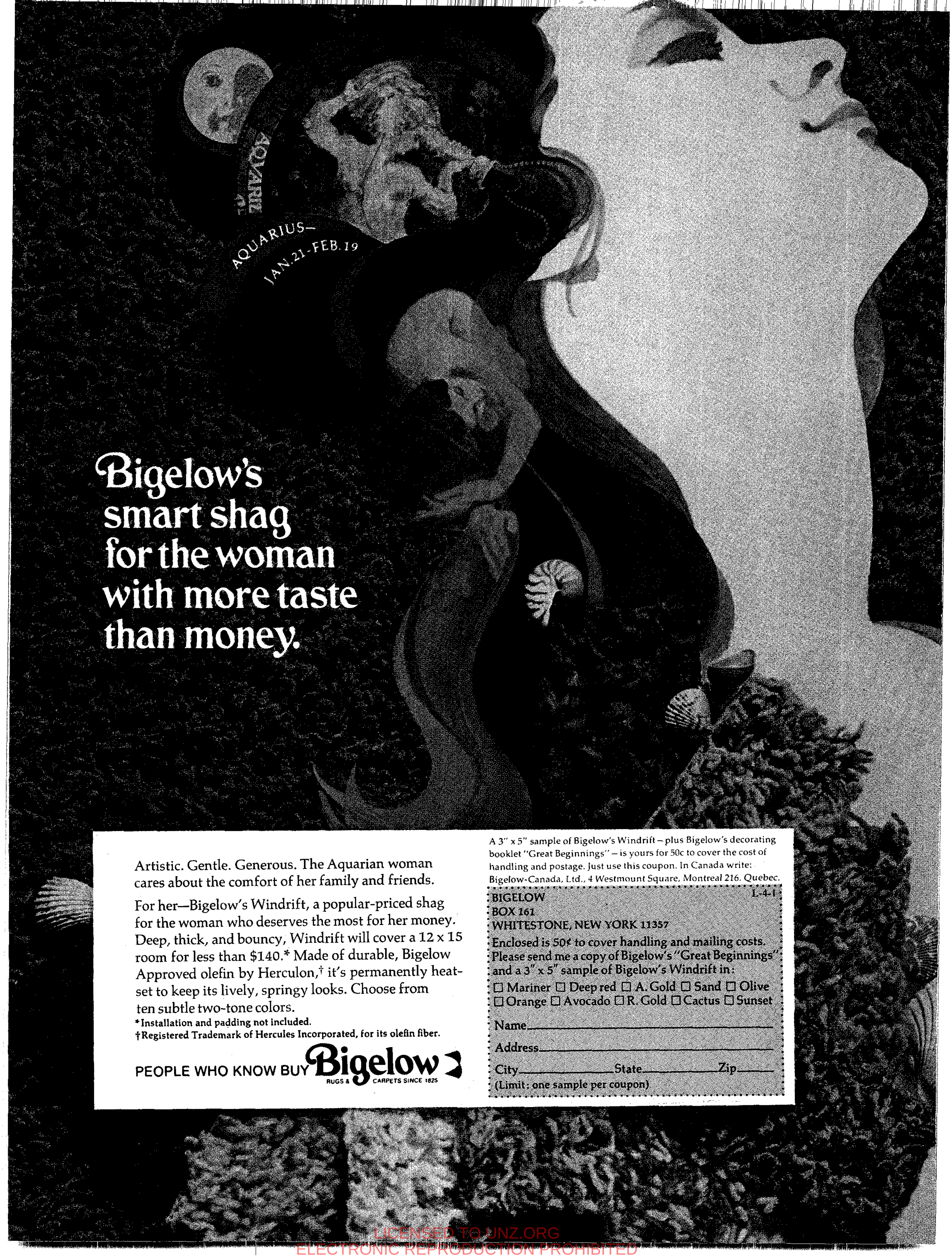
At Deansgate, we've found a way out of this insane clothes-buying cycle. We design clothes with one eye on what's in style this year, but the other eye on what's likely to stay in style next year. When we widen lapels, shape a jacket—or lengthen it—we never go too far out. The result is clothes that are not only timely but timeless.

To some this may seem conservative. But when the industry changes its mind again next year, at least our clothes won't end up as last year's clothes.

The shaped jacket shown, in a crisp polyester wool and linen blend, only about $70. The wool trousers only about $32.

Deansgate®

FOR A BOOKLET ON THE FINE POINTS OF MEN'S CLOTHING, WRITE: 950 POEYFARRE ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA. 70150



Artistic. Gentle. Generous. The Aquarian woman cares about the comfort of her family and friends.

For her—Bigelow's Windrift, a popular-priced shag for the woman who deserves the most for her money. Deep, thick, and bouncy, Windrift will cover a 12 x 15 room for less than $140.* Made of durable, Bigelow Approved olefin by Herculon,† it's permanently heat-set to keep its lively, springy looks. Choose from ten subtle two-tone colors.

*Installation and padding not included.
†Registered Trademark of Hercules Incorporated, for its olefin fiber.

PEOPLE WHO KNOW BUY **Bigelow**
RUGS & CARPETS SINCE 1825

A 3" x 5" sample of Bigelow's Windrift – plus Bigelow's decorating booklet "Great Beginnings" – is yours for 50c to cover the cost of handling and postage. Just use this coupon. In Canada write: Bigelow-Canada, Ltd., 4 Westmount Square, Montreal 216, Quebec.

BIGELOW L-4-1
BOX 161
WHITESTONE, NEW YORK 11357

Enclosed is 50¢ to cover handling and mailing costs. Please send me a copy of Bigelow's "Great Beginnings" and a 3" x 5" sample of Bigelow's Windrift in:

☐ Mariner ☐ Deep red ☐ A. Gold ☐ Sand ☐ Olive
☐ Orange ☐ Avocado ☐ R. Gold ☐ Cactus ☐ Sunset

Name_______________
Address_______________
City_______________State_______________Zip_______________
(Limit: one sample per coupon)

weeks in Dublin Harbor while the dock workers were arbitrating some labor dispute. Well, when they got that settled, they found that huge swarms of flies had collected around the bananas, so the workers demanded extra money to unload the cargo. Fly money, they called it. Oh, it's been spreading all over. Last month, some men out at Dublin Airport were asking for noise money. You wouldn't believe it, but there's a group of workmen—night watchmen and people like that, who work by themselves—and what do you think they're petitioning for? Loneliness money! This is a strange land." Mr. McGaddigan kept up his flow of bright conversation during the forty-minute ride to Ballyshannon. There, before hopping spryly from the car, he shook my hand and said, "I know I've talked a streak this morning, but I know you'll be driving a long ways today without company, and I thought I'd try to entertain you."

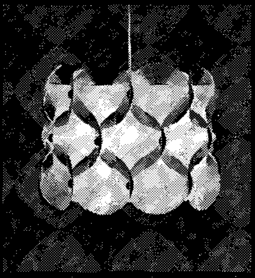
A few miles north of the turnoff to Rosses Point, I stopped to visit the churchyard in Drumcliff, where William Butler Yeats is buried. (It was Wray who told me that the grave was there.) It is an utterly simple grave—a rectangle of gravel enclosed in a stone border. In addition to the dates of the poet's birth and death, the tombstone is inscribed only with the familiar lines from his "Last Poems":

> Cast a cold Eye
> On Life, on Death.
> Horseman, pass by.

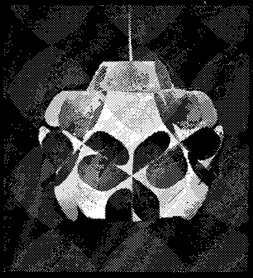
This is the Yeats Country, the "Innisfree" area, with Ben Bulben and the other green-brown mountains standing high above the sea and the inland loughs. Indeed, a hotel that overlooks the tiny one-story clubhouse and the practice putting green of the County Sligo Golf Club is called, straight from the shoulder, the Yeats Country Hotel. If there were any literary pilgrims around on the day of my visit, however, I missed them, for during my stopover I was completely swallowed up in golf. To all intents and purposes, I was not in the Yeats Country but in the Ewing Country, County Sligo being the home course of Cecil Ewing, the greatest golfer ever produced in that corner of Ireland—a Walker Cup star for nineteen years and, more recently, the captain of Ireland's teams in both the annual Home International match, with England, Scotland, and Wales, and the biennial European Amateur Team Championship match, in which teams representing the Continental nations

YELLOW, WHITE, ORANGE, AND PRUNE DANISH. FROM $14.50.

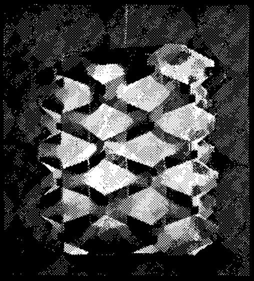
If you're trying to decorate around a budget of old wicker and director's chairs, add a little color to your scheme.
A hanging lamp from Denmark isn't exactly like looking at the world through rose colored glasses.
But close.



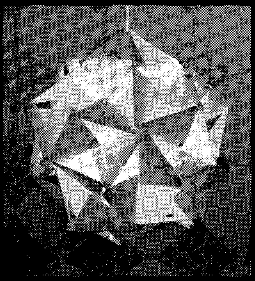
TWIN LIGHT. In prune/white, yellow/white, orange/white. 10" high, 12" wide. $14.50 (P), $16.50 (NOM).✲



CONFETTI LIGHT. A multi-color lamp. 11" high, 13½" wide. A cheerful lamp. $17.50 (P), $19.50 (NOM).



COSMO LIGHT. In orange or white. 12½" high, 11½" wide. $14.50 (P), $16.50 (NOM).



FLEUR LIGHT. In yellow, orange, or white. 16" in diameter. $17.50 (P), $19.50 (NOM).

STRING LIGHT. In white only. Use it as a ceiling fixture or hang it low over a coffee table. 16½" tall, 14" wide. $17.50 (P), $19.50 (NOM).

✲(P) and (NOM) are our way of saying that these lamps come two ways: (P) indicates one equipped with a socket and wire for permanent installation, and (NOM) indicates 15 feet of wire, a switch and a plug. Specify when ordering. And don't despair if the box arrives flat. It's supposed to. You assemble the lamp. It's easy. Any Danish child can do it.

All lamps take a 75 watt bulb.

SEND 25c FOR OUR NEW CATALOG. Mail orders and browsers are cordially invited.
On mail orders add $1.50 for postage.

GEORGE KOVACS

Dept. N-157, 831 Madison Ave., 69th St., N.Y. 10021, UN 1-8955, Open 10-6, Mon.-Sat.

LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER • CLOSED SUNDAY
AFTER THEATRE SUPPER TO 11 PM
Le Restaurant Par Excellence QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. • TE 8 0590

RESTAURANT L'Aiglon
PRE-THEATRE DINNER
PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
AFTER THEATRE SUPPER TO 11 PM
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

the finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55th, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
After Theatre Supper to 11 P.M.
JU 6-5950

DINER A LA FRANCAISE
Nightly exc. MON.
6:00 to 10:30 PM
SUNDAY from 5:30
LUNCHEON 12/3
A BIT OF BRITTANY IN NEW YORK
L'Armorique
2ND AVE. corner of 54TH ST. • PL 3-3787

Virginia Dare Cooking Wines

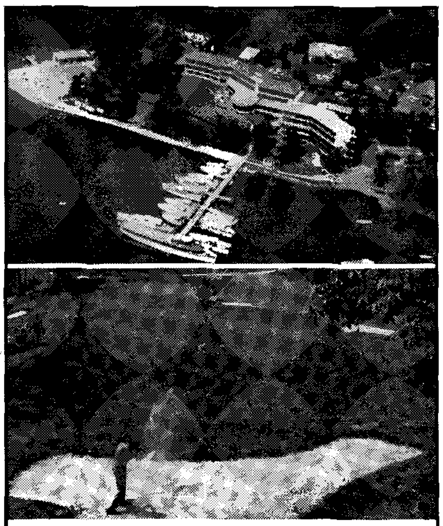
RED COOKING WINE
SHERRY COOKING WINE
WHITE COOKING WINE

make simple meals smashing!

Go gourmet the easy way with Virginia Dare Red, White or Sherry—the seasoned wines. For steaks, chops, fish, fowl. Make every meal guest-worthy. At supermarkets. *Send for free gourmet recipes:*
VIRGINIA DARE
882 Third Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11232

Free illustrated guide for lovers

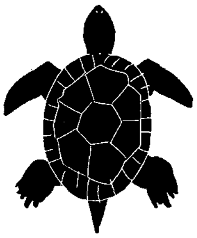
Virginia is for lovers.
History lovers,
sports lovers,
antique lovers,
garden lovers,
wonder lovers,
mountain lovers,
beach lovers.
And our free 100-page booklet on Virginia is yours for the asking. Visit, write or call:
Virginia State Travel Service
Richmond 23219, 911 E. Broad St., (703) 770-4484. New York, 10020, 11 Rockefeller Plaza, (212) 245-3080. Washington 20006, 906 17th St., N.W., (202) 293-5350.



THE TIDES INN
& The Tides Golf Lodge
Yachting, golfing, tennis and all the rest in an unsurpassed rural Virginia atmosphere of luxurious informality, within a day's drive of much of the South and East.
Box 400, Irvington, Va.
(212) 586-4500
(703) 438-2611

ANTIQUE SCIENTIFIC & NAUTICAL INSTRUMENTS
& Associated Books
Please send 50 cents for fully illustrated catalog 102H
HISTORICAL TECHNOLOGY
6 Mugford Street
Marblehead, Mass. 01945

also compete. (Ireland won the championship in Sandwich, England, in 1965, and successfully defended it at Turin, Italy, in 1967.) One of the first things I learned from Mixie Murphy, after we had greeted each other, was that Ewing was born in the Yeats Country Hotel. Ewing's father had owned it in those days, and it was called the Golf Hotel. In fact, until the County Sligo Golf Club built its clubhouse—in 1912, eighteen years after the club was established—the hotel had served the members as their headquarters. On the day of my visit, Ewing, who is a Guinness representative, was out of town on business, but his presence nonetheless pervaded the small clubhouse. A big, burly man, strong-featured, dark-eyed, and bald, he looks down, in an excellent camera portrait, from a niche above the bar. Photographs of Walker Cup teams on which he played are dotted through the two other rooms. On display also are the golf balls that he and Ray Billows used in their Walker Cup match (which Ewing won 1 up) in 1938, the only year a British team has been victorious in the fifty-year-old series. The single non-Ewing item on any of the walls was a framed letter that must be the only one of its kind prominently exhibited by a golf club. Dated October 15, 1894, it was sent to the club from Government House in Farnborough by an aide-de-camp of the Duke of Connaught, and it reads as follows: "I am desired by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught to express his regret that he is unable to become a Patron of the Golf Club which is being started at Rosses Point, though at the same time H.R.H. wishes the Club every success." Only an Irish club would have the humor to post a rejection slip.



With Ewing unavailable for duty in the event that I wanted to play the course, Murphy had lined up two capable replacements—Tommy Costello, the vice-captain, who was a soft-spoken fellow in the auto-repair business, and Jack O'Sullivan, another quiet chap and a 1-handicap golfer, who was on holiday from Athlone, where he teaches English, Gaelic, geography, mathematics, and history in the town school to pupils ranging from eleven to fourteen years of age. The other member of our party was Dr. Charles McCarthy, a retired seventy-four-year-old surgeon and a man of somewhat different stripe. Just as Mr. McGaddigan epitomized one well-known Irish "type," Dr. McCarthy epitomized another—the unstoppable joke teller whose repertoire runs the gamut from the risqué to the ribald. No sooner had we assembled in the club bar than the Doctor told us the one about the two bishops who went to Paris, quickly followed by the one about the aged Dublin publican who took up golf and the one about the Irish dentist from Boston who became a psychiatrist. I thought we were a very receptive audience, but Dr. McCarthy seemed to interpret anything short of wild, uncontrollable laughter as downright criticism, and when we moved on to the bar at the hotel he practically grabbed us by our lapels as he told us the one about the American tourists who got lost in Killarney, the one about the nun and the Russian countess, and the one about the priest who wanted to become a caddie. During lunch at the hotel, he slowed down a trifle, and I was able to catch up on matters with Murphy, a very restrained chap in any company.

Murphy lives in Ballina, forty miles from Sligo, where his family is in the farm-tool business. It was a pity, he said, that I didn't have the time to play the course, for he was sure I would like it. It measured only 6,435 yards—par 70—but Harry Colt had designed it, and it was seaside golf at its purest. The best testimony to its quality was the fact that the West of Ireland Amateur Championship was always held there, at Easter time. No one had ever taken the course apart—not even Joe Carr, who had won the championship eleven times, and not even Ewing, who between 1928 and 1958 had won it nine times and been runner-up seven times. No, the club had few worries about the merits of the course. The big headache was money to develop things properly. As I would see for myself when we walked over the course, the clubhouse was in the wrong spot. The place for it was out on the dunes, near the ocean, but building a new clubhouse was out of the question. There was nowhere near enough money. Perhaps the dues were too low. The regular members paid the equivalent of twenty-five dollars a year and the country members less than nine dollars. That was like giving the golf away free, wasn't it? Perhaps the time had come to raise the dues. The members could easily afford it nowadays. Conditions were generally good, and the cattle business was really beginning to come on. It was something to think about, anyway.

After lunch, when our party set out for a short walk over the links, we were joined by the club secretary—Moray Mair, a sleepy-eyed man with an untended mustache, who was dressed in a rumpled, patchy black sweater and a beat-up pair of trousers. He was congenial and informed, but I couldn't get over his castaway appearance—he presented such a contrast to the well-groomed secretaries I had previously met. There was an interesting explanation for this, which Murphy proffered at a moment when the secretary was out of earshot. A Scot by birth, Mair had spent the war years in India and then had stayed on to become the secretary of a succession of small up-country golf clubs. Returning home on leave, he had gone to the west coast of Ireland for a short holiday and had found the unhurried pace of life entirely to his taste. He had not only stayed on but gone native and gradually become more Irish than the Irish.

That was the sort of walk it was—very laissez-faire with people wandering off by themselves or in pairs and then regrouping. Mair, from the high land near the clubhouse, directed my attention to two streams in the distance, which cut through the heart of the lower land on which most of the holes are built. Costello paused to pluck a clover and a harebell from the rough and to tell me softly that over fifty varieties of wild flowers grew on the links. Dr. McCarthy surged to the fore with the one about the maharaja who fell off an ocean liner and was rescued by a man from Cork. O'Sullivan, the schoolmaster, interposed that in his opinion the finest stretch of golf came at the northern edge of the peninsula, along Drumcliff Bay, where the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth holes perform a clockwise loop through a stalwart formation of dunes. Murphy pointed out the site in the dunes he favored for the new clubhouse, if they ever got the money to build it.

At the conclusion of the walk, Murphy accompanied me to my car, and as he was pencilling my best route to Dublin on a road map the indefatigable Dr. McCarthy sidled over. "When did we last have such a stretch of tropical weather!" he exclaimed, and then he shut his eyes, took a deep breath, and thrust his arms toward the sky. "It's like the bloody Riviera, Mixie. If this keeps up, the English will be descending upon us in droves."

Murphy agreed that this was a possibility.

"Maybe our usual bloody weather

Investigate our liquid assets over lunch.

BOTTLED IN ENGLAND
EXTRA DRY
PLYMOUTH
DISTILLED ENGLISH GIN
94.4

You'll find the Plymouth martini a sound investment. Just as your English counterparts have. Since 1793, the British have realized the virtues of Coates & Co.'s crisp, extra-dry 94.4 proof gin.

Things are no different today.

We still distill with the softest, purest water. And prized ingredients, ordered from different sources to preserve our secret recipe.

Discover the gin that was said to be a favorite of the British Admiralty.

Order a Plymouth martini. A capital idea.

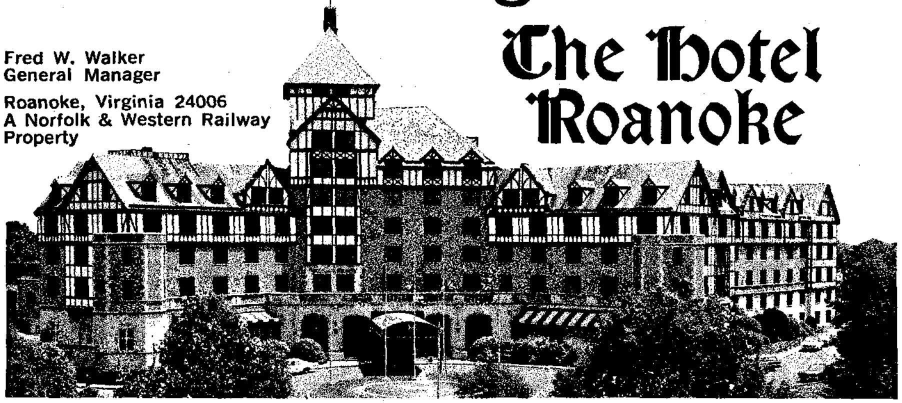
Plymouth Gin goes public.

94.4 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits, Schenley Imports Co., N.Y., N.Y. ©1971

One of the last great hotels

The Hotel Roanoke

Fred W. Walker
General Manager
Roanoke, Virginia 24006
A Norfolk & Western Railway Property



Represented nationally by: Robert F. Warner/New York/Chicago/Toronto/Washington/Boston/Miami.

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon Cocktails Dinner
Banquet Facilities
IN THE HEART OF B'WAY AND THEATRE DISTRICT
200 W. 44 ST. • 524-4707
- IMPERIAL, 935 LEX. at 69 ST. • LE 5-4070
- GOURMET, 157 W. 49 ST. • JU 2-8182
- EAST, 75 E. 55 ST. • PL 3-4930

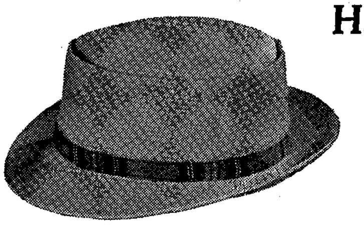
FLUSHING • SUNNYSIDE
QUEENS (ELMHURST)

ANGEL LOPEZ & SONS
Chateau Madrid
ROBERTO LEDESMA
●
ANTONIO SANTAELLA
& his Flamenco Ballet
Never a cover charge
PL 2-8080
NOW AT 48th ST.
just e. of Lex. Ave. in Hotel Lexington

is a blessing in disguise," the Doctor said. "Ever think about that, Mixie?" He slapped me hard across the shoulders. Then he strolled off and, with his back to us, waved a hand vigorously in the air.

MacWeeney and I had a late dinner that evening at the Shelbourne Hotel, where I was staying. After listening to my report on how the trip had gone, he handed me a slip of paper with the names and telephone numbers of the men I should get in touch with at Lahinch, Killarney, and Ballybunion, on my second loop, which I would be starting the next morning; with his invariable tidiness, he had phoned them that afternoon to make certain that everything was in order. Then we just talked golf. Somewhere in our conversation, I remarked that the courses I had visited had far surpassed my considerable expectations. "They *are* good," MacWeeney said. "We haven't thrown away what nature provided. And we've been sufficiently intelligent to call in the best golf architects. Old Tom Morris not only did Newcastle County Down but the original layout at Lahinch. H. S. Colt did Portrush and County Sligo; Alister MacKenzie, the modern remodelling of Lahinch; Sir Guy Campbell, Killarney; Tom Simpson, some of the revisions at Ballybunion. When you stop and think of it, at one time or another we've lured over just about all the top English and Scottish architects. For example, take the course at Mullingar—you went through that town on your way down from Sligo. James Braid did the course there, and it's an exceedingly good one. It has a wonderful plan: no hole is more than four hundred yards from the clubhouse." MacWeeney paused a moment and smiled to himself. "I was just thinking of the story of how Braid laid out Mullingar. The old boy must have been close to seventy at that time—back in the nineteen-thirties. He was the professional then, as he was throughout his later years, at Walton Heath, outside London. He did his architecture on the side. He was very Scottish, you know, and he hated to throw away time or money just as much then as he had when he was a young man and winning those five British Opens. In the case of Mullingar, you could sympathize with him for not wanting to dawdle around—his fee was some ridiculously small amount like twenty-five pounds. Anyway, he left Walton Heath one afternoon and caught the Dublin night boat at Holyhead. He was

Bean's
Pork Pie Hat



Fine pre-shrunk Dacron and cotton gabardine with lined crown to prevent stain, and stitched flexible brim. Water repellent. For fishing, camping or everyday wear. Light Tan with Red Tartan band. Sizes 6¾ to 7¾.

☐ Send Free Catalog

Ship____Pork Pie Hats @ $4.85 postpaid

Size..................

Name____________________

Address____________________

Zip____________________

L. L. Bean, Inc.
348 Main St., Freeport, Maine 04032
Fishing, Camping and Hunting Specialties

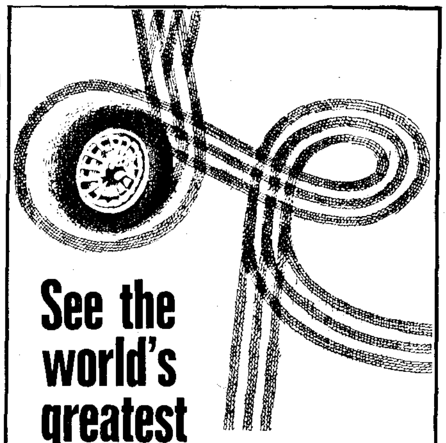
Kay·Dek

Wedding invitations and distinctive stationery. Available at better stores. The engraver's art at its finest by Kay-Dek: the newest division of

c.r. GIBSON
The C. R. Gibson Company
Knight Street, Norwalk, Connecticut 06856

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY to rent beautiful 18th Century Georgian house. Escape the heat and pollution this summer! This cool, comfortable home is located 100 miles from New York City in rural Conn. Near golf course, 20 minutes from beaches. 14 acres of woods, streams, ponds, tennis court. 12 room house includes 4 bedrooms, large dormitory, 3 baths, 2 lav., porch; completely equipped. Grand piano. Available June 15 through Labor Day. $3,000. Highest references required.
Box HG c/o The New Yorker
25 W 43rd St., N.Y.C. 10036

delightful
Frenchy's
wonderful food
AAA
1901 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis



See the world's greatest cars at the greatest Auto Show ever!

INTERNATIONAL
AUTOMOBILE SHOW NEW YORK COLISEUM
APRIL 3-11

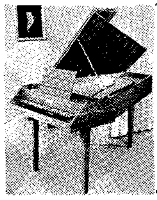
Adults: $2.50/Children (under 12): $1.50
Mon. through Sat. 11 a.m. to 11 p.m.
Sun. 1 p.m. to 8 p.m.

pro/am flower arranger

With this imaginative kit, expert flower arrangers will hardly be able to wait for spring's first buds to bloom. The useful willow basket contains everything needed for any type of arrangement—oriental, modern, traditional—plus a truly spectacular full-color instruction book that will turn any amateur into a pro in hours. ppd. $20.00

CASUAL LIVING, 4 Stony Hill, Bethel, Ct. 06801

EUROPE THIS SUMMER?
A magnificent non-regimented trip that does more than you ever dreamed possible, for college students, young professionals, singles and young marrieds. $1,595 for 8 weeks, $1,395 for 6 weeks and $1,075 for a full month—WITH NO EXTRAS! Full details and references from DR. S. M. LUTNICK, 32 Hicks Avenue, Syosset, N.Y. 11791. (516) 921-7898



HARPSICHORD
. . . the instrument that opens to you a whole new world of fascinating music and sound. The choice of universities, artists, teachers and music lovers. For brochure send 25¢ to:
SABATHIL & SON
Dept. 15, 1084 Homer,
Vancouver, B. C., Canada

met at the dock the next morning by the committee from Mullingar, and they whisked him by auto to the club property, two hours away. 'Gentlemen,' he told the committee, 'I would prefer to be left alone while I do my work. I will let you know when it's finished.' And with that he began to walk over the property, looking for natural green sites, and so on. Four hours later, when he had the whole eighteen staked out, he called in the committee, showed them what he had done, and issued a few instructions for the construction superintendent. Then he shook everyone's hand, motored back to Dublin, and caught the night boat for Holyhead. The next afternoon, he was back in his shop at Walton Heath.

"There's a sort of companion story about Mullingar," MacWeeney continued, with a fresh smile. "Some three years after the course was opened, a foursome of fairly good golfers was playing one of the par 3s—the second hole, I think, a tough one-shotter about a hundred and ninety yards long. None of the four managed to put his tee shot on the green, and this led to some loud grumbles about how unfair the hole was, because the green wouldn't hold a well-hit shot. At this, an old gentleman who had been sitting unnoticed on a bench by the tee, taking it all in—Braid, of course, over on an inspection trip—asked one of the golfers to lend him a 2-iron and a few golf balls. Without removing his jacket, he hit four lovely shots, all of them on the green within twenty feet of the flag. 'Gentlemen, I don't see anything wrong with this hole,' he said. 'I think it plays verra well.' "

We talked until nearly three. When McWeeney left, he cautioned me once again about Irish hospitality. "If you don't watch them, the people here will keep you up all hours," he said. "They simply hate to go to bed."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

(*This is the first of two articles on Ireland's golf courses.*)

•

Q. Who painted Shirley Eaton's body gold for "Goldfinger"? A make-up man or woman?—Peter Weinmann. Seattle.

A. A make-up artist with a golden touch—Paul Rabager. She recalls: "Paul painted me four times before the scene was completed. Using a camel's hair brush, it took him about 25 minutes to slap on each coat and about two hours to remove it. He was as impersonal about gilding me as if he was painting a barn."—*Hy Gardner in the Omaha World-Herald.*

Back to the old daydreams, Weinmann!

The New Yorker Subscription Order Form

☐ One Year (52 issues) $12.00

☐ Two Years (104 issues) $20.00

ADDITIONAL POSTAGE: Canada, Latin America & Spain $2.00;
Other Foreign $4.00 per year

Your Name ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________

☐ Enter a new subscription in my name
☐ Renew or extend my subscription

Please Enter the Following Gift Subscriptions:

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

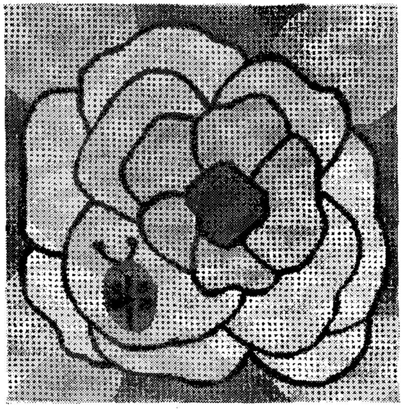
To ____________________
Street ____________________
City __________ State __________ Zip __________
Gift card to read: "From ____________________"
☐ One Year ☐ Two Years

I enclose $__________ to cover __________ subscriptions.

25 West 43rd Street, New York, New York 10036

MAZALTOV'S

PETALING HOME Complete Kit $15



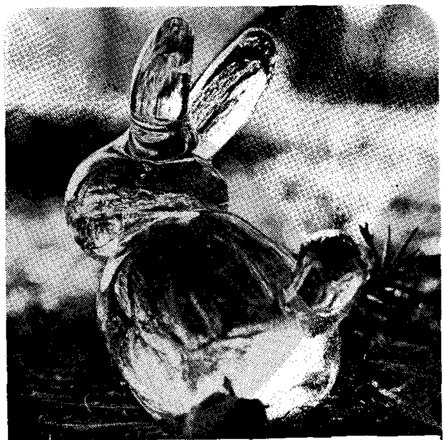
for late bloomers

New from the master of original hand-painted needlepoint. Mazaltov's Miniatures. Each an exquisite 7" creation that takes only a few hours and costs only a few dollars. Kit includes painted canvas, Persian wools in seven vibrant colors, needles and instructions. The ideal starter piece for a budding artist. Also a perfect change-of-pace gift for the perennial needlepointer. **At Mazaltov's, we've broken the needlepoint barrier.**

44-page full-color catalog $2
MAZALTOV'S MINIATURES
Dept. M4 758 Madison Ave., New York 10021

MINIATURES

New York residents add sales tax. *(212) 682-6942*



PRECIOUS PETS FOR
Easter Presents

... Charming accents all year 'round, these luminescent crystal bunnies from Hadeland of Norway come packed in a native box with an illustrated hand-blocked legend. 3½" tall $10 postpaid.

pitt petri

378 DELAWARE AVE./BUFFALO, N.Y.

O'BRIENS FARM SAUSAGE (Leaner) Fresh Frozen. Mailed Special Delivery Parcel Post and packed in Dry ice. (Within 800 Miles) 2-1-lb tubs. $5.00

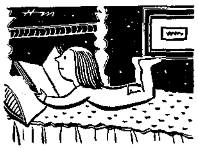
O'Briens Farm Store, c/o O'Briens Inn
P. O. Box 21, Waverly, N. Y. 14892

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LYNCHING OF ORIN NEWFIELD, by Gerald Jay Goldberg (Dial). This remarkable novel, set in a tiny Vermont farming community called Farnum, is centered on an iron man named Orin Newfield, who proves himself not only willing but able to blow up his world to satisfy his desire for revenge. Orin—six feet four, and possessed of astonishing strength and of an even more astonishing capacity for hard work—has made himself into one of the richest farmers in the area with the help of his miserable wife, Alma, a childless woman whose good looks and good cheer have been quite obliterated in the course of thirty-two years of marriage to a trapped superman. Orin is much too big for Farnum, but old ties, mainly grudges, hold him to his land, and in limiting himself he has deformed himself. The tension and clarity of Mr. Goldberg's writing leave us no choice but to follow his raging anti-hero's story from the comparatively mild beginning to the thundering finish. It is impossible to like Orin, but to ignore him is unthinkable.



NOTE: Viking has published "The Innocent and the Guilty," a collection of short stories by Sylvia Townsend Warner. All but two of them originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Secrets," a novel by Nancy Hale, has been published by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. Again, much of the book first appeared as short stories in this magazine.

GENERAL

BORN TO REBEL: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by Benjamin E. Mays (Scribners). The author, recently retired as President of Morehouse College, has become President of the Atlanta Board of Education. His memories begin in 1898, when, as the child of a tenant farmer in South Carolina, he, with his family, hid in terror from one of the lynch mobs that from time to time killed a Negro in order (to paraphrase Voltaire) to discourage the others. Mr. Mays' account of the lot of Negroes during his youth—and during most of his adult life, too—is a factual recital and a terrible indictment. He struggled to make something of himself because he wanted to find out if he really was natively inferior to whites. An A.B. from Bates and a Ph.D. from Chicago confirmed his suspicion that his race was as gifted as any other. Then he devoted his life as an educator to instilling confidence as well as learning in black youth; his most famous student was doubtless the late Martin Luther King, Jr., but he can call a roll of impressive graduates. Mays was thirty before he met a Southern white man he neither feared nor distrusted—a fact that makes his charity as stunning an achievement as any of his academic ones. Ten dollars.

THE RED AND THE WHITE: REPORT FROM A FRENCH VILLAGE, by Edgar Morin, translated by A. M. Sheridan-Smith (Pantheon). A team of French sociologists, headed by M. Morin, has studied the modernization of a Breton community and come up with a description that would fit many a New England village in the nineteen-twenties. The natives of Plodémet insist that theirs is an exceptionally friendly community, and then instantly speak of pervasive jealousy and envy; they benefit from steadily increasing summer tourism, and have trouble remembering not to fleece the tourists. Small, mixed farms are disappearing, to nobody's regret—the old people, especially, remember how hard life used to be. Today's young people have many more opportunities than ever before, mainly through improved education, but to grasp these opportunities they often have to leave Plodémet. The ones who stay escape parental control and go who knows where to do who knows what in their automobiles; in 1965 some young women were even seen smoking in public. In short, the more *ça change*, the more *ça change* everywhere in the same way. Plodémet may have a very different past from any Vermont township, but its future looks a lot the same.

LETTERS FROM LISELOTTE: ELISABETH CHARLOTTE, PRINCESS PALATINE AND DUCHESS OF ORLÉANS, translated and edited by Maria Kroll (McCall). The author of these mostly seventeenth-century letters was the sister-in-law of Louis XIV. They have long been a source of facts about the King, but Mrs. Kroll

Outfox the Fellow in the Bright Nightgown

A CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION OFFERING

He was a two-quart-a-day man (double martinis on waking, if you will). Yet he detested messy drunks, and never missed a performance because of liquor.

He was an insomniac of such proportions that sometimes he could only achieve sleep under a beach umbrella on which a garden hose sprinkled imitation rain. Yet he referred to death (mysteriously, but without real aversion) as "the fellow in the bright nightgown."

He was unforgettably, incomparably, uniquely W. C. Fields, and his lesson was that style, style, style is all. Rhetorical style. Theatrical style. Psychological style. *Style, the surest outward sign of substance, of a special and original inward view.*

And so, it is to this sure, true, blithe spirit, "Uncle Willie," that we dedicate a new magazine. Our name: AUDIENCE. Our purpose: to outfox the fellow in the bright nightgown by keeping you alive to beauty, to humor, *to today.*

THE PEOPLE

AUDIENCE celebrates excellence wherever excellence is to be found — brownstone, commune, playing field, concert hall, garret, campus, proscenium, foundry, ghetto, chateau, Volkswagen bus.

Our Editorial Board is something else again:

Alan Arkin, Saul Bass, Saul Bellow, Robert Bolt, John Cassavetes, Charles Eames, Philip Johnson, Marisol, Inge Morath, Gordon Parks, Anne Sexton, Robert Penn Warren, Tom Wicker, John A. Williams.

THE GRAPHICS

AUDIENCE is published every other month — a magazine for enjoying at leisure. It comes to you in hard covers, without advertising — a magazine for saving. It is designed by Seymour Chwast and Milton Glaser, whose Push Pin Studios recently became the first American design group ever honored with an exhibition at the Louvre. Their pilot issue of AUDIENCE, by the way, has already won top honors from the prestigious Society of Publication Designers — an unheard-of coup first time out.

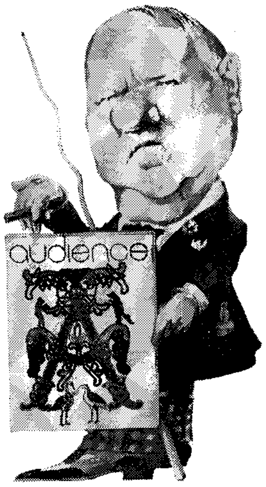
Specifications? Probably not even a Medici Pope could have commanded a book more opulent, more lavish. 216 square inches to the open spread. And depending on the contents of individual issues, a positively sensuous interlacing of papers. Papers for art reproduction, of a weight and quality for framing, and color plates by the bin. Rich tint papers for text. Typefaces of custom design. Foldouts. Stitchins. Endpapers. And for permanence, heavy board covers. In graphics, too, AUDIENCE is a celebration of style. A celebration of excellence.

THE DEAL

Where available in a very few expensive metropolitan bookstores, AUDIENCE will carry a cover price of $4.95 the issue, or $29.70 for the full volume year, numbers one through six. *A reward for becoming a Charter Subscriber, however, is saving almost half this cost — provided you're prompt in using our coupon:*

Volume I, Number One is now on the press, and as much as we'd like to accept all comers, the print order for this first edition has now been set — an accommodation to collectors.

"Don't let 'em bamboozle you, son," Fields once said, "but never drink anything stronger than gin before breakfast, either." Our magazine is guaranteed to please. But if, for some reason, our Volume I, Number One issue *should* leave you feeling bamboozled, return it, and so much for AUDIENCE and you.



CONTENTS OF THE VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE ISSUE

"It was Fields who taught us that a man's ideas are not, ultimately, as important as his imaginative stake in reality, and that Earl Long, in his pajamas, with his stripper, is indescribably preferable to Billie Sol Estes, with his Sunday-piety and sex-segregated swimming pool."

John Clellon Holmes has written the dedication of our premier issue to W. C. Fields with "Uncle Willy and Us" Drawings, Edward Sorel.

"Nijinsky had a pair of feet you'd have had to see to believe. His heels and the base of his toes were equidistant from his ankles. No other mammal with feet like that had ever been seen outside Australia."

Nelson Algren writes on a standing skirmish between the dancer and his impresario, Diaghilev, by way of proving an Algren theory that integrity in art is "a matter of who swings the mackerel." Illustration, Milton Glaser.

"Q. If you could change one character trait in yourself, it would be?
A. My shyness."

Answer on a Playmate Data Sheet, required of each candidate before her photograph, posed nude, is considered for a Playboy foldout. The hilarious piece is by Tom Meehan, and it's called "We Like to Find a Late-Maturing Girl." Illustrations, Robert Grossman.

"In a village somewhere in the Ukraine there lived a poor man called Todie. Todie had a wife, Shaindel, and seven children, but he could never earn enough to feed them properly. He tried many trades and failed in all of them. It was said of Todie that if he decided to deal in candles the sun would never set..."

Blend Sholem Aleichem with Hans Christian Andersen, and you get Isaac Bashevis Singer's "Shrewd Todie and Lyzer the Miser," one of two fables clearly marked for posterity in the issue. Illustrations, Seymour Chwast.

THE COUPON

PREMIER ISSUE & CHARTER SUBSCRIPTION RESERVATION

Please put me down for a look at AUDIENCE, and reserve the following Charter guarantees:

1. The subscription includes a mint copy of Volume I, Number 1, cornerstone of any collection, and the issue that eventually fetches the highest price from bibliophile and collector.
2. The annual price is $15, not $24— an immediate saving of $9 over the rate which non-Charter subscribers will pay, and a saving of $14.70 over the total single edition costs.
3. Charter rates will be preferential in perpetuity, no matter what price increases may eventually be required.
4. If in any way AUDIENCE is disappointing, the first issue is returnable at the publisher's expense, with no further obligation.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE________ ZIP________

☐ Payment enclosed.

☐ Master Charge Acct. No.

____

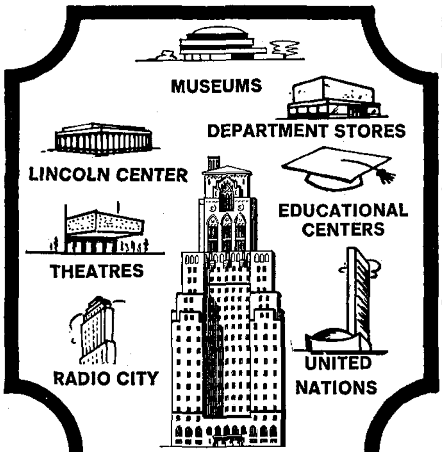
☐ American Express Acct. No.

____

☐ Bill me after sending the first issue.

Signature____________________

Mail to AUDIENCE, Box 7
Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167 S28


MUSEUMS
DEPARTMENT STORES
LINCOLN CENTER
EDUCATIONAL CENTERS
THEATRES
RADIO CITY
UNITED NATIONS

The Barbizon

THE BARBIZON—NEW YORK'S BEST FOR YOUNG WOMEN

In the Barbizon itself there is every convenience—shops, beauty parlor, restaurants, recital rooms, swimming pool, a lobby of sparkling decor. Step outside and world-famous sources of education, fashion, culture, and entertainment are within range of your footsteps. What girl wouldn't love this marvelous location to work and study for her future? Ambitious, discriminating young women have for years preferred the Barbizon. Many of the world's most successful women were Barbizon girls and credit the uniqueness of the Barbizon as a solid factor in their careers. New York's leading residential hotel for young women offers perfect security and privacy. Rates from $10.25 daily. Weekly on application. Send for free brochure.

LEXINGTON AVE. AT 63RD ST.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10021

Herbert Warren Wind's Golf Book

Foreword by Bing Crosby

From the acknowledged dean of golf writers, a collection of his best, most historic and evocative writings about the noblest game of all.

Price $7.50

Simon and Schuster

"OGDEN NASH'S newest book of verse BED RIDDANCE

'A Posy for the Indisposed' should strike a mortal blow at the Get Well Card."
—B. A. Bergman, Philadelphia Bulletin

Drawings by Milton Glaser. $4.95 LITTLE, BROWN

Most of these poems first appeared in *The New Yorker*

has compiled her selection to feature the lady—a good idea. She was a large, hearty, inelegant, outspoken, intelligent German princess, whose existence ought to have been nothing but misery. Her husband wasted her money on his boyfriends; the armies of France destroyed her homeland; she was bored beyond tears by the piety that Mme. de Maintenon inflicted on the court. She was related by blood as well as affection to practically every European ruling family, so history continually tore at her loyalties; to cite only one instance, she was close to both the Stuart pretenders to the English throne and the Hanoverians who succeeded to it. She did not weep or feel sorry for herself; she relieved some of her sorrows, irritations, and anxieties by letting off steam in these letters, enjoyed hunting and theatregoing, and robustly met troubles by just living through them. The most striking quality these letters reveal in Liselotte—and most of her royal kinfolk—is an almost unbelievable toughness.

ACT AND THE ACTOR: MAKING THE SELF, by Harold Rosenberg (New American Library). Though these essays were written on diverse occasions and for various publications (two appeared in this magazine), they all deal with a theme that has long concerned the author: people feel that they do not have selves and cannot be "natural," for they do not know what "human nature" is; they are forced to invent roles to act. Mr. Rosenberg examines a variety of thinkers and writers, ideas and works, to see what they say about the problem. Though his tone is exploratory rather than polemic, some of the shiniest pieces, like pearls, evidently had their origin in irritation—on Malraux and his critics, for one; on alienation, for another. The style—setting off complex sentences with blunt ones—is entertaining.

NOTE: E. P. Dutton has published "U.S. Journal," a collection of Calvin Trillin's peripatetic chronicles. All of them first appeared in *The New Yorker.*

•

In a reference to the women's liberation movement, the Cardinal noted the old adage that asserts "the hand that robs the cradle rules the world."—*Stephanie Fuller in the Chicago Tribune.*

A snitch in time saves nine. Same idea.

The author of "OUR CROWD" tells the fascinating story of America's Jewish elite

THE GRANDEES
By Stephen Birmingham

In medieval Spain and Portugal the bankers at the Royal Courts, the scientists, jurists and philosophers were Jews. These were the Sephardim. They considered themselves the nobility of Jewry, and their American descendants still do. This is their story.

Illustrated • At all bookstores, $10

Harper & Row
1817 49 East 33d Street, New York 10016

Country Inns & Back Roads

"The Only Book of its Kind"
2.95 ppd.
Dewy mornings, country breakfasts, woodland rambles, undiscovered byways, hearty dinners, good conversation, snug beds, shunpiking, history, nature . . . all of these are yours, vicariously or in reality, with this happy, personal narrative that visits 70 operating country inns from the escarpments of New England to California's shores. Sounds wonderful, doesn't it?

Tarry In Our Book Stall
The Berkshire Traveller
STOCKBRIDGE, MASS'tts 01262
BOX 608

MONTEGO BAY
at the Royal Caribbean HOTEL
A sophisticated bit of JAMAICA that swings . . . blue mountains, crystal waters, a beautiful 600 ft. private beach. Fully air conditioned, 175 rooms, a staff of 300—no conventions—adults only. Privately owned by Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul. See your Travel Agent or
LEONARD HICKS ORGANIZATION

BOOK HUNTING?
Virtually any book located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, nonfiction. All authors, subjects. Name the book—we'll find it! (Title alone is sufficient.) Inquire, please. Write: Dept. NY-71B.
BOOKS-ON-FILE
UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY 07087
or shop: 7014 Park Ave., Guttenberg, N.J.

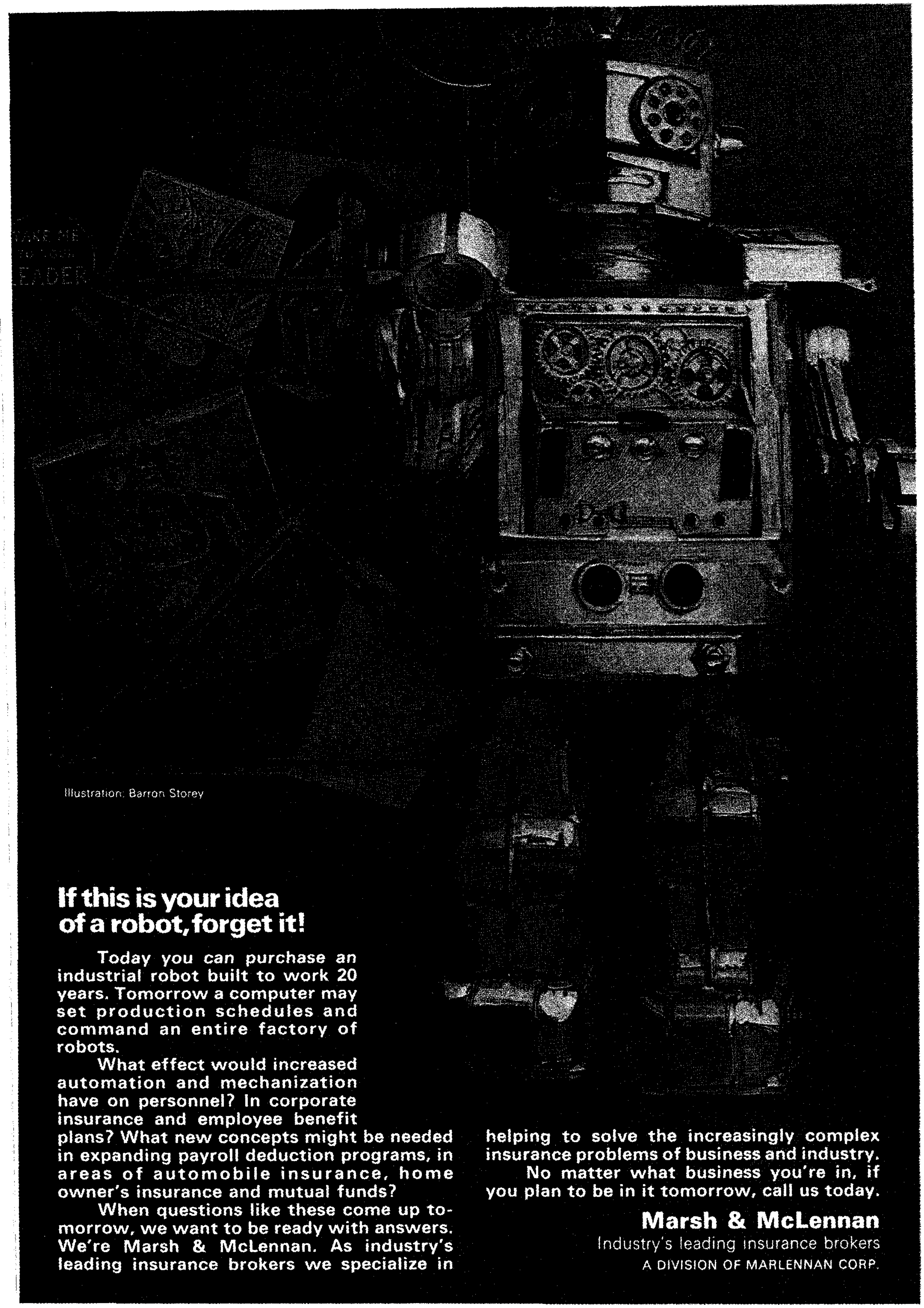


Illustration: Barron Storey

If this is your idea of a robot, forget it!

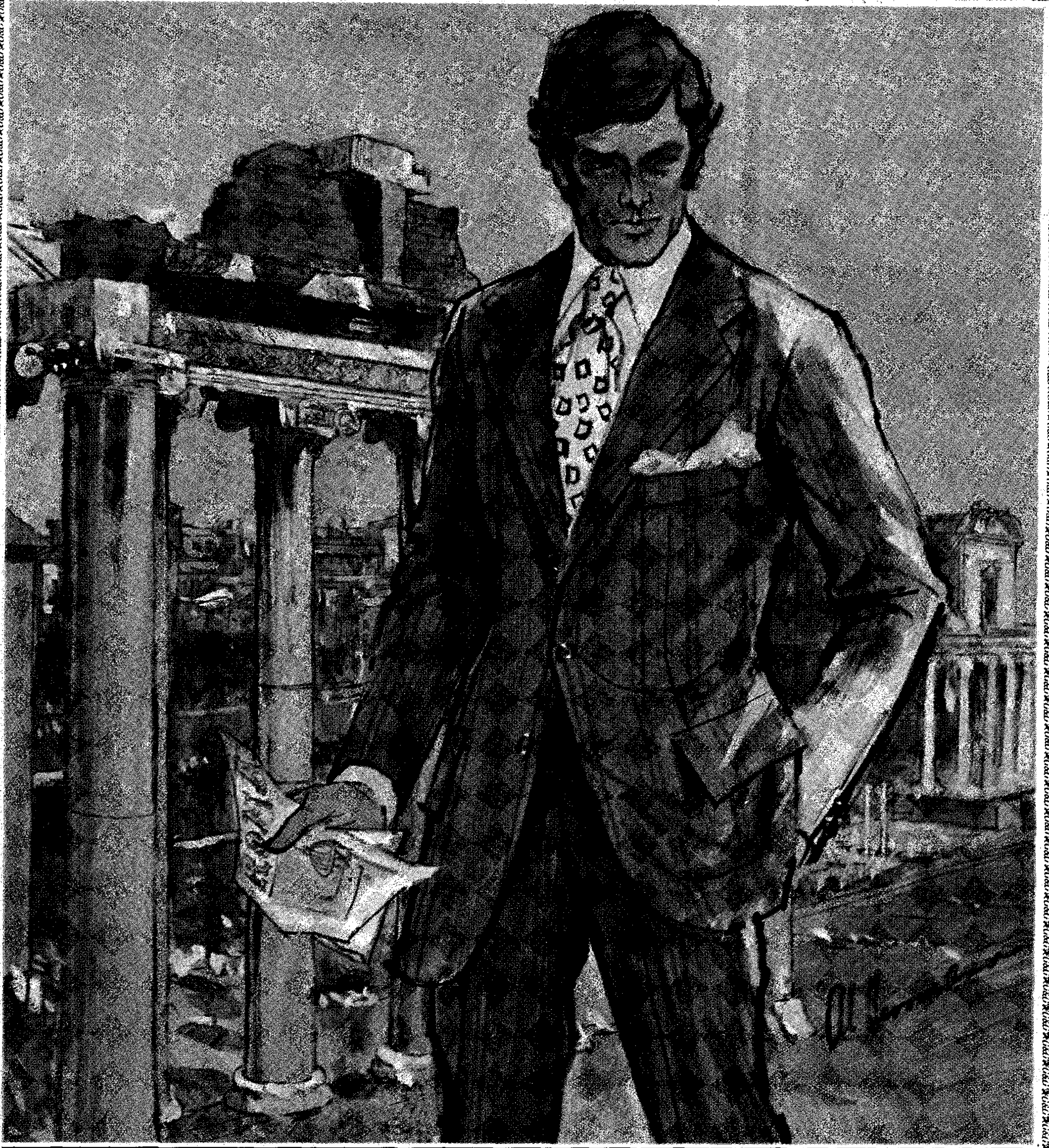
Today you can purchase an industrial robot built to work 20 years. Tomorrow a computer may set production schedules and command an entire factory of robots.

What effect would increased automation and mechanization have on personnel? In corporate insurance and employee benefit plans? What new concepts might be needed in expanding payroll deduction programs, in areas of automobile insurance, home owner's insurance and mutual funds?

When questions like these come up tomorrow, we want to be ready with answers. We're Marsh & McLennan. As industry's leading insurance brokers we specialize in helping to solve the increasingly complex insurance problems of business and industry.

No matter what business you're in, if you plan to be in it tomorrow, call us today.

Marsh & McLennan
Industry's leading insurance brokers
A DIVISION OF MARLENNAN CORP.



Forum columns by Graham & Gunn

interpreted as multicolored stripes, colonnades of them, on background colors of your choice. Tailored by Graham & Gunn in Forum Cloth, a blend of Dacron® polyester and wool. Cool, lightweight and resistant to wrinkling. Three-button styling with soft shoulders complementing the natural shaping of the waist. The slimming line is emphasized by wider lapels that taper through the top buttonhole. Available at the fine stores listed below.

GRAHAM & GUNN, LTD.

Graham & Gunn suits are priced from $135 to $210, sport coats from $95 to $150 at these and other fine stores: COVENTRY HALL, Montgomery • ASCOT SHOP, LaJolla • HOWARD'S, Colorado Springs • RICHARD THOMAS, Hamden • DOUGLAS ALLEN, Pensacola • MORRIS LEVY, Savannah • CAPPER & CAPPER, Chicago, Detroit • BACHRACH, Decatur • DUNHAM'S of Maine • JACK HENRY, Kansas City • WAGNER'S, Ann Arbor • MISTER GUY, Holland • LEW HUBBARD, Kalamazoo • HUBERT W. WHITE, Minneapolis, St. Paul • ED HELM, Jackson • ROOTS, Summit, Red Bank • F. R. TRIPLER, New York • PEER GORDON LTD., Cleveland • KOUNTZ & RIDER, Pittsburgh • HARDIE & CAUDLE, Chattanooga • EVERETT HOLZAPFEL, Nashville • WASHER BROS., Ft. Worth • NORTON DITTO, Houston • JACK LYONS, Ogden • LITTLER, Seattle • C. A. GROSS, Green Bay • NORTH-AIRE, Shawano.